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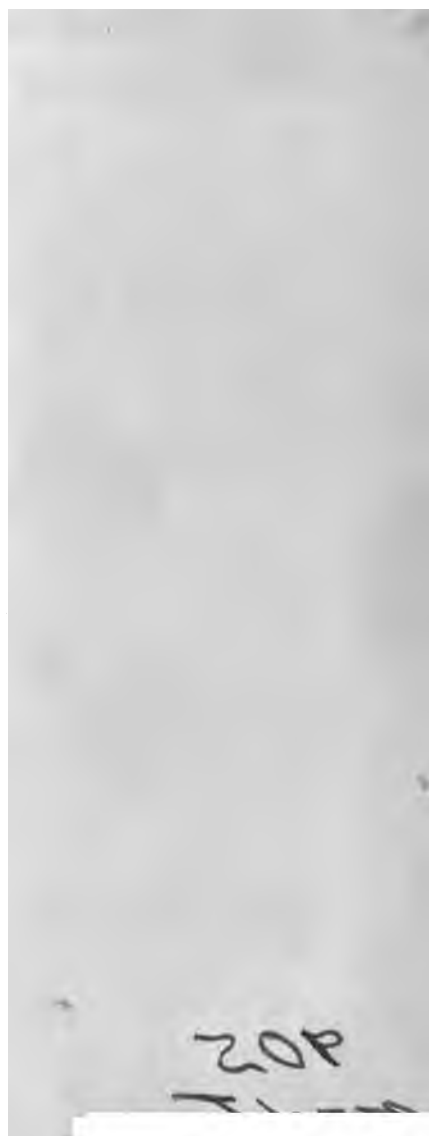
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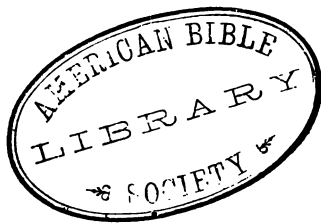
“THEM ALSO:”

THE STORY OF THE DUBLIN MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “HOLLY AND IVY.”

“Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold : *them also* I must bring,
and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, one shep-
herd.”—JOHN x. 16.

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PREFACE.

HAVING known much of the working of the Dublin Mission to Roman Catholics for the last sixteen years, I have often thought how interesting the record of its difficulties and successes would one day be. And so, from the very commencement, I have stored away copies of reports and magazines, and those small papers which, having created an interest for a while, give place to others of fresher interest. And now, from these sources, and all others within my reach, having taken counsel with all of the earlier labourers who are left, I have at length written the narrative; and I send it forth with the earnest prayer, that He who makes use of the weakest instrument, will take even this, and make it the means of stirring up many hearts to feel for the perishing souls around them, and of encouraging those who, by earnest efforts, according to the talents God has given them, are endeavouring to occupy till He comes.

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"THEM ALSO:"

THE STORY OF THE DUBLIN MISSION.

CHAPTER I

"OTHER sheep I have, which are not of this fold. *Them also I must bring*, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, one shepherd." Yes, the Good Shepherd goes after His lost sheep in the wilderness, and when He finds one, He lays it on His shoulders, and bears it home rejoicing. And then He turns again to the wilderness; other wanderers need His care and loving labour. "Other sheep I have, *them also I must bring*," is the thought of His loving heart. Yet, in seeking and saving these "other sheep," He uses human means. He prepares some of His people for labour in His cause, by imbuing them deeply with His own spirit, by making them quick to discern the footprints He has left, and by giving them faith and earnest zeal, so that, forgetting the things that are behind, looking only at all left unsaved, their earnest resolve, like that of the Saviour, is, "them also we must bring."

It is our purpose in these pages to tell of the efforts and successes of those who have sought those "other sheep" amongst the Roman Catholics of Dublin. We trust the recital will be the means of stimulating to fresh earnestness those engaged in "the work," and will also encourage others to speak

to the Roman Catholics around them, to do all in their power to rescue them from the dangerous paths in which they are walking, leading them to Jesus, who alone is "the way, the truth, and the life."

"Two hundred thousand Roman Catholics! What a mass of souls wandering on, on in ignorance of their danger, rushing-on to destruction, and no cry raised to warn them of their danger, no hand stretched out to save!" So, fifteen years ago, thought a Christian lady, now gone to the land of rest. "*Something must be done.*" The thought filled her ardent soul; she prayed and prayed earnestly and continually that God, for Christ's sake, would show her the way to *do something*. And then in answer to her prayer came a thought. She could gather together all the Roman Catholics she knew, and teach them the truths of the gospel, not in the way they are taught to Protestants, but as opposed to the errors believed by Roman Catholics, so that in receiving the one they *must of necessity* give up the other.

Prayerfully and in dependence on the guiding of the Holy Spirit of God, her plans were formed. A few Roman Catholic young men were invited to her house; they listened to her teaching with an interest and an earnestness quite unexpected. From one Tuesday evening to another the class enlarged, for these young men, like the woman of Sychar, could not keep to themselves the things they heard; their spirits were stirred into life; and amongst their companions they spoke of purgatory as a fable, and "a way to be saved, simple and plain, even by believing in the blood shed on Calvary for the remission of sins."

So the work grew even as the lily; but there came very soon a time of trial. That earnest servant of God was laid upon a bed of sickness; there seemed an end of it all. But trials sent by God to His children are blessings in disguise. He meant to extend the work, but the roots must be struck deeper, and the storm was needed for this. In her distress Fanny B—— called yet more earnestly upon God, and He soon *showed* her the path to take.

In one of the neighbouring parishes there was labouring a young clergyman of untiring zeal and earnestness of purpose. She sent for him, and asked him to teach her Tuesday evening class until she should be well enough to resume it. He did so, and became so interested in the work, and so successful, that they both thought he had better continue it, and if possible increase the numbers attending.

For this purpose the class was removed to the school-room in Bow Street. Many were invited to come, and many came. That school-room presented a strange spectacle. At one end was placed a table, with a large Bible. A small candle on either side shed a light on the page, and on the face of the conductor of the class. The rest of the room was left in total darkness, that the Nicodemuses might creep in unperceived, and listen to the teaching they dared not receive openly. At these meetings Roman Catholics were encouraged to speak freely, and defend their own religion to the best of their ability; and they often did it well, bringing arguments from the fathers, quoted in works of their Church. Before the end of one year the class numbered sixty persons.

About this time also controversial sermons were preached, and large quantities of tracts, entitled, "Vital Questions," were circulated, through the instrumentality of the Society for Irish Church Missions. The Rev. C. F. MacCarthy, before mentioned as taking the Bow Street class, was engaged by that committee as their missionary, and Mr George M'Guigan, a man who had for many years been employed under a then recently defunct society, called the City Mission, was engaged as lay assistant.

How often it happens thus! When God is about to do a great work He stirs up one heart to do one part, and another another, quite independent of each other, and then He brings them together, and the result is great encouragement in the good way.

The time spent by Fanny B—— on her sick-bed was not lost. It was a time of much communion with God, and her busy mind planned a scheme which should make available all

the means of instruction arranged by the missionary and his helper. This was to have a set of earnest Christian men who should go two and two into all the streets, and lanes, and courts of the city, teaching the people in the way she had found so successful. She took a map of the city of Dublin, and with the help of the late Arthur Guinness, Esq., divided the poor parts into districts for the labourers, and the richer parts into districts in which ladies might gather the funds necessary for the maintenance of these men, thus binding together poor and rich, and seeking to draw out the sympathies of the upper classes for the ignorant and degraded people inhabiting the lanes and courts into which they themselves dare not enter.

In the month of February 1850, these plans being matured and Fanny B—— having recovered from her sickness, she sought the assistance of a dear friend, and together they determined to invite the clergyman of Dublin to meet to consider the matter. Captain Trotter and the Rev. Alexander Dallas, who had been instrumental in founding the Society for Irish Church Missions, were invited to meet them and tell of the success of their work in the wilds of Connemara.

They all met—I never shall forget the day. Many were there whose praise was in the Churches—men of God—men of earnest work in the Saviour's service; ay, men who had grown gray in the service. Many ladies were there too who laboured with them in the gospel. The missionary too was there, and those two earnest ones who had formed the plans. The questions proposed were—"Can anything be done for the Roman Catholics? Is the plan proposed a feasible one? Are we willing to work it?" The two first questions were answered in the description given by Mr Dallas and Captain Trotter of the success of the work carried on in the west. They told how the agents had gone boldly and openly declaring to the Roman Catholics their danger, and the necessity there was for them to search the Scriptures in order to find the truth of the doctrines taught to them. They told of determined opposition *manifested* by some; of personal violence offered; but how

the fierce opposers of the truth, like Saul of Tarsus, had afterwards submitted to its power, crying out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" They told of schools and congregations gathered where once the utmost darkness and ignorance prevailed. When they had done speaking, many objections were raised and difficulties suggested. "Would not a quieter plan succeed equally well?" "This is a controversial work; controversy does not win souls." "It is all very well, but where will you find suitable agents;" and the difficulties seemed too great. We are not willing to help was the decision of the majority of those present; and silently one after another they rose and left the room, not because they were not anxious about the souls of the Roman Catholics, but the idea of an aggressive work was so new, and so fraught with dangers and difficulties, that they could not feel called upon to adopt it. Many of these afterwards joined the work and became its most active supporters. Yet were there *some* left; the plans had been laid in faith and prayer. Surely they were not to be abandoned? No! Perhaps as in the days of Gideon we were seeking too large an army to go against the Midianites, and God would have us know, that the victory was not to be obtained "by might nor by power," but by His own Spirit's working. And the few that were left prayed earnestly for God's guidance, and then determined to work on, trusting to God for success.*

On the 1st of March all was ready for starting; six agents had been found, and it was arranged that they should be under the superintendence of the Rev. C. F. MacCarthy, who should assign them their districts and inspect their work. Only three pairs of men for the great city! but it was a be-

* From this time the new work, planned, and called the "Dublin Mission," became so intimately associated with the Society for Irish Church Missions, that the story of one cannot be related without that of the other. We use the word "DUBLIN MISSION" as including *both*, only asking our readers to remember that the funds collected for the "Dublin Visiting Mission," and acknowledged in our small annual report, are solely expended in providing agents for visiting, whose numbers vary with the funds provided.

ginning ;—the scene of their labours was laid in the poorest and most neglected parts of the city—Cork Street, New Street, Townsend Street, Summer Hill, and James Street—their instructions were to seek admittance to every house, ascending the staircase and commencing their missionary work with the family living in the highest room. It was not without some fears of personal violence, but with a strong sense of the presence of God that they went forth. The experience of one of the readers on his first days was told to me recently. The first day he and his companions met with little opposition, but were received kindly, and were encouraged to find persons willing to listen to their words. On the second day his companion was not well, and he had to go alone. Being a little fearful, he had determined to go to the street he had been in yesterday, and if possible get into the same houses, but he took a wrong turning and got bewildered. There was no help for it, and, lifting up his heart in prayer to God, he entered the first house he came to. Up the long stairs, flight after flight he went, until he reached the garret. He knocked at a door, a woman opened it. Seeing her visitor, she began to shout and curse without allowing him to say a word. He turned and left her. Descending a flight, he entered a room where were two shoemakers sitting at work. They looked fiercely at him. He was just telling them that he came in all friendship to talk to them, when the woman from above came in, locked the door, and then began shouting and cursing as before. The men rose from their seats, and said he should not leave with his life. There was no escape. The good man felt the danger ; he looked to the Strong for strength, and then he spoke calmly. "Would it not be fair to hear me first?" he asked. "What is your religion?" growled one of the men. "My religion," he said, "is the religion of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the Roman Catholic Bible." They looked surprised. "And what does it teach?" said one. "It teaches love to God and man : thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." The men laid down their weapons. "We will hear you," said they. Even the woman

folded her arms and listened while he told them of Jesus the sinners' Friend. At the end she said, "Well, he's a good man."

From that day that Scripture-reader was a fearless man. He saw how God could turn the wrath of man, and make the most violent willing to listen to His Word.

From the commencement of this work it has been our custom to chose a text annually, which should be a kind of illustration of the work, as well as an encouragement to the workers. Our texts for the first year were, "And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to preach Jesus Christ." . . . "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into His harvest."

In accordance with the latter text, much prayer was made, not only in public, but earnestly by the friends interested, in their own homes. We felt strongly that there were rich blessings in store for the poor Roman Catholics of Dublin; and believing that

"Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give,"

we made earnest supplications. And in accordance with the first text, as regards means, not only were visitors sent from house to house, but in the churches, St Thomas's and St Michan's, controversial sermons were preached by one whose talents for plain argument, and heart for earnest appeals to the souls of his hearers, drew large congregations—one who only recently was called to his eternal home; we allude to the late Rev. Dr Fleury. Others, the Rev. J. N. Griffin, the Rev. E. Nangle, and the Rev. Dr Stanford, who at that time laboured with him, remain still, aiding the cause by their sympathy and prayers. So the knowledge of a free salvation spread amongst the people.

Then another difficulty arose. We prayed for more labourers, and our prayers were answered; but these labourers knowing nothing of the doctrines believed by Roman Catholics, could not understand their difficulties, or use language that would be rightly understood. But their need was supplied by the

publication of a little sixpenny book by Dr Stanford, entitled, "A Hand-book to The Romish Controversy." This contained much that was practically useful, and the instruction given by Mr MacCarthy to the agents, and their attendance at his Bow Street class, completed their controversial education. Let not our readers start at this word "controversy;" what *some* mean by it is "angry disputation," but what *we* mean by it, is teaching suited to the taught; as was St Paul's, when having seen the Athenian altar "to the unknown God," declared unto them "Him whom they ignorantly worshipped;" as was our Lord's, when to scribes and Pharisees He drew arguments from the law they knew verbally so well; showing them how in obeying the letter, they were losing the spirit; and were, indeed, only as "whited sepulchres, within full of uncleanness."

It is not often that God grants His servants to see the fruit of their labours immediately; but in this work amongst the Roman Catholics, so encompassed with difficulties, He was pleased to strengthen the faith and courage of the labourers, by showing them the results in an early and abundant harvest. At the end of the year on which the work commenced, no less than eighty-six converts were known to be attending the different Protestant churches. The histories of some of them will be found in the after-part of this book.

CHAPTER II.

"AND the Word of God grew and multiplied." This was our motto chosen for our second report, published in June 1851. And most wonderfully applicable was it. God had so blessed the labours of the collectors, that they were enabled to employ twelve visitors; these, with the two experienced men *employed by the Irish Church Mission Society*, spent day after day in penetrating the densely populated lanes and courts, cir-

culating small sheets of paper, on which were printed texts of Scripture and pointed questions ; giving also as they were enabled, from a most liberal grant from the Hibernian Bible Society, portions—Testaments and Bibles—to many eager for the fountain of living waters. 18,900 individuals had been spoken to by them during this short period of six months, almost all of whom were Roman Catholics.

Not only were the people anxious to hear in their own homes, but they came in twos and threes to return the visits, and seek for more instruction. One of the agents writes thus on the 6th of June :—"As I came out this morning, I found eight men at my door waiting for me, who had been at the class on Tuesday, and at the sermon last night. We walked up the road, and sat down in a field. One of them said he wanted to speak about the sermon, and asked if anything was impossible with God. I asked the question to the men themselves ; one of them replied, 'Yes, it is impossible for God to lie.' 'Well, then,' said the first, 'Christ said, "This is my body," and therefore Transubstantiation is true ;' the other answered, 'No, for God said "the seven fat cows *are* seven years," and "I *am* the door," and "Hagar *is* a mountain."' He was silenced on this point, and next asked, 'What is it brings damnation ?' Here six other men came up, and asking what we were all about, they also sat down with us on the grass ; the question was repeated, 'What is it brings damnation, if the eucharist is only a bit of bread and a sup of wine, for your Scripture says, "Whatever goes into the mouth does not defile the soul ?"' S—— replied, 'They did not eat the bread by faith.' (They did not understand this, and wandered from the point a little. He was not able to explain that he meant discerning the broken body and shed blood of Christ through the emblems.) I asked, 'What was it brought condemnation on the first man and woman in Eden ?' 'Oh,' said one, 'you have me—it was breaking God's commandment.' S—— saw at once that it was the act of the soul and not of the body which made the difference. One of the six men said, 'I agree with you, it's by faith we discern the

Lord's body.' Another said, 'It's not right to be looking into the mysteries of religion so much.' M'D—— said, 'It is, for we have all souls to be saved or lost, and we ought to think of them.' The Rev. C. F. M——, seeing a body of men from his door, came out towards us, and, wisely, without appearing to know me, said, 'Well, boys, what are you all about here?' S. replied, 'We're talking about Transubstantiation, your reverence.' Immediately all put their hands to their hats respectfully, and some took them off and placed them on the grass. Mr M—— spoke for some time, and they were most attentive. When he stopped and was going away we all got up and followed him. Several of them coming too close to him, moved away a little and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir;' but he most kindly put out his hand and took one of them by the collar, saying, 'Not at all, come closer.' They seemed to feel this kindness very much, while he continued explaining Matt. xviii. 10, and Luke xv. 7, along three streets into town; then they collected round him, and stood for more than half an hour listening with earnestness and apparent delight; at last Mr M—— had to go away."

This earnest spirit of inquiry was stirred up, not only by the efforts made by the agents of the Dublin Mission, but by controversial sermons placarded and preached in the different Roman Catholic chapels—Dr O'Connell and Father Ignatius Spencer being the preachers: their arguments were answered in the sermons preached in the churches Sunday and week-day evenings, where often large numbers of Roman Catholics—many of them of the middle and upper classes—were to be seen. The class in Bow Street became crowded with earnest inquirers; sometimes as many as seven hundred crowded in. The doctrines of the Church of Rome were at times most ably defended, and there never was a night on which the Romanists were silent. Often they became very much excited, but the calm patience with which Mr MacCarthy listened to them, helping them to state their arguments clearly, and then quietly *by questions*, often drawing out the answer even from them.

selves—had a wonderful influence over them ; and an argument was frequently closed with a fervent “ God bless your reverence.”

The following is extracted from the report published at the end of the year 1851 :—

“ The Inquiring Class in St Michan’s School-room on Tuesday evening, which, at the close of 1850, averaged sixty persons, has advanced to upwards of seven hundred, (which is all the room will hold,) and those who have attended it can bear witness to the number who are disappointed almost every evening at not getting in for want of room ; these, on a fine evening, may be seen formed into groups round visitors in the churchyard, arguing on some controversial point.

“ Owing to the liberal grant of the Bible Society, a large number of the Scriptures and portions are in circulation amongst these people—the visitors trace the effect of these amongst them. And that God is blessing His own Word may be witnessed by those who have observed many individuals who, some time since, argued stoutly in the class in favour of Romanism, now as earnestly endeavouring to win others over to its sacred truths. We would mention one instance of this in the case of a father, who began by contending for Romanism in the class. God blessed His Word to him. He met with the most determined opposition from his family, who cursed and abused him, hid his clothes to prevent his going to church, &c., and went so far that he had to lodge with a Protestant family, (whom he brought to church for the first time.) His wife died shortly after this : the visitors called on his son and daughter, but were not allowed to come in ; but his own steady kindness, consistent conduct, and speaking God’s Word to them, began to make an impression upon his children, who now receive the visitors most kindly, and seem to be impressed with the truth.

“ Many persons continue to call on Mr MacCarthy at the church and at the office, and on Mr M’Guigan, and some of the visitors at their houses, for the purpose of making inquiries and receiving instruction. And a clergyman has stated that

he knows of several respectable persons who have become intelligent and interesting Protestants, who are not known to any other clergyman in the city. We instance a single case: C. called upon a visitor frequently, sitting up to a late hour earnestly inquiring after truth; this continued for months, till his mind became impressed with the truth, and he is now a diligent attendant upon every means of grace, and, as far as is known, consistent in conduct.

"In St Michan's Sunday School there is also a class for adult Roman Catholics. One man, who sits in Mr M'Guigan's class, may be seen with his two little children standing between his knees teaching him the verse of the day. They have learned to read, and are teaching their father, who is a convert, through the instrumentality of these little children of seven and six years of age. They took up quickly what was taught in the class, and they in their way explained it to their father. On the 4th of January there were twenty-seven persons in this class, twenty-five of whom were or had been Roman Catholics."

The number of converts greatly increased. At the close of the year the agents had made 20,100 visits to the homes of the people, speaking individually to 54,936 persons. So widely was the seed of the Word scattered by sermons, classes, handbills, and visits, and watered as it was by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer, it was no marvel that it grew and multiplied.

CHAPTER III.

"SOME believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not. Then opened He their understandings, that they might understand the Scriptures."

Such is the history, in Scripture language, of the work of *the Dublin Mission* for 1852.

When it came to be noised abroad how the Roman Catholics were stirring up themselves to inquire into the truth of the religion they had been taught, there was no small disturbance amongst the priests and bishops. How shall we silence the people? how shall we stop inquiry? were questions more easily asked than answered. The "Catholic Defence Association" was instituted, monks and priests were indefatigable in going about visiting the people, forbidding them to speak to the readers, or enter the classes; but all was of no avail. The fountains of the water of life had been unsealed, and, like thirsty travellers in a desert, the people rushed to drink, 'twas in vain to try and stop them; the broken cisterns of Rome would satisfy them no longer, and the prayer, so constantly used by both teachers and taught, "O God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit," was largely answered. Many believed to the saving of their souls.

In order to spread the truth as widely as possible, the printing-press began to be largely used by the Society for Irish Church Missions. From eight to twelve thousand handbills were circulated weekly. The same were printed in the advertising columns of the daily papers, and pointed texts and questions were printed in large letters and placarded on walls and empty places. Thus a large amount of Scripture truth penetrated the masses of the people, and stirred them to their very depths.

So great was the number of persons eager for instruction, that it became necessary to have some place of resort for them to which they might go with their questions. There was also needed a home for the young men engaged as agents or under-training for the work; and the Society determined to establish a Mission-house, which should answer both purposes. It was proposed that this Mission-house, in order to be available for the instruction of the poor, should be in one of the worst streets of the city, and such places were searched. At length a large house was found which could be made available, at 27 Townsend Street. The late Mrs Saurin, so earnest and energetic in the Lord's work, kindly undertook the arrangements, and be-

fore very long the old house had put on a new appearance. Bright and clean it looked in that back street, having the text, "Search the Scriptures," reaching from one side to the other in letters a foot deep. On the 4th of August it was opened by him who had spoken at that drawing-room meeting in February 1850, the Rev. A. Dallas. How much more had been accomplished than had been anticipated! Very grateful did we all feel, and from our hearts we joined in that glorious hymn, of which every verse ends, "Crown Him Lord of all!"

The expenses of preparing this house for its intended uses was £697, 17s. 0½d. This sum was raised by a special collection, and all paid within a very short space of time.

In the course of visiting, the readers found so many persons really anxious for instruction, that some of them proposed having some portion of Sunday set apart for teaching. The result was the opening of a Sunday Ragged School in the Mission-house. Notice was given of it, and the first Sunday no less than fifty-eight persons came, most of them men and women. Very ragged and poor they were,—yet were they much in earnest; and as they sat in their classes, listening to the simple teaching of the Word of God, the hearts of the teachers were drawn out—they felt that there must be a blessing in store. Oh, if they could *then* have looked into the pages of the book of life, and seen written there the names of one and another of those ragged people! Could they *then* have joined the ministering spirits, and seen how many had been led there, *because* they were heirs of salvation, what would have been their joy! What would have been their gratitude that they were counted worthy to be the Lord's messengers to His beloved poor ones! Four of those who taught on that Sabbath afternoon are now with Jesus; and of the fifty-eight scholars, many, we *know*, are with them, and some are at work earnestly trying to win souls for Christ.

Sunday by Sunday the number of poor people increased, *till at length the two large rooms were filled, and many be-*

same converts indeed. It was now that the best mode of teaching the Scriptures to Roman Catholics became matter of most earnest thought. The people were so ignorant that they could understand but little at a time. Then, in some cases there were whole families in the school—fathers, mothers, boys, girls, and little children; it was important they should all learn the same portion, that they might talk of it at home afterwards. So, after much deliberation, it was decided that *one* text should be chosen for each Sunday; that this text should be printed on a handbill, with questions suited to be asked to the classes; and that every person attending the school should be supplied with a bill, and taught first the *words*, and then the meaning. That before teaching the verse for the day, each pupil should be required to repeat the verse learned the Sabbath before. This system was found so successful that it has since been adopted in all the mission schools, and in many others besides.

It is not to be supposed that these things were allowed to go on in Townsend Street unopposed. No!—it was one of the strongholds of Satan. He had hitherto had his own way. Sin of all kinds abounded there: brands were not to be easily plucked from the burning. The spirit of persecution was stirred up; rough men and women assembled at the corners of the street, and hid themselves in the entries, that they might fall upon the people going to the schools, or upon the readers going in and out. One tall strong woman particularly laid herself out to torment Mr M'Guigan. Once she jumped suddenly upon him, and laid him flat on the street: but all was taken patiently. The same good man was one day walking down a narrow street, when the people rushed out with knives and sticks. Strong in his trust in God, he did not even quicken his pace. One of the men said, "Why don't ye run? ye'll be killed." "No," said he; "my life is in God's hands. Till He pleases, none of you *can* touch me; and when He pleases, I am ready." The men dropped their weapons; and from that time the good man might go where he pleased in that street. It was curious to hear the names by which the

missionaries were called in the streets. One who had held several classes on the subject of the "bread of life," used to be saluted in this way, "There goes the 6th of John!" Another, who had spoken much on the priesthood of Christ, was commonly called, "The 9th of Hebrews." Thus showing that even opposers had been either listening themselves, or had learned from others the subjects of discussion.

During this year (1852,) two new classes were commenced,—one in Mount Brown school-house, and one in the Mission-house, both conducted by missionary clergymen, and well attended.

Day by day many encouraging circumstances came to the knowledge of the readers, so that in the midst of difficulty and conflicts, they felt that God indeed was working with them. Some of these things I had intended to introduce as they occurred, but I find it would interrupt the narrative too much. I have, therefore, placed all together in the second division of this book.

CHAPTER IV.

IN doing God's work in the world, seeking His guidance and depending upon Him, it is wonderful how often we hear His voice, saying, "*This* is the way; walk ye in it." Paths of usefulness seem so manifestly opened before us, that we *cannot* turn aside. This has been especially the case in the mission work. No sooner was the Sunday Ragged School in operation than it seemed necessary there should be one daily. With what seemed to be much *too sanguine* a spirit, the mission-agent in the Townsend Street district wrote a letter to a lady, begging of her to do *something* for the poor children idling in the streets. "If you will open a school," he wrote, "I will send you in a hundred children; they are perishing for lack of knowledge." *And the lady entertained the thought, for her heart was full of*

love and sympathy for the poor, and she longed to have something to do for the Saviour. She saw in the proposed plan the guiding hand ; and, associated with our dear friend the late Mrs Saurin, gladly undertook to be responsible for providing the necessary funds. This is another instance of the way in which God provides instruments when His plans need human help. This lady was the youngest member of a family whose wealth, talents, and influence were all consecrated to the service of Christ ; and though now scattered, some gone to other lands, and some to the land where separations are unknown, the name of Whately is still spoken amongst our poor people with love and reverence, and many owe to them the knowledge which "maketh wise unto salvation."

And so it was that a ragged school was opened in the Mission-house—a school for boys ; and the wildest, and the lowest, and the poorest were invited to come in. A good wholesome breakfast was provided for them, from a fund especially collected for this purpose, at nine o'clock ; and they were expected to remain until three, acquiring knowledge to fit them for situations here, and learning the truth of God's Word, that they may be prepared for the citizenship of that "city whose builder and maker is God."

A rough, ragged set of boys they were at first, unused to control of any sort, or discipline of any kind ; but a kind-hearted master, using no law but that of reason and love, soon gained over them a powerful influence, and the MISSION RAGGED SCHOOL became a place where it was evident God was working.

Before many weeks had passed away, some of the boys became so interested in the teaching that they begged to be allowed to bring their sisters. This could not be permitted ; but the request led to an old stable at the back of the house being taken, and fitted up as a temporary school-room for girls and infants. Very soon this, too, was crowded. The Bible was a new book to these ignorant children : its stories enchanted them ; and the new thought of Jesus being a loving Saviour, taking children into His arms and blessing them,

instead of an angry Judge, spurning them from His presence, attracted them greatly to Him ; and in their homes they spoke of the gentle Jesus, and persuaded their parents to hear of Him, and love Him too. Little missionaries were many of these children, carrying home the Word of God on the little handbills, singing their hymns, and kneeling down and teaching their parents to pray.

So our work prospered ; and then, as the new-year came on, we chose new mottoes.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." "Thou shalt see greater things than these." And surely we did see greater. Such was the desire of the poor converts for instruction, that application was made to our late archbishop to license the large room in the Mission-house for public service. This was gladly done, and on the 20th of February 1853, a congregation assembled such as is seldom seen. To other churches the Sabbath bell calls a congregation of well-dressed worshippers, who would not think it right to be found at home on the Lord's day. To the Mission Church no bell called, but the servants of the Lord went out into the highways and hedges, and with words of loving-kindness invited the poorest, the most ignorant, the homeless, the wanderers, that the house might be filled. "I am too ragged," said one. "Nay, but the house is built for such as you." "I am a lost creature," said another. "Yes, and Christ came to save the lost." And so they came, some twenty or more poor Protestants, who had seldom been in a place of worship before, between fifty and sixty converts and Roman Catholics, and about twenty friends and teachers. Few joined in the service ; for the words were strange and new, but they listened with great earnestness ; and as they heard of the free grace and love of Jesus, how He was waiting to be gracious even unto them, many hearts were melted.

In the afternoon the school was held as usual, only more crowded than ever. At evening service there were about one hundred and fifty people altogether.

From this time the text of the morning sermon and the subject of the evening one were printed on the Sunday bill, so that the lessons of instruction might be gone over and over again.

CHAPTER V.

ONWARD and still onward ! there was scarcely breathing time in this year 1853. The children crowded in such numbers into our schools, and the people to the services, that there was no room to contain them. Our prayer had often been that of Jabez, "Oh that Thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coasts, and that Thine hand might be with me !" And God was evidently granting that which we requested. The pressure was so great that we had no choice but to take larger dwellings. A house facing into Luke Street, behind Townsend Street, was taken, and turned into a school for girls and infants, and another beside it for a training-place for female teachers. Then the old houses and stables behind the Mission-house were taken down, and in April the first stone of a Mission Church was laid. It was a day long to be remembered ! The remains of the old buildings lay around, but one small spot was cleared, where stood a few of God's earnest servants—those who had cherished the work in its infancy, and stood by it in perils, and those who now came to wish it God speed. And in the midst of the group stood the aged man, to whom it had been given to conceive the idea of the aggressive Mission, and to whom God had given such marvellous success. His heart was almost too full of joy as he stood there. And once again, from full heart, rose up the song—

"Crown HIM Lord of all !"

Amongst that happy group stood one who, though we thought it not then, was soon to lay aside the garment of service for that of praise. The work of collecting the money necessary

for building this Mission Church had been laid especially on Mrs Whately's heart. Most earnest had she been about it; and this laying of the foundation-stone, like the sheaf of corn brought by Israel as a wave-offering, was to her an earnest, not only of the building of stone then to be raised, but of the rich harvest of souls to be gathered into the garner of the Lord. There, too, was another whose earnest spirit was ever planning schemes of usefulness—one ever ready to march forward, "forgetting the things behind, and reaching forth to those before." Excelsior was her motto, and the timid and hesitating ones followed her confident step. To her it was given to lead in every new path; and to her energy and zeal we owe the starting of many institutions. She, too, is gone home now; but the mission-house, and the mission church, and the ragged schools, will ever be associated with the name of Mrs Saurin.

Yet another we must mention—she who planted the first seed of mission work in that class of young men at her own house—she who, associated with another earnest friend, persevered through difficulties and discouragements, and hoped against hope, until God sent them "showers of blessing." Yes; Fanny B—— was there, though she had been removed to another important sphere of labour. She was there to lay her hand upon the first stone of the church to be built for a congregation of worshippers, who in three short years had been gathered out by the means devised by her and others after that drawing-room meeting in February 1850. Ere that building was finished, Fanny B—— had gone to join the company of the redeemed. Dying, she left as a message to those behind—"CHRIST FIRST, CHRIST LAST, CHRIST ALL!"

These early labourers have been removed one after another, and very few have come forward to supply their places. Still the work has been carried on. God *can* work without instruments if He pleases, and *when* He works none can hinder. *But* oh, it is a blessed thing to be used by Him in blessing to the world; it is a joy to feel, that though weak and unworthy *He is putting us into His ministry.* But it is still greater joy

to know that if He lays us aside, lest we should say, "My power and the might of *mine* hand hath gotten me this," there shall be no hindrance to His work. Hidden in His quiver lies many a "polished shaft," and when the right time comes, He will bring out one after another, saying, "Thou art my servant, in whom I will be glorified."

It is some time since we have spoken of the readers. They must not be forgotten, as without them schools, classes, and services would be unattended. In their daily work, they are what may be called the "sappers and miners" of the army. But now so great was the need of help, that their evenings must also be employed in holding classes for instruction and controversy. Two new classes were opened, conducted by readers—making now five such classes every week.

Truly, this year 1853 was a marvellous year! Broad and full were the waves of blessing which rushed upon us. Yet, another wonderful work was commenced—the ragged school for the Coombe. But the history of this school must form the subject of another chapter, and we must turn to the closing event of the year, the opening of the Mission Church. Very rapidly had it been erected, a large square building, as large as the space would permit, capable of holding 800 persons. It had cost just £1000; the whole of which had been collected in different ways. £60 was the result of an appeal made in Trinity Church by the present Bishop of Cork, and another £60 was given by the late archbishop, in token of his appreciation of the work. Nothing had been spent in ornament: almost barn-like was it in its simplicity; but we looked for other adorning than stonework or carving, even the jewels to be numbered by the Saviour when He makes up His possessions. To this building there are two entrances, one through the Mission-house, and another by a lane running at the back called Rath-Row. By the first, those who were not ashamed to be seen might enter; and by the second the Nicodemuses who came in secret, the poor persecuted ones who wished to be hidden, and the shivering *naked poor ones, who clustered round the stove warming their*

poor bodies, and perchance catching the good news of a home prepared in heaven even for them.

The internal arrangements of this building were such as to render it applicable to many uses. The pulpit was on castors, in order that it might easily be moved to different positions. The communion rails in pieces jointed together, so that they could be removed. The forms cut of a certain length, so that they might either be arranged in rows for service or in squares for Sunday school classes.

The 19th of December was the day appointed for the opening; notice had been given to the poor people, and our hearts were filled with glad anticipation. Before half-past twelve the large building, well warmed, seemed quite full; but the numbers which pressed in afterwards showed it could hold more, and without overcrowding. About 800 persons of all ranks, including some converts, and a considerable number of Roman Catholics, were present. As soon as all were assembled, Mr Dallas gave out the 100th Psalm, and it was sung by that multitude with heart and voice. The Rector of St Marks, who had lent such a kindly hand in every step, assisted by the missionary, the Rev. C. F. MacCarthy, read the evening service; then we had the favourite hymn—

"Crown Him Lord of all!"

and in that great burst of praise from the Church militant, one might feebly conceive what must be the praise of the Church triumphant. Mr Dallas then preached from the text in Matt. xi. 5: "The poor have the gospel preached to them." In the course of his sermon he compared the beginning of this wonderful work in Ireland to the circumstance of Elijah, stationed on Mount Carmel, waiting in the attitude of prayer, whilst his messenger went up seven times, until at last the cloud appeared no bigger than a man's hand. We had passed through the time of the "little cloud," for the rain of blessing was already falling in copious showers; and the heart of the preacher was *almost too full for utterance*, and there were many present who *sympathised with him*, and joined with heart and soul in the

earnest prayer afterwards, that the rich blessing of God might dwell on that place—that it might indeed be a Bethesda, in which poor stricken souls might find Jesus the great healer.

It was delightful to see the hearty brotherly feeling showed by the many clergymen present, and to hear the warm greetings, and the thought of all spoken one to another—"This is a delightful day." The unanimous affectionate sympathy carried one back to the days when "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one mind."

CHAPTER VI.

"As thy day, so shall thy strength be." After the rapid growth described in the last chapter, it was to be expected that a quieter time would come, a time in which the roots should strike downwards, and all the work should become steady and settled. God ever leads His people by the right path. The year 1854 was a time in which nothing new or startling occurred; but we were enabled to mature plans already formed, and arrange matters connected with the schools, so as to render them more efficient. There was work for all, and plenty to be done.

The new work in the Coombe was of especial interest. I never shall forget my first visit to the Weavers' Hall, an ancient building of the time of George II., with a large entrance hall, broad staircase, and heavy oaken ballustrades; it scarcely accorded with one's ideas of a ragged school, but the hum of voices above, and the sight of a half-naked child, who suddenly mounted the ballustrade, and rode exultingly down, were sufficient indication that we were in the right place. Up-stairs we went, and then such a sight met our view! One hundred children! Few amongst them had washed face and hands; scarce one had on a single garment in a whole condition; some were shirtless, some coatless, and

some everything-less save filthy rags. Were they children gathered out of a civilised place? Their shaggy locks, tattered garments, and wild appearance seemed to say "No;" yet when silence was proclaimed, and when questions were asked, we knew that those bright intelligent answers could come from none but our own keen-witted children. And when we looked again, there was a harmony between the massive pillars and carved ceiling, dilapidated and crusted over with dirt and mildew, and the mental power of those children, poverty stricken and neglected, yet capable of restoration and beautifying under the teaching of the Word "that maketh wise unto salvation."

Later in the year, like the room in Townsend Street, Weavers' Hall proved too small for the numbers of children attending: it became necessary that there should be a separation. A second house was sought in the neighbourhood, but only one was to be found, and that in such a crazy condition that it seemed a risk to use it; but there was no alternative; that poor place must be taken, and very soon the girls and infants were removed to it, and in a short time the schools were flourishing.

The first floor of this house was occupied by the care-taker; the second was the infant school-room, where there were sometimes as many as a hundred little children, cleansed and civilised. There was hardly room for them to turn round, and certainly none for the evolutions and marchings so delightful in the infant-school system; but still there was a look of happiness on the little faces; and, though pinched with poverty, the smiling lip and beaming eye told of peace and joy within. Over this room was the one occupied by the girls, in a very tumble-down condition; but here were fifty girls in constant attendance, and evidently improving rapidly, as was plainly seen by contrast when a new girl joined their number.

Besides the daily ragged school held in the Weavers' Hall, there was also a Sunday school, with somewhere about three *hundred scholars*, and a class on Thursday evening. These *controversial classes* were the delight of the people, who found

in them an arena for the display of their powers of argument and ready answers. They were also powerful instruments in the hands of God for enlightening the conscience and instructing the minds of Roman Catholics ; leading them to renounce all false trusts, and look to Christ alone for salvation. They will be better understood by the following extract from the Rev. Dr Tyng, the eminent Episcopalian clergyman of New York, who about this time visited Ireland and took notes of all he saw and heard :—

“ The controversial classes are a very important instrument in the general awakening of Irish Roman Catholics. These are held in the various school-rooms belonging to the Missions in different parts of the city, on every evening of the week, except Sunday. They are conducted by either clergymen or laymen. They are open to the arguments and discussions of Romanists, by whom they are numerously attended, and who utter their sentiments very freely and earnestly upon all the subjects which are discussed. I attended three of these classes on different evenings, and was extremely interested in them all. There was perfect freedom of discussion, and equal good humour among all who were present. If a disputant become at any time unduly excited, the rest invariably checked and arrested him. There were curious illustrations of Irish humour and glee. The sharpest things were often said in a perfectly good-natured way, and the discussions were of great worth in a mere intellectual view, bringing the poor not only to think for themselves, but also to express their thoughts without fear. I will give a few illustrations of the discussions to which I listened.

“ The first was at the Mountjoy School. It was a dim, dark room, lighted by a few small candles, but filled with an attentive audience of the poor and labouring class of the people. They were there just as they came from their day's work, a rough hardy-looking set of men and women. The leader was a layman, himself a convert from Popery, and, in his whole manner and style of address, a thorough Irishman. His subject *was the Pope's prohibition of the Scriptures to the people.*

He was speaking when I entered, and his hearers were completely engaged in listening. I can give an outline of part of his appeal to the people, as I took it down at the time ; but it is impossible in writing to give the Irish character which it bore.

" And so we must not read the sermons of our Lord Jesus Christ and His apostles ! And if our Lord and His apostles were preaching here in Dublin, we must not go and hear them either ! Whom then must we hear ? Why, the priests sure, because they are the successors of the apostles. Well, that is strange at any rate ; we must not go to the Master, but we must mind the servant, because he knows more than the Master knows ; ay, and knows better how to tell it to us ; nobody else must speak, and nobody else must be heard but them. What would you think if there were a set of watchmen appointed for the city of Dublin when it was first built ; and now there is a set of watchmen who come from them and say, they are the only successors of these old watchmen ? But they are a sleepy set, and never mind the care of the city, so that they get their pay. Well, the city is on fire in many places, and you go to these watchmen and wake them up, and tell them the city is on fire, and will be burned to dust and ashes. They tell you, " Mind your own business ; we are the regular watchmen ; we will take care of the city." But the city is all on fire, and they will not allow you to put out the fire in your own house. Well, but after 'all, what if they are not the successors to the old watchmen at all, but mere impostors ? Here is the commission of the old watchmen in the Bible—they have not it at all. Shall we see the city burnt up, because they do not choose to put out the fire ? Likely they would rather have it burn, than have anybody *else* put out the fire. Well, here is a set of doctors. They have got an infallible medicine. They can cure everything—everybody else is a quack. But we find all the people who take their medicine grow worse and worse. The blind are still blind. The lame man, who went on one crutch, now goes on two. Those who could walk a little are now fast in bed, and cannot rise. *These old doctors* come, and they cannot cure them. But

others do cure them. Ay, but they say, all these others are quacks. *Their* medicine is the infallible medicine! Let us ask them to let us see their medicine, and they say, "Begone! we'll not let ignorant men, the likes of you, see our medicine; you shall take it just as we give it to you; you shall shut your eyes, and swallow it." But these others show you their medicines. Here they are in the Bible—they tell you all about it. Which, think ye, are the quacks? There are many bakers in this city, and one of them says to you, "Don't ye buy any bread of that man over on yon corner. He sells light bread, and his flour is bad at that." But you go into the man's shop and ask for his weights, and he shows them to you, all regular stamped weights, with the Lord Mayor's mark upon them. You weigh his bread, and it is good down weight. You ask him to let you see his flour, and there never was sweeter flour in the world. Well, this is strange, anyhow. You go then to the other man's shop, and ask him to let you see his weights; he says, "I'll not let you see my weights." You go to weigh his bread. He says, "You shall not weigh my bread." "Well, let me just look at your flour." "Begone, you impudent heretic, you shall not see my flour; you shall just buy my bread as I sell it to you at my own price, and you shall eat none of that." Which of these fellows is likely to be the cheat, and to sell you bad bread? Here are your weights—here is your flour—all in the Word of God. You may examine them all. Here is our bread—you may examine it for yourselves; you may taste it and see it. Here it is. All our religion is in the Roman Catholic Testament. None of the Roman Catholic doctrines are in the Roman Catholic Testament. And yet they tell us, we shall not search their own Testament.'

"It would be impossible to describe the actual power of this plain man's address, or the interest with which the people listened, and responded to it. There were many Romanists in the room, but they had nothing to say; indeed, nothing could be said. It seemed a simple, obscure, assembly—an unnoticed operation. But this is one of the instruments of power which

are now convulsing Ireland to its centre, and destined, apparently, to disenthral the bonded minds of the people in every part of the island."

This is a very fair example of a controversial class in these early days. But they were not always so amicable; frequently disputants rose up to defend their Church, appealing to the Fathers and the Councils; but gradually it became known amongst them that the "unanimous consent" was nowhere to be found, and that Councils were not to be depended upon; and the conviction crept slowly on that the Bible *alone* could be the true standard of appeal.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him."

In order to place before our readers the state of the work in the next year, we shall copy the Annual Report, as it shows not only the progress of the work, but the state of mind of the people:—

"The year 1855 dawned upon the Dublin Mission in the midst of clouds and threatening tempests; and its managers felt that if their feet had not been firmly fixed upon the 'Rock of Ages,' they must have been swept away; but they feared not the storm, they *knew* the work was of God, and fearlessly laid hold upon the promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' In a wonderful way has that promise been fulfilled; for days of difficulty, for days of trial; and for days of prosperity, strength has been granted, and the year has been one of decided progress.

"It is *something* when we find individual cases of conversion from the darkness of Popery to the free and pure light of the gospel; but it is much *more* when we can see in the *minds of many* indications of a gradual fading away of the

power of Roman Catholic doctrines. Numerous tokens of this are found in the journals of the year, and we have besides much external testimony to the fact.

“ ‘I always believed,’ said a woman, ‘that there was no surer hope for sinners than in the Virgin Mary ; but *now* I cannot believe what is not to be found in the Word of God.’

“ Speaking of extreme unction, a man said, ‘Some time ago no one liked to die without it ; but now scores die without a word about it—it’s falling off every day.’

“ A man, to whom we were speaking about purgatory, said, ‘There is not so much talk about purgatory now as there used to be ; the world is greatly changed by means of them ragged schools.’

“ An old Roman Catholic being spoken to about the priest’s forgiveness, looked indignant, and said, ‘Do you think I have lived so long as this without knowing that it is worth nothing ?’

“ From many instances of external testimony we select the following :—In the early part of the year a clergyman met with an officer of a secular committee, whose duties bring him very much amongst the poor, and who knows every corner of the city. He said, ‘That he perceived a gradual change amongst the people in all parts—a decided disregard for the priests, and a strong leaning towards Protestantism.’

“ A gentleman, who has become a convert from the Church of Rome, told a clergyman that very few people could know the extent of the Bible reading, controversy, and inquiry that is going on privately amongst the Roman Catholics.

“ Mr —— one day hired a car in the Liberties, and asked the driver, who turned out to be a Protestant, whether he thought there was anything doing amongst the Roman Catholics ? ‘O sir,’ said he, ‘you can have no idea of what is doing. There are thousands of inquiring Roman Catholics going to mass, and not believing a word of it ; and though at the classes they argue for Popery, I hear them laugh, going out, at their own arguments.’

“ If further testimony were required, we might find it in the pastorals of the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church,

and in the efforts which are being made to counteract the spread of the truth, if the limits of our Report would permit. One instance of the effect of Dr Cullen's influence will suffice. A reader, in the course of his visits, met with six Roman Catholic men, with whom he wished to enter into controversy. One of them said, 'Sure we were all present when Dr Cullen said, "That no Catholic should hold any controversy, either in public or private; that the exigencies of the times require that this should be done, and the Catholic Church had, in all ages, to suit herself to the circumstances in which she was placed." Now,' said he, 'do you think we are to go against the advice of the head of our Church, by arguing doctrine with you? In all matters of religion every Roman Catholic should have blindness of faith. There is not a man in Ireland will have so much to answer for as that MacCarthy of yours, for he is robbing the youth of Dublin of their souls by his controversy and inducements.'

"One of the causes of so much success is to be found, under the blessing of God, in the growing acquaintance with the Sacred Scriptures. As a Roman Catholic said, 'Since the controversy began, everybody is reading and studying books to make out points for themselves, and the Bible of course is the chief book, because it is the Word of God.'

"An agent says, 'It is quite usual now to meet with Roman Catholics prepared with the texts which the Catechisms point to as supporting the doctrines of the Church of Rome; but some are by no means confined to such a limited supply. We were a good deal surprised to-day by meeting with some Roman Catholics who had a large knowledge of Scripture. One of them said, "You look astonished at our knowledge; but have not Catholics brains as well as Protestants? and you know when a Catholic takes to the Bible, there is no stopping him."'

"'O sir,' said Mrs — to a reader, 'you brought the grace of God to this house; for the beautiful words you read the other day carried peace to my soul; and my husband is as happy as I, for I was telling him what you were reading.'

and he told me to ask you to buy a Douay Bible for him, for he is quite determined to have the Holy Scriptures in his house for the future.'

" 'I'm heartbroken,' said another woman, 'with this controversy. Two months ago my husband was as good a Catholic as ever broke this world's bread ; but since he's got a Bible, he's for ever reading it, and he says all the Protestant religion is in it, and none of our own at all. I argue with him for hours at night ; but it's all of no use ; he's a determined Protestant, and there's no getting these new notions out of his head.'

"To some these may appear small tokens ; but the 'little cloud no bigger than a man's hand' seemed very trifling to the servant of Elijah ; yet to him it was the precursor of great changes. 'Get thee down, was his message to Ahab, 'that the rain stop thee not.' It was the answer to prayer so confidently expected ; and those who wish prosperity to the Dublin Mission should be much in prayer. If there were more prayer, a still larger blessing would be given.

"The ragged schools carried on by the Society exhibit very considerable marks of advancement. Last year the Daily Boys' School, held in the mission building, had an average attendance of 70 ; now it is 108, the number on the books being 160. The Boys' School in Weavers' Hall has also considerably increased. More than a year ago a school for girls and another for infants were opened in New Row. The house taken for the purpose—the only one which could be got—was in a very dilapidated condition. As time passed on, fears were entertained that it would some day fall ; the floor gave way, and was propped ; the walls were supported, and the schools continue to be held, having in daily attendance 130 infants and 70 girls. Some zealous friends have determined, if possible, to build new school-rooms, and it is hoped that, before the year 1856 shall come to a close, a suitable building, affording ample accommodation for these most interesting and prosperous schools, will be erected and in use.

"The schools in Luke Street are very much improved.

During the year great numbers of grown girls, from fifteen to twenty years of age, have attended ; and it was found, upon inquiry, that many of these were so destitute as to have no settled place of abode, hardly any clothing, and no means of subsistence but the breakfast they got at school. In order to save these poor girls, and make them useful members of society, a special collection has been made, and a room built over the school-room, to serve as a dormitory. Already sixteen girls have been admitted ; they are supplied with a straw bed, blankets, and rug. When the ordinary daily school is over, they sit down to work, by the produce of which a cup of cocoa and a piece of bread is provided for supper. Some of them have also been able to purchase a little clothing.

"It is almost impossible to estimate the value of the instruction given to so many children in these schools. It is like the seeds which the wind and the little birds carry about, and drop where no one might think of planting them.

"The controversial classes have been kept up with great spirit this year. In the month of April the Rev. C. F. MacCarthy's was removed from St Michan's school-house to the mission building in Townsend Street. It is attended by a large number of Roman Catholics, and the discussions are often very lively. In St Michan's school-house lectures have been delivered on Church History by the clergy of the parish. The class held in Weavers' Hall has been attended mainly by Roman Catholics. A new class is about to be opened in St Thomas's parish, forming a new centre of mission influence. The class in Mountjoy Street is continuing its course of usefulness. The style of controversy carried on in these classes suits the Irish people ; they like to hear a question fairly discussed, and to put in their own word when they like. A few extracts from the journals of the readers will illustrate the effect they have upon the minds of the people :—

"In reply to some remarks about his attendance at classes a Roman Catholic said, "What business have I going there at all. Sure there is not a single night that ever I go that my mind is not put to and fro."

“ ‘Speaking of the classes, and the interest Roman Catholics take in them, a man said, “I learned many a good thing there ; but the grandest thing I ever learned was, that the Lord Jesus Christ came down from heaven to die for us, without ever a saint or angel asking Him to do so.”’

“ ‘I asked a man (who told me that his landlord had threatened to put him out of employment and house room if he did not leave off going to the classes) how long he had been in the habit of attending. He replied by producing a roll of hand-bills, the careful accumulation of twelve months. He had a great many of the questions off by heart, and the entire family we found to possess very clear notions on justification by faith, principally owing to the father’s instructions.’

“ ‘After an interesting scriptural conversation with a woman upon Romans iii. 25, she said, “I was a Roman Catholic until the time the controversial classes began. I went at first out of curiosity ; but it was not long until I discovered that transubstantiation was wrong. Soon after I went to a controversial sermon, and all the doubts I ever had were cleared away.”’

“ ‘A respectable young woman, impelled by curiosity, went, about a year ago, to St Michan’s class, and was so interested that she went again and again. At that time I often visited her, but owing to a change of residence I lost sight of her. One day that I met her in the street she was very glad to see me ; and on giving me her address, said, “Come to see me soon—I have such a surprise for you.” A few days after I went to see her, when she introduced her two sisters, who had before been very bigoted Roman Catholics, as stanch Protestants.’

“ ‘After a meeting held in the south of England for the Society for Irish Church Missions, a respectable woman came up to the deputation, and said that she had for a long time been a regular attendant at St Michan’s class, and expressed a deep sense of the value of the instruction she had received there. She is now an enthusiastic supporter of the society, and, though in humble life, collected sixteen shillings last year.

"Some converts have this year proved faithful unto death; amongst them a man who was once very decided in opposition to Protestantism. After many visits to his house, the readers induced him to come to Mount Brown class; here he contended very earnestly for the doctrines of Romanism; but gradually his mind was opened to receive the truth, and to feel its power. During a severe fit of illness he was often visited, and daily manifested an increase of knowledge and spirituality. On one occasion he said, 'Christ is my mediator, my sacrifice, and my intercessor; I know that all I want is in Him.' From this illness he partially recovered, and removed to the country, where he soon after died. Being anxious to know something of his last moments, one of the lay agents visited the woman in whose house he lodged, a Roman Catholic. She said she knew he was a Protestant, but that she had done her best to get him to have the priest. 'But,' said she, 'the only thing I could get out of him at such times was, "Oh, I want no earthly priest; I have the Lord Jesus Christ, the true priest."' These were the very last words he spoke.

"The number of readers engaged in visiting in Dublin is not less than in former years, but it is much too small for the wants of the population. An increased number of probationary readers and schoolmasters has been brought into the Mission-house. These, as well as the schoolmistresses in Luke Street, not only receive an education fitting them for future usefulness, but are also trained and practised in their work. Dublin is the centre of missionary influence and spirit; the plans tried and approved in the city are carried out in a modified way in the country missions. And it does not stop here; for one of our most active and valued lay agents, Mr John Steele, has, during the past year, been appointed city missionary in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He carried Dublin controversy with him; and on board ship found many among the emigrants, professing to be Roman Catholics, who possessed Bible and Testaments, with the initials I. C. M., and to whom the names of the missionaries were quite familiar. In the *Barr*

of the Truth, for the month of December 1855, is a most interesting account of the argument he held on board ship. He has not been many weeks in his new sphere, and yet has already two Sunday services, two inquiry classes in the week, and free access to the poor-house, besides numerous other meetings. He is the only missionary for the crowded population of Halifax, where it is hoped that his labours will be found as effective as they were here in the ragged schools, and among the Roman Catholics generally.

"During this year one of our readers has been removed by death—a young man of great promise, who had been on the mission only for three years. He was remarkable for his energy of character, and still more for his spirituality of mind and devotedness to the service of his Master. The strong hand of fever was laid upon him; his mind wandered, and it was with difficulty he could be restrained from violence; but when the name of Jesus was mentioned, it was as if the words 'Peace, be still,' had been again uttered—'there was a great calm.' One day, in the midst of his ravings, Mr M'Guigan entered, and said, 'Well, but what of Jesus—is not He a great Saviour?' Jumping up, and throwing his arms round his neck, he said, 'Oh! He is a precious Saviour—He has done all for me.' After a few days' illness, he was taken to his rest. His body was followed to the grave by his fellow-labourers. The Rev. C. F. MacCarthy read the burial service, and solemnly addressed the young men and others present upon the uncertainty of life, and the mysterious providence which had so early snatched away one so promising and useful. It was a touching scene, and one not soon to be forgotten by any there.

"The reception given to the readers by the people whom they visit has been, upon the whole, better than in former years, and their labours very much blessed.

"A Roman Catholic said one day, 'It is well for us to have the righteousness of Christ imputed to us; we have none of our own.' 'And how did you learn this?' he was asked. 'From the agents of the missions; and another thing we

learned from them is, to believe nothing we cannot prove from the Bible.'

"In the month of April a clergyman accompanied one of the lay agents in his visits. They called upon an old woman. The clergyman said, 'You seem very poor; how do you live?' 'I am living upon Christ, and He is enough for me,' was her reply. 'And how did you come to know Christ?' said he. 'The readers came to me, and spoke about the Lord Jesus Christ; and they told me that the wafer could not be God; and what they said brought to my mind something that a gentleman told me a long while ago; so I went to the Mission Church to hear more of these things, and I heard Mr MacCarthy preach a sermon that made me weep; and I wondered that all the world did not go to listen to such glorious things.'

"One day a poor woman, dying of consumption, was visited by the readers. They told her of the all-sufficiency and love of Jesus. Stretching out her hand to them, she said, 'You're done me more good than the priest who anointed me yesterday.'

"We cannot close our Report without a few words concerning the Mission Building in Townsend Street. There is not a more orderly congregation in Dublin than that which assembles there each Sabbath morning and evening—the numbers attending varying from 200 to 400 in the morning, and from 300 to 600 in the evening. The morning sermon is one of simple instruction in principal gospel truths; the evening on some point of controversy. The afternoon Sunday Ragged School has increased much in numbers, and very much more in order and regularity. It is hardly possible to conceive the idea of so many ragged people being crowded together, and yet peaceably learning the text. We would only say to those who have not seen it, try and do so; it is a sight that will enlarge your heart, and warm and enliven your Christian sympathies. Besides this afternoon school, one is held in the morning from ten o'clock till half-past eleven, which is scarcely less valuable. It is interesting to know that some of the *classes* have been gathered by the teachers from the district

in which they visit, so that it is rather a collection of classes than an organised Sunday school.

"Instances of persecution have been very frequent this year. Indeed, it is very seldom that a man can change his religion and conduct, without suffering more or less. A Roman Catholic man, after a long struggle with his feelings, left the Church of Rome. Immediately the whole neighbourhood was raised against him; and, worse than all, his wife and family became his greatest persecutors. His wife afterwards confessed that she annoyed him in every way in her power. He bore all with so great patience and good temper, that she began to consider the cruelty of her behaviour, and secretly stole out to see what it was that had so influenced her husband. She was soon convinced that he was in the right, and completely changed her conduct. The whole family now attend the Mission Church; but, from persecution and opposition, they have been reduced from a state of comparative comfort to the lowest depths of poverty. 'No one but God knows what we are suffering,' said Mrs —, as her daughter (a most intelligent and lady-like young woman) brought forward her Bible to look for the various passages of comfort which we quoted. The ease with which she found the places referred to, showed that she was well accustomed to 'search the Scriptures.'

"One day when a poor convert woman, who possessed a Bible, was out, a number of her neighbours got into her room, found her Bible, and burned it, rescuing the partially burned cover, which they triumphantly held before her when she returned.

"Such instances as these show how much poor converts have to suffer now, just as it always was in the Christian Church; but the foundation upon which they stand is in every age the same. Christ's sheep may be tried on every side, but they shall never perish; for who shall 'separate them from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness? Nay, in all these things they are more than conquerors through Him who loved them.'"

The success attending the Mission daily schools was far beyond anything that could have been anticipated. During this year, 1855, there was a daily aggregate attendance of 448 children, the numbers on the books being 680. Of these, only thirty-two were the children of Protestant parents—just one to every twenty Romanists. Upwards of one hundred of these children regularly attended the Mission Church, and some of them brought their parents with them.

Ere this year, 1855, closed, an event occurred which startled the Christian world—one of those fierce explosions of the wrath of man which God turns to His praise. I have not before mentioned that the work of the Dublin Mission was carried on not only in the city, but in the suburbs, and with especial success in Kingstown. Here a mission-room had been taken and licensed for public worship; here also a Sunday and daily school was held, and many converts made amongst the people. And the enemy looked on in anger. Should Kingstown be wrested from him? "It must not be." And so the Church of Rome sent its reserve body to check the work, a Redemptorist Mission. They came to Kingstown in September, and had repeated hearings of confession, service, and sermons, producing amongst the Roman Catholics very great excitement. True to the principles and example of the founder of their order, Alphonsus de Liguori, they sounded forth perpetually in their sermons the Virgin's name, and so exalted as to transfer to her the inalienable attributes and prerogatives of our blessed Lord. They call themselves Redemptorists, and yet are they virtually the betrayers of the Redeemer, even as Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss. At the conclusion of their mission, they erected, as a memorial of it, a large red cross in the chapel-yard, which is separated from the public street only by a railing. Before this object of idolatrous homage might be seen perpetually deluded worshippers. But all this was nothing to their final act.

On the 5th of November—a well-selected day for such a deed—one of the so-called Redemptorists, Pitcherine by name, Russian by nation, caused two wheel-barrows full of books

pamphlets, papers, &c., to be rolled from his own lodgings to the chapel-yard, and publicly burned. Amongst these, as appeared by the sworn evidence of several witnesses, were copies of God's Holy Word. This deed was loudly gloried in by many Roman Catholics; yet were there some more thoughtful, who strongly condemned it. The matter came to trial, and the verdict is before the public.

But what was the effect of this notorious act? Never was the Bible so much talked about; all minds seemed stirred by the one subject,—the question as to whether the Bibles burned by Pitcherine were the “Word of God,” or the “devil’s book,” was the theme of discussion in circles high and low. Some rejoiced that it was not the work of an Irishman; some would have been glad to share in the unholy work. Many eagerly compared the two versions of the Bible, to see where lay the difference; and many, who had never attended class or sermon, now went, eager to learn. Now, also, was the time to test the faith of the converts. It is when the waves dash, and the storms blow, that the strength of a foundation is seen. So with those built on Christ, storms only prove their faith, and the strength of Him who keeps them. Not one of the converts, so far as we could ascertain, gave up their Bible to the persecutors; hard names were called, their windows were broken with stones, yet bravely they still sent their children to school, and themselves attended the services. Not only thus did God make “the wrath of man to praise Him,” but also many Protestants, before cold and careless about the Roman Catholics, were stirred up to see the necessity for labouring, even night and day, to instruct their ignorant Roman Catholic neighbours, showing them the beauty and truth of those scriptures which tell of Jesus, the sinner’s friend.

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "To them that have no might He increaseth strength." "Not by might nor by power, but by *my* Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Yes, we must use all the might we have, and ask for more, and do all that in us lies, to work the work of God; and yet all must be in dependence on that Spirit who alone gives the victory; and so is there constant need for our little prayer, "O God, for Christ's sake, give *me* Thy Holy Spirit."

To a casual visitor our mission work may present little change from one year to another; but those who patiently and bravely tread the toilsome daily path, and have to meet and overcome the many difficulties which rise up, see indications of progress which the inexperienced eye would pass over. The passenger on board a sail-boat may think he is becalmed; but the sailor, with more knowledge of things around, knows by what he leaves behind, that the boat is making way, slow and sure; and points to a rock left behind, and a breaker passed, to prove his point. So, in looking back, we can best see the progress really made.

There was a time when it was not the safest thing in the world to walk down Townsend Street; but since the opening of the mission-house there, it is a changed place. Formerly, it was a nest of everything vile and ungodly; the readers, in passing down, were hooted, pelted, and frequently beaten; but in the year 1856 we could say, now we hear of no such things. On the contrary, one day two readers were trying to protect the school children from the interference of three men, strangers, who were very abusive, when an inhabitant of the street came out and warned the strangers, saying, "If you lay a finger on these men, you will suffer for it."

We were told by a coal merchant, that he used to be obliged to keep men up all night watching his property. "Now," he said, "I have nothing to do but lock the yard gate." A gentleman, who owned some houses in Townsend

Street, came over from England to inspect his property. He was astonished at the change ; he said he " could not believe it was Townsend Street at all." Truly, the gospel of Christ is the best civiliser in this, as well as in heathen lands.

But if we want to know how missionary work is progressing, it is good to turn to listen to what the Roman Catholic priests say about it, and see what their actions are. The Dublin Mission had taken open standing-ground, and had plainly sounded out the cry, " Come out of her, my people." The trumpet gave no uncertain sound ; plainly and fully had the erroneous doctrines been exhibited, and the truths of God's holy Word inculcated ; and many believed to the saving of their souls. But " shall a trumpet be blown in the city, and the people not be afraid ? " Listen to the cries of distress uttered by Dr Cullen in his pastoral of February 7th. " Alas, we have too many proofs in our own days, and even here amongst ourselves, of the activity with which this unholy warfare is carried on. Tracts and works of every description, assailing all that is sacred in our religion, are widely scattered through the streets, and oftentimes forcibly and audaciously thrust into the hands of every Catholic citizen." On June 9th he says—" We implore of the rich and the affluent and the powerful, to put on bowels of compassion for their poor brethren, to raise their voice in their favour, to excite public indignation against those who are carrying on an inhuman traffic in souls. . . . Above all, we exhort them to shun the company of all proselytising agents. . . . Their words doth eat as a canker, their talk gains ground like a pestilence. . . . And as in times of danger great and extraordinary precautions are necessary, we have appointed a general committee, consisting of all the parish priests of the city, the heads of religious orders, and some other members of the clergy, to watch over and check the progress of proselytism." The call to arms was obeyed ; many members of the Roman Catholic Church were aroused to become anti-proselytisers. The Society of " Our Blessed Lady of Charity " was organised for the purpose (as we learn from the printed cir-

cular) "of repelling the effort of the proselytiser, and to assist in procuring for the children of the poor such solid and religious instructions as will enable them to overcome all the base and deceitful attacks of the enemy, to bring all hardened and obdurate sinners to repentance, by means of *the constant reciting of the Rosary by the brotherhood.*"

The priests, monks, and nuns were indefatigable in their visits to all who attended classes, sent their children to school, or received the visits of the readers.

Were we alarmed by this opposition? Not at all. "The strong man armed kept his palace, and his goods were in peace; but a stronger than he came and took away the armour wherein he trusted." Should he not rouse himself to find fresh weapons?

The most remarkable testimony to the actual progress of the work was, however, given by the publication of three letters on proselytism in Dublin, inserted in the *Freeman's Journal*, one of the most decided of the Roman Catholic organs in Ireland. These letters were written for the purpose of arousing from apathy the Roman Catholics of Dublin, to a sense of the danger impending to their Church. Though they contain obvious calumnies as to the manner in which the Mission schools are conducted, yet they by no means overstate the truth as regards the effect produced. The following extracts may be taken as specimens of this important and undesigned testimony to the reality of the Mission work. In the *Freeman's Journal* of the 16th of April, the writer, after making general remarks upon the extent of proselytism now going forward, says—

"The number of proselytising schools in this city that I have been able to make out is upwards of twenty. My incredulous friend may stare, but let him take this paper for his guide, and go to Lurgan Street, and he will see one of four great ragged schools. This house contains three large rooms, giving a day school for boys, a Sunday school for adults, male and female, and one also for children. At the Sunday school there is an average attendance of 400 Catholics.

"In Mill Street my friend will find a second of these ragged schools, containing day schools and Sunday schools, with an average attendance of 200 Catholics at the Sunday schools.*

"Let him now proceed to a place called Weavers' Hall, on the Coombe. Here he will find large day and Sunday schools. Some Protestants have said that 500 Catholics attended these schools. At all events, they have found this house too small for their numbers, and have already procured ground on which they propose building a Mission-house. The other day they held a meeting to begin the work, and one hundred pounds were subscribed on the spot.

"Let my friend now come with me to Townsend Street. Here he will find the greatest of all the ragged schools. It is called the Irish Mission-house, a most complete establishment. One door of the spacious building opens in Townsend Street, one door in Luke Street, one in Rath Row. There is a small courtway between the Luke Street house and the Townsend Street, but they are all one establishment, all parts communicate interiorly. Here are contained a model school for teachers, a boys' school, a girls' school, an infant school. The part in Townsend Street has been licensed as a church. There cannot be less than 700 Catholics here some Sundays. They stream out of it. When the girls are sufficiently 'made up,' they are taken to a female house of refuge, or dormitory, close by, and here every trace of their Catholicity is lost. I don't know the number here—it varies, of course; at one time this winter they were close to 100; but in six weeks or two months they are 'finished' in this establishment, sent out to Protestant situations, and their places filled up by other poor creatures.

"From the schools that I have named many of the children have been withdrawn, and have gone back again and again; and what makes the case of proselytism in Dublin most alarming is, that their machinery is wonderfully adapted to their wicked purposes."

* Lurgan Street and Mill Street schools are not in connexion with the Society.

The countenance which the late Archbishop of Dublin gave to the Missions brought upon his Grace the following attack :—

"The whole system is directed by one head, and that, too, one of the ablest intellects in Europe—a man who has been sent over here from England, and receives several thousand pounds of Irish money yearly, for destroying the faith and morals of the Irish poor. This man has spent his long life in striving to materialise religion. He has been thwarted and disappointed to some extent in his deep-laid schemes, and now his great mind, stimulated by mortified vanity, casts all its malignant power into the scale of the proselytisers. He has his wife and daughters to perfect and carry out his plans. They spend their days among the Catholic poor, and to their exertions are chiefly due the gigantic proportions of the Towns-end Street hell."

In the second letter the writer gave, if possible, still stronger testimony to the success of the Missions. Speaking of them, he says—

"No man can say how many come within their influence. If I said five thousand yearly, I believe in my conscience I should be under the mark. Those eighteen establishments are perhaps only one-third, probably only one-half, of the whole machinery.

"Five thousand per annum ! How many of these go over altogether and apostatise, God knows—I do not know. They are stowed away in all directions ; sent to England ; put off to remote parts of the country ; trained in their model schools for teachers and Bible readers ; placed in situations ; apprenticed to trades. I have met some of them ; they seemed as if possessed, so great apparently was their hatred of the religion they had abandoned.

"The truth is, we are in an emergency. We have fallen upon a crisis ; and if my unbending friend's reasoning held good in ordinary times, it won't stand now. The enemy has already forced our entrenchments. These gallant Celtic poor, that stood the front of the battle these three hundred years,

are routed and falling, and we are holding silly councils in the camp ! The proselytisers are everywhere."

These letters, following as they did on the pastorals of Dr Cullen, roused much opposition to the work. Amongst the projects formed, was one to prevent the children from attending the Mission schools. For this purpose they took two houses in the neighbourhood of Weavers' Hall, and ordered breakfast of tea and bread and butter, and dinner of cabbage and bacon, to be prepared for any children who would leave the schools. Some poor hungry things were induced to go, but not many ; and, in a short time, the houses were closed. A shop was then opened, to which parents, who promised to keep their children from school, were sent with orders for groceries, &c. The rations of food in the Roman Catholic schools were raised to four times the usual quantity ; and boys were sent out into the streets with boxes of silver money to entice the children to the Roman Catholic schools. Then mobs were raised, if possible by force to prevent the attendance ; women and boys filled the windows armed with stones to throw at the poor children, locking the doors to keep out the police. But the readers went down and kept the mob a little in check. For ten days this storm lasted, during which time an old man, who lodged in that neighbourhood, was taken ill, and the people wanted to send for the priest. "No," he said, "I must have a minister." With that they lifted him out into the street, and left him to die. The police found him, but before they reached the hospital he was dead.

This outrage upon the feelings of humanity shocked the more tender-hearted amongst the people ; and they began to think, and some even to say, that this display of violence could not arise from any feeling of real religion.

One day a very big strong girl seized a little one on her way to school, and carried her off forcibly. The child screamed for help, and one of the readers immediately ran to the rescue. The elder girl said she was her sister ; but the little one said, "No, I never saw you before." A policeman now came up,

and took the big girl before a magistrate ; having no security, she was sentenced to imprisonment. At this moment the reader came forward and became her security. This act of kindness on his part strengthened the feelings of the people about the real religion of the missionaries, and the mobs quietly died away.

Some of the boys from Weavers' Hall, induced by the large offers made, went to the Roman Catholic school, but one of the readers kept his eye on them, often sent them handbills, and seized every opportunity of speaking to them. One day they asked the master why he did not give them the Bible. He was very angry, and replied with a beating. But, instead of being sorry, they began to teach the dormitory boys the little of the truth they knew ; and the result was, that forty of these boys joined together to send a message to the reader, requesting to know whether they could be received into the Protestant dormitory, in case of their leaving their present asylum. The reader sent them word, that he could not answer for the dormitory, but that they were welcome to the school. Within five days fifty-three boys came, leaving the only shelter and every comfort they had ; but their strength failed—twelve of them went to the poor-house, and five being one night found sleeping in a limekiln, were taken up and brought before a magistrate. On being released, their friend the reader took them, and out of his own pocket provided for them a lodging. And these boys lived upon the single meal a-day which was provided. Can we wonder that they had a look of literal starvation, and that their clothing scarce covered them ?

Similar efforts were made in Townsend Street, but with little success. The people *knew* that the calumnies circulated were false stories. They knew that what they learned in the Mission schools was the truth of God, and they would not be prevented going to them.

Another of the plans formed was to send children into the Mission schools to act as decoys, inducing the mission children, by bribes and offers of good food and clothing, to return to the Roman Catholic schools. One of these girls was sent

to Luke Street Girls' School. She behaved very well ; but the mistress noticed that she held earnest conversations with the girls separately ; so she watched her. One day she came up behind when she was talking to another girl as they sat sewing. She heard her own pupil say, " Ah, no ; you don't know how they pray for us here." She guessed what the question had been, and she lifted up her heart in thankfulness to God for the answer. That Luke Street school has been a blessed institution. In the account for last year, we intimated that a dormitory had been opened for such of the girls who were destitute and homeless. The place is worthy of a visit ; and *now* there is nothing to be feared in walking down any of those streets. Down Townsend Street you must go ; and just a little way past the Mission-house, turn to the right, pass by the first few houses, and soon you come to 18 and 19, two bright, clean-looking houses : 18 is the training-house for teachers, and 19 is the school. The door is opened by one of the girls, and you find yourself in a large kind of room : it is the whole size of the house, except the small return. In it is a comfortable fire and two large presses, and along the wall are folding-tables. This room answers many purposes. It is the play-ground for the daily schools. It is the girls' dressing-room. It is the mess-room of the whole establishment. On the same level, just behind, is the little kitchen, spotless in its cleanliness, a perfect pattern, though so very small. Up-stairs we go. The second floor is occupied as the school-room for infants, a ragged set of wee ones indeed they are ; one can scarcely look upon them with a dry eye, so neglected do they appear ; many of them with just a few rags sewed around them, some with *one* garment ; but all half-naked. Yet see them marched upon the gallery, and hear their sweet voices raised in a hymn, and listen to them while they tell you of the baby Jesus laid in a manger, and the man Jesus dying on the cross for them, and the tear of sorrow will be turned into one of joy at the thought that these miserable little ones may one day be with the angels in heaven.

Now, let us go up-stairs. There is another room the same

size there, but it is full of great girls; some of them with pleasant, happy faces, eagerly listening to the Scripture lesson given by the teacher; some with a dull, stupid expression, as if determined not to take in a word; and *some* with their fingers in their ears, that they might not be *tempted* to listen. Yet, why did they come there? There must have been some stir in the heart, or they would have remained away. Ah! it is the fierce struggle of nature against grace. We do not mind these angry looks, and threatening countenances, for we remember Saul of Tarsus; and we know that the bitterest opponents, when changed by the power of God, are the best "preachers of the faith that once they destroyed." Over and over again have we proved this, not only in the schools, but amongst all the people.

Another flight of stairs still, and we reach the dormitory. In order to build this, the roof of the house was taken off, and the walls raised, so as to make another story. The room is the same size as the school-rooms; and in it are placed thirty iron beds, each with a night dress, towel, and brush and comb bag, numbered. One corner of the room is partitioned off for the matron's room.

Girls are admitted to the dormitory by the committee, who assemble once a week for the purpose. It is sad to see the poverty of the applicants, one story only more pitiable than another. One poor girl who applied had on nothing but the tattered remnants of a cotton frock and cape, and the possession of even *these* was shared by her mother. The poor thing gazed at the warm clothing provided for her as if it were a treasure of priceless value.

All the girls who come are not so poor; they are the victims of persecution, or girls escaped from nunneries, anxious to learn of the Saviour, who saves "without money and without price."

After examining a case, the ladies plainly tell the girl that she will have to learn the Word of God, and attend church, but that she is free to remain a Roman Catholic if she wishes. *She is then sent to lodgings for a fortnight, during which he*

story is inquired into, and if all is right she is then admitted into the dormitory.

The girls remain in the dormitory for a longer or shorter period, according to their capacities. When they can pass an examination in reading, writing, Scripture, and needlework, they are provided with an outfit of clothes, and sent either to Providence Home, the House of Refuge, or the institution in Townsend Street, to be trained as domestic servants. If any girl wishes to leave before she passes, she may do so, but without any outfit; the committee do not feel responsible for her.

The following extract, from the pen of a visitor, will confirm what we have said of the influence of teaching:—

“ We know that mere head-knowledge of gospel truth has a civilising influence on character; but that it could effect a visible change on the countenance, I never realised until I visited Luke Street Ragged School. It was on the occasion of a visit from some English friends. The girls, eighty-four in number, were all arranged in one great class for examination, not in order of age or size, but according to their time of attendance at school. On the lowest form were three, of fierce and forbidding countenance. You could scarcely call them girls; they had attained the size at least of womanhood. They had only recently began to attend, and had hitherto refused to listen to a word of Scripture, putting their fingers into their ears and screaming whenever the Bible was produced. These kept up a continued murmur of disapprobation throughout the examination. What a contrast was presented by the first form! Here were faces beaming with intelligence, eyes sparkling, and an eagerness in answering, which showed an earnestness of heart and head. Amongst them was one face particularly pleasing in its thoughtful earnestness. I could not recognise in her one who, six short months before, had been the most turbulent of rebels—one who, with her own hands, had smashed the windows, frames and all, and brought with her a knife to kill the mistress! Yet here was she, one of the many living witnesses of the blessing of Ragged Schools.”

During this year, 1856, a new class was opened in Oriol Street, and was wonderfully blessed in the conversion of souls to God.

A new Mission school was also opened at Irish town, a poor suburb of Dublin; the use of a fine school-house was liberally granted by the Rev. Dr Wall. Very nice Sunday schools were established, the numbers on the books being 100—the attendance considerably less. A committee of ladies residing in the neighbourhood undertook to manage the schools.

The day school for girls and infants was taught by an enthusiastic little person, who undertook her work with almost a romantic zeal. She visited the homes of the people, and won them over by the kindness and affection she showed to the children, so that by degrees the rooms were quite filled. A reader writes thus of the Sunday school:—

"Our recently-established Sunday Ragged School was attended by eighty-seven persons on last Sabbath: the odd seven were original Protestants; the eighty, Roman Catholics—whose solemn and serious demeanour might have led a casual observer to look upon them as an assembly of intelligent Protestants. All knelt during the opening prayer, and their attention during the time allotted to instruction was highly gratifying. Whenever I happened to address any particular person, in my class of twenty-four adults, all the others might be observed leaning forward intensely eager to catch up the remark. Several promised to come to the Mission Church in the evening."

CHAPTER IX.

I THINK I forgot to mention, that in the year 1855, owing to changes in the church, the missionary work was obliged to be removed from St Michan's Church and parish. But *we cannot forget* that, in the early days of the Mission, the parish

of St Michan's was the scene of its labours. There was the controversial class held, sermons preached, and congregations assembled, so large that even the organ-loft was frequently filled to overflowing, and a casual looker-on may say, "It seemed a glorious work, but where is it now?—like a vision it has vanished away." *Not so*—the winnowing time came, the chaff was blown away, and the good seed was deposited here and there, and much has sprung up, *is* springing up, and much *will* spring up to the praise of God; ay, and amongst the Society's agents are to be found converts of St Michan's.

"In those early days," the Report for 1856 says, "an old white-headed man used to occupy, Tuesday after Tuesday, a certain seat in that controversial class. One evening, Romans x. 13 was referred to, and Mr MacCarthy read the words—'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' They sunk deep into the old man's heart, and he became a Christian indeed. Years passed away, and he grew in grace, suffering persecution from his daughter and son-in-law, with whom he lived, but bearing it for Christ's sake, till about three months ago, when he was taken ill. He sent for Mr MacCarthy; he not being at home, Mr M'Guigan went to see him. He found him with his large Bible well read and marked. He had committed to memory many passages in the Gospel of John, and a great number of Psalms. Speaking of the 119th, he said, 'It is real food. During the latter days of his life, Mr M'Guigan frequently visited him. His spirit was ripening for glory. Sometimes rejoicing in the prospect before him, he would repeat, 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' &c. At other times, standing upon the Rock, he would utter the words of the 46th Psalm, 'God is our refuge and strength,' &c. These words were upon his lips when the call came, and he entered into his rest. His precious Bible he left to his daughter, and she is now an earnest student of its contents.

"Another of the fruits of those old times has lately been discovered. It happened that Mr MacCarthy was one day

walking down Church Street, when a woman, who had often insulted and abused the readers, began to shout and scold him he stopped, and spoke to her in a quiet way. In the course of conversation; he referred to a Roman Catholic Testament to prove what he was saying. 'Oh,' she said, 'I cannot read and that may be only a heretic book, after all.' Upon this Mr M. called a man from the other side of the street, and showing him the title page, asked whether it was a true Roman Catholic Testament. The man said wait a, and read from it Archbishop Murray's recommendation. This conversation rested upon the mind of the woman, and for some time afterwards she frequently went to the readers to ask some controversial question; after that she was lost sight of. A few weeks ago, one of the readers was walking up D—— Street when he was hailed by this very woman, who took him into her house, and told him that Mr M.'s words had never left her mind; she had procured a Bible, read it, and got her partner in trade to read it also. They had both become Protestants; and this woman is now trying what she can do to instruct a little careless Protestant girl whom they have in their employment. These are only two cases out of many which have come to our knowledge during the past year: we take them as tokens for good; and we trust that He who gave us 'the former rain,' and caused the seed sown to bring forth fruit so abundantly, will still give to our largely increased efforts the latter rain, 'that we may gather in the corn, and the wine, and the oil,' (Deut. xi. 14.)

"During the past year the classes have been carried on with great success. It is a cause of great surprise amongst the Romanists that no priest will come forward to defend his religion, and answer the missionaries who preside over the classes; some do, now and then, slip in and listen by the door, but never attempt to speak a word.

"One day a respectable man came up to one of the readers on the street, and asked him to visit him, saying, 'I should like to have some conversation with you, for I never heard

such talk as there is about that Mr MacCarthy, who is turning the city, and no one to oppose him.' And another man said, 'Every one is agitated about the Scriptures now ; I must come to the classes to hear you.'

"But it is not to Roman Catholics alone that the classes are useful ; in many instances they have been of the greatest service to Protestants. One man, who was formerly a most degraded being—now respectable and well-clad—says he owes his present comforts to the Irish Church Missions, for that at the classes we had learned the truth. One day, when two readers were visiting in the outskirts of the city, they called at a house, the occupiers of which were Protestants ; the man said he had been accustomed to attend Townsend Street class, and had there learned his duty towards his Roman Catholic neighbours ; he said that a short time before he had taken his Bible, and gone some distance to a Roman Catholic family ; he introduced religious conversation, and found them very willing to listen ; he visited them frequently, and each time found them more and more earnest ; the mother and children had left the Church of Rome, and the father is now *inquiring*. Another Protestant, actuated by the same spirit, has been the means of bringing two men, who lodge in the same house with him, out of the Church of Rome.

"The Roman Catholic relatives of a Protestant young lady resolved to bring her over to their religion ; for this purpose they often brought a priest to the house to argue with her : finding herself unable to reply to the arguments which he brought forward, she begged of a Protestant friend to invite her as often as she could on Tuesday evenings ; this her friend did, and together they attended the class, where her quiver was filled with arrows quite sharp enough to oblige the priest to make use of his shield. The class held in Weavers' Hall is now most ably conducted by the Rev. James Rogers, and that in Oriel Street by the Rev. J. Vickers ; the Mountjoy Street class is a meeting for discussion, in which the Society's

agents reply to the speeches of the Roman Catholic advocates; it is greatly improved in tone, and has in constant attendance from 350 to 400 persons.

"With regard to the success of the missionary work, it is impossible to estimate its amount. Some will say, 'Nothing is doing; it is all talk.' Others will say, 'Oh, yes! there certainly is a congregation in Townsend Street; but how do we know but that it is composed of Protestants?' But those who are from day to day engaged in the battle, hand to hand, know well the victories they have gained, and can look around on that Townsend Street congregation, and gaze with pleasure on not a few rescued from the depths of Romanism, and now 'living as it becometh the gospel of Christ.' But even our missionaries have no means of discovering to how great an extent the seeds of true knowledge have been sown: sometimes fruit is discovered unexpectedly; and when such is the case, we cannot but rejoice, and go on sowing with renewed vigour, praying that He in whose hands are the hearts of all men, will prepare much good ground on which the seed may fall. It is not long ago that a clergyman was requested to visit a poor girl in a Dublin hospital. After some little conversation with her, he found that she was an intelligent Christian, a convert from the Church of Rome. Just as he was about to kneel in prayer, he saw a girl in another part of the ward, sitting on the side of a bed, reading aloud to a fellow-patient; he found that the book from which she was reading was the Bible, and on inquiry discovered that she too was a convert. This roused his curiosity, and on further inquiry he found that all the girls in the ward, five in number, were converts, and all had learned the truth in Townsend Street.

"In the course of visiting in a new district, two of our readers met with three entire families of converts, whom none of them had ever visited, but who had picked up all their knowledge from handbills, and at the classes."

Even thus to us, who of ourselves had no might, did God *increase* strength. And we saw plainly how all things, joys

and sorrows, were made to work together for good. The work was God's, and none could hinder its success. And we took for our next year the text, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

CHAPTER X.

WHEN we take new mottoes, we do not let go our hold upon the old promises, and one which we were always expecting fulfilments of was our especial favourite—"Thou shalt see greater things than these." One of the greater things we beheld early in the year 1857—the opening of the beautiful new school-house in the Coombe. Our friends will remember that for many months earnest friends had been at work gathering the money to build. Plans had been laid, old houses taken down, and silently the walls of the beautiful school-house had arisen, and the people about knew not what its purpose was, till at length, when the roof was on, and the windows were glazed, its name was inscribed upon it. And then with what joy we looked forward to the opening!

At length the day came, bright and sunny, though so early in the year—the 11th of February. The folding-doors were opened, and the boys' and girls' school-rooms made one great hall. Evergreens, flowers, and flags decorated the pure white walls. It was a grand day for the Coombe! The gospel standard was anew unfurled, and an invitation sounded out to the lowest and most degraded of God's human creation to flock around it. And great was the company that on that day assembled; "the rich and the poor met together;" those who had given of their money, their energy, or their time to erect that school, and those for whom all that care had been expended. Amongst the goodly company was one who, in the midst of a *very busy life*, had found time to overlook the

plans, and had nobly advanced the money, as it was required for the building. Without Mr Kincaid, humanly speaking, we should have had no new Mission building for the ragged people of the Coombe. And there, too, was another who had given such as he had for the cause—time and talent in the architectural designs and superintendence. Without any payment for his services did Mr Maguire work day after day for three long months ; and now that he saw the completion of the work, he could humbly and thankfully say, " Of Thine own have I given Thee." And there again was the father of the work to witness another of the great triumphs. Many others were there whose names are recorded above, amongst those who "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, out of weakness were made strong."

The proceedings of the day cannot be better described than by a short extract from the *Daily Express* of the 12th of February :—

"The house is large and substantial, containing four school-rooms, each 25 feet by 38, and each calculated to accommodate 150 children. On Monday last school business commenced in the new building, when 120 infants, 80 girls, and 130 boys attended. But the formal opening was postponed yesterday, upon which occasion it was proposed to commence business by giving a feast to the poor children for whose benefit the schools were founded. About 300 boys and girls of all ages assembled in the forenoon in the lower school-rooms, anxiously awaiting the feast which was being laid out in the upper rooms. At one o'clock the younger children marched into the room. These were, for the most part, literally infants, and would have been ragged indeed, in the majority of instances, but for a stout check bib with which the institution had clothed them. More than once the feelings of the visitors were excited by seeing little mites of children carrying others scarcely more diminutive ; and the patience of all the infant class was especially remarkable. The boys entered next, and as these were the most numerous class, so did they most demonstrate that the institution was

worthy of its name. The first score or two of lads varied in age from fourteen to seventeen, and one or two of them were all but men in years and stature. For the most part, they were clothed in garments indescribably ragged. One or two had on discarded military coats, faded in colour, and not strikingly accurate as to fit; whilst some few beside them, with torn and ill-patched lower garments, had nothing to cover them from the wintry blast but ragged shirts, black as the earth, that was, doubtless, the accustomed bed of their wretched wearers. Hard, sharp faces, suspicious and restless eyes, and features prematurely old, were amongst them; and some were so charred, and more than usually discoloured, as to betray a nightly acquaintance with the lime-kiln or the coke-oven. The smaller children were better and happier looking than the majority of the elder boys; and a glance round the school-room convinced the visitor, more than a written dissertation could do the student, that wretchedness and crime, and the want of home and education, distort the features, contract the brow, put a lurking wickedness into the eye, and prevent the child from attaining in due time the dignity with the years of manhood. One miserable-looking object, with shoulders constitutionally shrugged, as though the coldness of early neglect had chilled him for ever, was remarked by many of those present as forming a striking example of this. At the same time the institution had, in those who were its oldest and most steady attendants, wrought a wonderful change. Some, who had been more than once inmates of prisons, had been so far reclaimed; others were advancing in a plain education; all had learned to be cleanly, notwithstanding their rags; but, above all, precious truths had been instilled into every mind, and gave promise of bringing about happy results. The girls were generally of a more pleasing appearance than the elder boys, and many of them bid fair to become good servants when they shall be of an age to undertake the duties of situations.

"The children—need we say?—did full justice to the ample meal provided for them, and seemed generally kind to their

neighbours, and, without exception, respectful to their teachers. The Rev. Mr MacCarthy gave out a grace and some hymns, which were sung by hearty, if not melodious voices; and between the parts of the feast the Rev. A. Dallas briefly addressed the assembly.

"The children were, before breaking up, questioned on various subjects, but principally upon their acquaintance with Scripture, and the answering was most creditable to the schools."

If on Wednesday there was a feast for the ragged children, on Thursday there was a feast of another kind for the friends of the Mission cause. It was determined to inaugurate the new building by a missionary meeting, to give information concerning the progress of the Reformation in Ireland. A missionary meeting in the Coombe was a great step in advance, and we were all extremely anxious as to its success;—many prayers were offered, that a blessing might attend this opening effort to spread the truth in such a stronghold of Popery. Two large school-rooms were thrown into one, and ample space was provided for many hundreds of people. Not a few were the misgivings expressed as to the result. Some thought that, being a new thing, the poor people would not like to come; others that the Roman Catholics would create a disturbance, and thus dispute this attempt to take, as it were, their citadel by storm. Those, however, who knew the minds of the people best, had no such fears. They had observed the orderly manner in which of late the Roman Catholics had come to the different meetings, and the excellent spirit in which they had carried on an exciting controversy; and they were confident that the meeting would prove to be all that we could desire. That their confidence was well founded, the result most plainly showed.

"As the hour of the meeting drew near, numbers of highly respectable Protestants were seen approaching the new building, some in carriages, and some on foot. Many had never visited that part of the city before. But what was of more consequence, in addition to these kind friends interested in the

mission work, an immense concourse of poor people, of the humblest class, including, as we were informed, many Roman Catholics, began rapidly to assemble, and as the time advanced, the large room became densely crowded.

"The chair was taken by the Rev. A. Dallas, who feelingly alluded to past difficulties, and spoke of the thankfulness with which he beheld so vast an assembly, gathered in so admirable a building in that district. Having expressed his prayerful hope that the blessing of the Holy Spirit might rest upon everything that should be said or taught in that place, he called on a number of his fellow-labourers to describe the work in different parts of Ireland. Interesting addresses were then delivered by the Rev. Messrs D'Arcy, Vickers, Tait, Rogers, Eade, and MacCarthy. Only one person offered any interruption, which was soon silenced; and a more interesting meeting was seldom attended. Every speaker was listened to with great attention; and each appeared to feel, that whatever proofs of progress he might have to record, none was greater than the fact then before them all, viz., the erection of such a building, and its successful inauguration, in such a place.

"The meeting separated, as it had assembled, without tumult or violence; and that in the very place in which, six months before, angry mobs had been found to stone and hoot the agents of the Society. Such a meeting as the one described was nevertheless permitted to disperse without a word of abuse, or even a token of disapprobation, from the mass of Roman Catholics who inhabit the crowded streets and narrow lanes which abound in that vicinity. May we not say, 'What hath God wrought!'"

In order that this Mission building should be complete in its preparations for usefulness, it was important that it should be the residence of some man of God, who should go in and out amongst the people, visiting the homes of the children, and doing good in every way. Such a man was found—one who not only was fitted in every way for the post, but who had a wife as valuable as himself, an Englishwoman, in every way a helpmeet to him. This earnest and self-denying pair took up their abode

in the new school-house with bravery and courage, and that true missionary spirit which, while determining to spend and be spent in the service of God, looks not at dangers and difficulties, but goes on its way with implicit confidence in the care and guidance of an ever-watchful Father in heaven.

Such are Mr. and Mrs. Holden. For eight years now they have occupied that post of danger and honour. Their work will only be fully known when the light of heaven rests upon it, but *then* it will be seen what instruments of blessing have been the heroic inhabitants of that building in Skinner's Alley.

When this good man began to visit the homes of the people, he found those in the immediate neighbourhood were afraid to send their children to the school; they knew there would be a close watch set upon them; so he determined to go to the more distant streets, getting the children from these first, and gradually approach the school. This plan succeeded very well; the children from a distance were not suspected.

There is something peculiarly interesting in the missionary work in the Liberties. The people are for the most part original Protestants lapsed into Popery, and not ordinary Protestants either. When the French Huguenots were obliged to fly from France at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, a number of them came to Ireland, and established themselves as silk-weavers in this very Coombe; here they remained, and many of the poor Roman Catholic inhabitants are their descendants. Oh, how would the hearts of those noble people have bled could they have foreseen the degradation of their children's children! And if, perchance, those who forsook all for Christ and gained a martyr's crown, *can* know what is passing here below, how must they rejoice to see the footsteps of the shepherds seeking for *their* lost ones—seeking with a zeal like that of their Master, saying—"THEM ALSO we *must* bring!"

Many, many were brought into that Coombe Ragged School in those early times, even as now. Old men and women to the Sunday school, little children bringing in their fathers and

mothers, and proudly leading them up to the friend they had learned to love. And girls and boys, and little children, flocked to the week-day school ; and though some were riotous and disobedient, many learned eagerly, and from being wild and ignorant as savages, took their seats at the feet of Jesus, " clothed and in their right minds."

For a while the Roman Catholic party looked on apparently without concern. Teachers and scholars were allowed to go peacefully to and from school, and a large number of adults gathered into the Sunday school. But this calm was only like that which sometimes precedes a thunderstorm. The clouds were all the time slowly and silently gathering. Priests, nuns, and confraternity men were going about endeavouring to raise the wrath of the people, urging them by some means to put down the " new religion," and on Sunday the 29th of March hostilities commenced. A little before the hour of school the streets filled with people ; and many of the children, ere they reached the door, were carried off forcibly to Park Street school. Some of these escaped, and got back in safety. In the midst of all, Mr MacCarthy walked down giving handbills all the way, and not a shout was raised, only some said, " There goes the head souper ! " This shows the *really* friendly feeling of the people. They were forced into outward acts of violence. That afternoon there were 340 people in the school. What a contrast between those within and those without ! Three hundred and forty reading the Word of God and studying its precepts, and some two thousand raging against them in the streets. As the hour for closing came, Mr MacCarthy addressed the school about their difficulties, and the way to overcome them. He asked the children what they would do to their enemies ; " Pray for them, sir," shouted the young voices. When he had done speaking, the children and people sang with heart and voice,—

" We won't give up the Bible,
For pleasure or for pain ;
We 'll buy the truth and sell it not,
For all that we might gain.

Though men should try to take our prize
By guile or cruel might,
We'd suffer all that man could do,—
And God defend the right!"

How it was, none knew, but the streets had grown quiet when the people were going home, and none were hurt.

But during the following week the violence of the mob increased. Large numbers of the readers were sent into the districts to try and protect the children. One day one of them was in the midst of the mob, who were abusing him frightfully, when he saw a little school child fall on her knees in the street, and lift up her little hands in prayer. He asked her afterwards what she was praying for: she said, "I was asking God, for Christ's sake, to save you from the wicked people."

On one of these dreadful days, the female teachers were rolled in the mud, and their bonnets torn from their heads. Another day they were obliged to hide in a shop, and take a cab home. For some weeks afterwards it was thought right to send them to their daily work in a cab for safety. It was the only means of defence used.

Through the whole of the month of April this trouble continued at short intervals. On the 13th of May, a most alarming riot took place. The people were roused up to a pitch of intense excitement by the frequent harangues of the priests, and they only waited the match to set all on fire. This was supplied in a very strange way. A large crowd had assembled in Francis Street Chapel between eight and nine in the evening. Towards the close of the service, a respectably-dressed Roman Catholic man, but a lunatic, was observed to cross the railing which separates the general body of the chapel from that part in which the altar is erected. He made his way to the altar, and succeeded in getting upon it and kissing it. Immediately a cry of "Souper" rang through the building, and the people swarmed from every direction towards the unfortunate man, tore him from the elevation to which he had mounted, and, with shouts of execration, dragged him to the chapel-yard, where he was beaten, spat upon, and used with a degree of

lence from which it is astonishing that he escaped with his life. With much difficulty, and after several fruitless attempts, he was rescued by the police, and brought to hospital, a mass of wounds, and presenting a horrifying example of the cruelty of an excited mob. Meanwhile the cry circulated that the ruffians had attacked the chapel, and desecrated it by their presence. A mob gathered from every lane and byway in the Liberties, joined with those who had been in the chapel, and proceeded *en masse* to the Coombe.

The Ragged School-house was instantly attacked with stones. The Weavers' Hall was similarly assailed; every pane of glass was smashed in a twinkling; and every person suspected of Protestantism was assailed. Luke's Schools were also assaulted; and a detachment of the mob broke the glass of St Bride's Church, and wreaked their vengeance upon several private dwellings.

In the meantime a strong body of police had arrived, and a conflict of doubtful issue ensued. Stones and brickbats were hurled at the members of the force, some of whom were severely injured in the fray. Prisoners were made and rescued; the police were driven back; and the mob, encouraged by their temporary triumph, redoubled their exertions, threatened "death to the soupers," and loaded them with maledictions.

The police, reinforced, succeeded in gaining the ground they had lost, and made many prisoners, of whom about twenty were brought to the station-house.

Some of the constables were severely injured; and the unfortunate man whose madness caused the first outbreak, lay in the hospital in a dangerous state. Two other persons were severely injured; but it was very remarkable that the "soupers" were unhurt. Like the Midianites, the enemy smote each other in their eager haste to destroy the "Israel of God." Surely there must have been many ministering spirits watching that day, for the promise was literally fulfilled, "I will keep thee night and day, lest any hurt thee."

The police reported that there were at least three thousand persons in the mob. About eleven o'clock the mob withdrew

from the neighbourhood of the school-house, filing off in the direction of the chapel. Their retreating shouts were horrible; but scarcely had they died away, when the returning yells became terrifying. A few forerunners preceded them with murderous execrations, and then the black mass became visible, turning down every access from the chapel to the school-house. They did not rush with the rapidity usual to an organised rabble, but moved along in one aggregate torrent. They were joined by a new swarm rushing through Skinner's Alley. Their attempts at demolition were renewed, but they retired soon after. They continued to collect again in smaller numbers several times during the night; but finding no other objects for their rage, they turned on one another. There must have been vast numbers of them injured. No further damage was done to the school-house than the breaking of the glass; but Mr Holden carries still a token of the danger and deliverance, in the absence of two front teeth, which were that night broken by a blow of a stone.

During all these weeks of turmoil and confusion, the different controversial classes were crowded to excess. The storm drove those of the people who were anxious about their souls into the best places of safety, and thus the truth spread. But the poor little children found it hard to get to school: many stayed at home; and those that found courage to go, were waylaid and carried off, and far on in the evening we heard of little children being found crying in the streets, unable to find their way home from the strange places to which they had been carried.

This rioting continued with little intermission until towards the end of June, when it gradually subsided. During this time there were many interesting incidents, showing how the hearts of the children were with their missionary friends.

One of the means adopted for putting down the schools was, the sending in of gangs of grown boys to make a row. For a little while they would appear to be learning earnestly, then suddenly would produce sticks and knives, which they had before concealed, and rise up in open rebellion. In such

cases they were generally taken into another room, and there induced to learn at least one text, by Mr H——.

Many of these boys became regular attendants at school, and quite reformed characters. One of them, a most wicked boy, such a liar that it seemed as if he *could not* speak the truth, and confirmed almost every word with an oath, was, in the course of a few months, so reformed that his word could be taken with perfect confidence. One day he was asked why he did not join the army? He said he would have to swear that he did not belong to any militia regiment, and that he did belong to one, which had not been called in. "But," he added, "not long ago I would have thought it no harm to swear anything; I neither knew nor cared about God. Now I have learned better in this house."

Another boy, who was so very wicked that his own father was about to turn him out of doors, came to school, and was so interested by what he learned, that he frequently talked with Mr H., and received instruction from him. Soon there was a great improvement evident in his behaviour; and his father came, with tears of joy, to say that he had become kind and obedient at home. He afterwards enlisted, and gave the whole of his bounty to his mother. He requested his missionary friend to give him a Bible and Prayer-book, and to mark some texts. The books were given to him, and he joined his regiment happy in the possession of such treasures. Thus, He who "stillesh the noise of the waves and the tumult of the people," caused even "the wrath of man to praise Him."

One other case of this kind it may be encouraging to mention. During the height of the violent proceedings, a boy came in, as he said, "to see were we the sort of devils he heard we were." After a few days he began to listen earnestly to the Scripture lessons, and seemed anxious to hear all that could be said against the doctrines of Rome. At length he asked for a Bible, that he might take home to read at night. His earnestness increased, and he would be at school before the other boys, with passages marked to get explained. This was kindly done by Mr H——. One morning the boy said he

thought it would be his duty to go home to his friends, who lived in the country, to teach them the true way of salvation. "But before I go," said he, "I should like to know that you forgive me for all my opposition; I feel thankful to God for having brought me to this school." He was supplied with tracts and handbills, and went home. Here the news he brought greatly interested his parents and friends, and spread amongst the neighbours; at last it reached the priest, who at once denounced the boy, and so instigated the people against him that he was obliged to leave home and return to Dublin. He has, however, since gone back, and is doing much good.

The small Annual Report sums up the year's doings thus :—

"During the year our readers have made 15,201 visits to 46,687 persons. This is a very large number in comparison with the very small company of agents. Not long ago a woman came into the morning Sunday school, and, looking round, her eye lighted upon one of the readers. She went up to him, and shook him warmly by the hand, exclaiming, 'I have found you at last.' He was astonished, for he did not remember to have seen the woman before; but she said, 'Don't you remember visiting a dying woman in — Street, and telling her about the Lord Jesus Christ? I was in the room, and I have never forgotten what you said. I have been looking for you ever since, but could not find you, till a neighbour told me you came here every Sunday.' This poor woman is now a constant attendant at school and church.

"The conversion of a dying woman, seventy-three years of age, is another instance of the value of readers' visits. One of them says :—'When I first visited Mrs W——, she was sick in bed, and after being anointed. When I asked her what were her hopes of salvation, she said, "The priest says I will be sure to get into purgatory." When I showed her the folly of such a hope, she became alarmed and anxious to hear the real plan of salvation. I brought several passages of Scripture before her, and she was rejoiced to hear of free salvation through Christ; and in proportion as I contrasted the several

doctrines of Romanism with the Bible, her renouncement of the one and her reception of the other were truly astonishing. Each time afterwards that I visited her, I found that the good work of the Lord was progressing. About seven o'clock on Monday night I visited her, and found her very weak in body, but in her soul there was strength and light from the Lord. After I had been speaking with her for a short time, she said, "Well, sir, I am done with the priests of Rome and their oil; and I thank God that He has saved me. I want no one to trust in but the Lord Jesus Christ. I was in the dark for seventy-three long years, but now, thank God, I know who is my Saviour." She was silent for a few minutes, and I spoke to her of the rest prepared for the people of God. She then, in a low voice, said, "God bless you, sir; I am going to Christ." After this she lived but a few minutes. Her last words were, "Lord Jesus, receive me." Were it not for the visits of our readers, this poor creature would, in all probability have died as she lived, trusting to outward things, which can never save the soul.

"Another aged woman died in Christ during the year, who could never have gone out to seek instruction. She had been a most devoted Romanist, her walls bedecked with crucifixes and pictures, and over her bed's head a bottle of holy-water and a blessed palm. But she learned the texts, 'There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus,' and 'He is also able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him;' and then 'what things were gain to her, these she counted loss for Christ.' Now she is 'absent from the body and present with the Lord.'

"Our readers have now very large access to the people. Many of the little children have learned to love them, and have prepared their way to the parents' hearts. One day a reader, talking to some Roman Catholics, was surprised to find they had a large knowledge of texts. He turned to one woman and asked her where she had learned so much. She said, quite good-humouredly, 'From Souper children; and even

the priests say, that now things are come to such a pass, that when they go into the houses, the smallest urchin sitting amongst the ashes will stand up and catechise them.'

"With regard to the handbills, it would be utterly impossible to estimate their value. It is true that some are taken, and in anger torn into atoms ; but even this is not always a sign of hatred. It is often an appearance assumed to deceive passers-by, as persons have been frequently observed concealing one while they tore up another ; and our bill-distributors often contrive to give double bills when two persons are walking together, in order that they may not go home empty. Many of them find their silent way to minds thirsting for instruction. Often do we hear of their being sewed together into books, and read and re-read, and some go to places which we could not mention, lest we should bring down persecution upon earnest inquirers. It is a well-authenticated fact, that a number of Roman Catholics have taken a room, and meet for the purpose of discussing the questions upon the bills. They have purchased books, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, to form a controversial library.

"The bills are sent by people in Dublin, not only to Roman Catholics in this country, but numbers also to America, to Australia, and even into France and Belgium. A few weeks ago, a gentleman came over from America to see the mission work, and purchase controversial books. He had formerly been a Roman Catholic in this city, but had become a convert, and gone to America ; there he was engaged as foreman in a large establishment, and set himself to work to do good amongst the people employed. He said he had already thirty-five converts, and only wanted a sufficient supply of books and papers to do much more.

"During the past year we have put into circulation 1,400,000 of these handbills.

"In the commencement of our Report we stated that the past year had been one of marked progress, and instanced the opening of the Coombe School-house. But there is yet another mark of progress, which is perhaps even greater, and will be

productive of more good—it is the publication of a cheap edition of the Douay Bible, with the approbation of Dr Cullen and twenty-five archbishops and bishops. This edition is commonly called Dr Cullen's Bible. It is something quite new to see cheap Bibles exposed for sale in Roman Catholic bookshops. 'It is a glorious sight, but a curious one,' said a convert man. It is curious that Dr Cullen and his priests should stigmatise Bible readers by every opprobrious title, at the same time that they publish that same Bible in a cheap form, so that even the poor may purchase it. Dr Cullen little thought, when he approved and recommended the circulation of that volume, how many souls would leave his 'broken cisterns,' and drink full draughts of 'the fountain of living water.'

"The controversial classes have been carried on throughout the year with their usual success. They are wonderfully adapted to the Irish character, and give opportunity of instruction to many who creep in and listen silently, fearing to let it be known that they entertain any doubt of the truth of the religion of Rome. Amongst these have been several priests and Roman Catholic gentry. Tuesday's class is held in the Mission building, Townsend Street; Wednesday's, in Oriel Street; Thursday's, in the New School-house, Coombe; Friday's, in the School-house, Mountjoy Street, which has kindly been lent for the purpose for several years, although at some inconvenience to the committee; yet, as a building sufficiently large cannot be found, they willingly suffer any trouble which arises.

"To what extent these discussions influence the minds of the masses of the people, we have little opportunity of judging; yet sometimes we get glimpses which enable us to feel assured that many are doubting and inquiring. One day a reader met a very ragged boy, and said to him, 'I wish I could give you the price of a suit of clothes.' 'Thank ye, sir,' said the boy; 'but if you did, it's a Bible I would buy, to be able to argue at the classes like Mr ——.' We have been told by a person who knows much of the people about the quays, that

there are few who do not at least know what sort of a thing an inquiring class is.

"The Sunday schools are very well filled, and improve very much in order. The morning school, held in the Mission building, is attended by about 180 persons; the adult classes are very interesting, and the answers given sometimes quite touching.

"In the month of October, circumstances over which we had no control obliged us to close the very interesting and flourishing Irishtown Mission. This is deeply to be regretted, as the dear children had become very fond of the school and their earnest kind teachers, and when they had to bid them adieu, they clung to them and wept; but some said, like Ruth to Naomi, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God;' and they now walk in every day, some to the Coombe and some to the Townsend Street schools. But although Irishtown is closed, a new ragged Sunday school has been opened in Fishamble Street, where the teachers have renewed their labours.

"With regard to the funds, it has been very difficult to keep them up during the past year. Towards the close we thought it would be necessary to reduce the number of agents; but last month a kind, unknown friend, one of those who let not 'the left hand know what the right hand doeth,' gave a donation of £50. This welcome gift enabled us, not only to close the year with a balance in hands, but for the coming year to employ another reader."

CHAPTER XI.

"THEREFORE, my beloved brethren, be ye *steadfast, unmovable*, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." No,

it "in vain." The Lord gave great increase to the Dublin mission work. Sometimes in rapid growth like some tropical plant, and sometimes like the great oak, in striking out roots, forming strong foundations. The year 1858 was a time of the latter kind of growth. It was marked by the increasing solidity and strength of the old institutions, the vigour of new establishments springing out of the old, and arising out of their necessities, and the oneness of spirit and aim pervading the whole, even the determination to lift up the glorious light of truth in every corner of Dublin, until there should not be a single Roman Catholic mind unilluminated by its beams. Our little Report thus describes the work :—

"Foremost amongst the old institutions stand the controversial classes, three of which are held every week, and two others occasionally. Of the three, Townsend Street is most known and visited. During the past year it has been, if possible, larger and more interesting than in any former year ; indeed, sometimes the crowd has been so dense, that some persons had to come in through the vestry ; and yet there is always the most perfect order. People come really anxious for instruction, not only the very poor, but many respectable people ; and it is whispered that even priests have attended disguised. Be this as it may, they know pretty well what is said and done at a controversial class, and they use every effort to prevent the attendance of the people ; as a Roman Catholic shopkeeper said a few days ago, 'They have hard words to play now, for we WILL have answers to the questions put out at the classes and on those bills.' The class in the new school-house in the Coombe is not less interesting, though not so large in point of numbers. The people there are more afraid of coming out ; but they come privately by night to seek instruction of the excellent missionary agent who resides at the institution. Mountjoy Street class is conducted, as usual, by the agents discussing with Roman Catholics—a missionary being in the chair.

"Of the occasional classes, one has been held with great success in Fishamble Street. This is a very poor part of the

town, and the very place for missionary work ; but it cannot always be attended to for lack of missionaries. There could be no plan devised more calculated to be of use, both to inquiring Roman Catholics and to Protestants, than these classes ; the Roman Catholic hears his own incipient objections to Protestant doctrines fully expressed, and the champion of his faith allowed time to make his defence when attacked, and he feels that he is fairly dealt with ; the Protestant learns how to answer those subtle questions and assertions, based upon half a text, so frequently brought forward to prove the truth of Romish doctrine. Both learn what Romanism really is, and that its doctrines cannot be proved by Scripture. A few days ago an old Protestant man said, 'It is only lately I am really learning. Old as I am, many a time a Roman Catholic will ask a question of me, and I am in doubt what is best to say ; but I've learned a deal in Townsend Street.' A Roman Catholic man said, 'There never was such controversy, and searching into every little word of the Bible as now ; I'm very glad I lived to see the day.'

"Amongst the numerous instances of real good effected by the classes, we select the following :—

"—— attended the classes for a considerable period ; he was exceedingly clever, and his knowledge of controversy very extensive ; he evidently studied a good deal, in order to be able to meet the arguments brought forward at the classes, where, by continually attending in defence of the doctrines of his Church, he acquired a vast amount of scriptural information, which he got into the habit of quoting with great accuracy ; but God had been graciously leading him all along ; he left Dublin lately, after making an open profession of Protestantism. The following is an extract of a letter recently received from him :—"I am going on well here, thanks be to the Great Master and Giver of all good things, who knows our wants, and is ready to supply them ; for He has declared that anything we ask in His name that will He do ; and it seems to me that the only reason we don't get *always* is, be-

cause we don't ask in faith, trusting in Him. Before I left Dublin, some ladies who had heard of the change in my opinions met me, and one of them said, 'You are a Protestant now, my friend.' 'Ah! that may be,' said another, 'but the great point is, *is he a Christian?*' Well, I often thought of the remark since I heard it, and I do hope and trust that the Holy Spirit has demonstrated unto my soul the truth as it is in Jesus; but, dear sir, I request your prayers, that I may now be enabled to hold up Jesus before all my friends."

"Another case of touching interest we cannot forbear relating:—

"A most intelligent little Roman Catholic boy, about twelve years of age, was lately brought up from the country by his brother, who is in town in good circumstances, and who was anxious to apprentice the little fellow in one of the large marts. A short period of trial was necessary before signing the indentures, and during this time the boy heard of the controversial classes, began to attend, and became so much attached to them, that all his brother's influence to keep him away proved unavailing. At last he in anger sent him back to the country. The poor little fellow lately sent a letter to Mr MacCarthy, from which the following is extracted: "I regret very much to have lost the opportunity of attending your meetings, as my brother sent me home, seeing that all he endeavoured to do was in vain to bring me back from the faith which I had lately embraced, and which I firmly believe is the only soul-saving way of salvation by faith in Christ, and not through the sacraments of Rome. . . . Surely have I experienced the truth of what I saw in some of your placards, that when a Roman Catholic becomes a Protestant he is persecuted, for I am suffering very much from friends and neighbours, insomuch that when I walk the road I am reviled and jeered and scoffed at; and indeed I do fear the people very much, for I am often threatened; but Christ tells me not to fear them which can kill the body, but rather to fear Him who can destroy both soul and body in hell. Sometimes I am coaxed, but nothing will ever compel me to believe in

that Church which has so many errors. My daily exercise since I came home is reading the Gospels and Epistles, and explaining them as well as I can to my mother and sister, and hope they will soon be won over to God. I end by wishing you good health, and always complete victory over your opponents, and remain your little brother in Christ."

"The aggregate daily attendance at the Mission schools is 677 ; Sunday schools, 966. The morning Sunday school has greatly increased during the past year ; it has averaged 198. It is held from ten to eleven o'clock in the Mission building ; and it is a most interesting fact, that with scarcely an exception the scholars are all converts from Romanism. We cannot say they are all real converts to Christ, but 'in dependence upon the promise of that good Spirit given to those who ask it,' we are instructing them in the Word of God, and teaching them to pray. At half-past eleven the building becomes *quite full*, and service begins. We do not think a more interesting congregation could be found—so orderly, so earnest, so poor, reminding one of the time when Jesus was here below—'The common people heard Him gladly,' 'the poor had the gospel preached unto them,' and the little children joined in the loud hosanna. And then on Sacrament Sundays it is very delightful to see so many poor going up to receive the memorials of the Saviour's dying love—on an average, 111. Surely a great blessing has descended upon that Mission building in Townsend Street.

"The number of readers at present on the Dublin Mission is fourteen. These are all men of experience. They are accompanied in their visits by younger men, under training for country work. They are not nearly enough to work the city properly. The districts are so large, that each family, where it is known the readers would be welcomed, could only be visited once a month. Were it not for the invaluable aid of hand-bills, comparatively little would be accomplished ; but these little messengers find their way into corners where the foot of reader has never trod ; and the instances are not a few in which readers in their visits have discovered true and earnest

converts, utterly unknown, but who, when questioned as to the source of their knowledge of truth, produced collections of handbills carefully sewed together, and hoarded as precious treasures. But it really is marvellous how much the little band, by untiring zeal, is able to effect ; after scriptural instruction and prayer, they set off, two and two, and visit, on an average daily 116 persons. The total number of families visited during the past year was 13,164, and of persons spoken to by the readers, 35,876.

“The following is an extract from one of their journals :— ‘Visited this Roman Catholic family of five persons for the first time about two months ago, and frequently since ; found them strongly grounded in the worship of the Virgin, but our conversation has produced a decided change. The head of the family said to-day that he never in all his life before learned so much upon religious matters as he did since our first visit ; he remembered and went over many of the principal arguments we had considered from time to time, and said, in conclusion, “The Saviour died to save all who put their whole trust in Him ; and, besides that, I know now there is no one can save the poor sinner but Christ, and He only can hear us when we pray.”’

“No other agency but that of readers and handbills could reach such a case as this. Ignorant Roman Catholics will not go to the well of life for themselves ; we must bring them little tastes of its refreshing waters, and then they will go to the sermons and classes to get more. ‘Oh, we don’t know half the good that is doing,’ as a poor Protestant man said ; ‘many a time you speak to people that you’ll never see again, and they hear truth from you, and they go away, but still they think of it, and God works out His own ends as He likes.’

“In the course of last year the readers visited some families where there were many Italians lodging ; these poor foreigners seemed so glad to be visited that their case was mentioned to some ladies conversant with the language, who visited them frequently with great interest, and then left town for the country. A few weeks ago, one of our readers, walking on the

street, was overtaken by an Italian, who accosted him in the most friendly manner, and asked him when the ladies would return ; they were all longing for their visits. This shows very much how welcome are the visits paid to the people in their own homes.

"Another very prominent feature is the increased love of the Bible. One of the readers says—

" 'About twelve months ago I gave a Bible to a Roman Catholic, but being shortly afterwards removed to another district, I lost sight of the man for a long time, until to-day, when I had an opportunity of judging what use had been made of the book. When we entered his room, his wife (the only person present) did not know us ; on learning our business, however, she at once avowed herself a Roman Catholic ; but in the same breath said we were quite welcome—she was willing to hear what we had to say—her husband had a Bible of his own ; she took it down from the shelf while she was speaking, and went on to say, "He is never tired of reading it, never satisfied but when he has it in his hands, and may God bless it to his soul, for surely it's the beautiful book. He was reading it the whole of last Sunday until it became dark." The well-thumbed and worn condition of the book, which, moreover, was marked in several places, seemed to confirm the truth of her statement.'

"During the past year the readers have distributed 673 Bibles, 474 Testaments, and 2138 portions. They are always particular in inquiring after these gifts when they visit the people who have received them, so as to ensure that they are not pawned or sold ; but, indeed, they are in general too highly valued for anything of that kind to occur.

"For some years past we have had occasion to observe the growth in the spirit of inquiry amongst Roman Catholics, but this year we have observed, with great satisfaction, the wide spread of a spirit of *teaching* amongst converts and Protestants. We know of one poor convert shoemaker who sits at his door at work, having over his head, on a placard, 'By grace are ye saved through faith.' This, of course, excites attention, and

he has many opportunities of talking in consequence of it. Another, a recent convert, has already brought out a whole family. Another convert tradesman, who fled from Kilkenny to escape persecution, is busily engaged in teaching Roman Catholics ; he has already brought out one of his apprentices, who has enlisted as a Protestant. He has now another apprentice, also from Kilkenny, whom he is teaching. One day a reader was accosted by a Protestant woman, who said, ' Oh, I'm so glad to see you—I have such good news. Two Roman Catholic ladies, who live up-stairs, called me up the other day, and shut the door, and told me they would be Roman Catholics no longer. We have such pleasant talks now.'

"A poor old man, who has been for some years a convert, is now settled in Liverpool, where he is making himself very useful amongst the Irish Roman Catholics, by distributing bills and holding inquiring classes. The clergyman whose ministry he attends, says he is one of the most useful members of his congregation. Before he left Dublin he was the means of bringing many persons to the classes and Sunday school.

"This spirit of teaching has spread amongst the higher classes, and many of the world's great ones are now anxious to instruct their Roman Catholic servants. Oh, if every Christian Protestant in Dublin would try and show *one* poor Romanist the error of his ways, and bring him to Christ as the *only* way of salvation, how many would be 'added to the Church!' Christian Protestants, awake to your duties and responsibilities. You cannot throw them off, saying—'Am I my brother's keeper?' The words of the Almighty are unchangeable—'If thou dost *not* speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at *thine* hand,' (Ezek. xxxiii. 8.) Have you no controversial knowledge? You can purchase Dr Sandford's 'Hand Book' for 6d. ; or, better than all, take the Word of God, and teach it as He has written it. Take John xiv. 6—'I am the way, the truth, and the life;' but don't stop *there*, take the controversial part—'No man cometh unto the

Father *but* by ME.' But you may say, 'I cannot teach.' Well, send people where they may be taught—in the cover of this Report you will find a list of all the classes and services; and if you cannot even do this, you can pray. 'Prayer moves the hand that moves the world.' You don't know what you may do in this way.

"We cannot but be sorry that the limits of our Report will not admit of our relating more of the interesting facts which have occurred—they would fill a volume. All we can do is to notice leading points which may be regarded as marks of progress. It is very remarkable that every public effort made by the Roman Catholic party to stop the Mission's work has been a signal failure. Cardinal Wiseman came over, and the people thought—'Now this Mission will be stopped. The Cardinal will put down all the missionaries.' But no, the only thing he did was to preach a sermon, just before he went away, for the Roman Catholic Dormitory, in which he urged the people to stop the proselytism, leaving them his 'feeble blessing.' There was then a great meeting for the Catholic Dormitory placarded, and it was expected that a great effort would be made. What was the fact?—a very small audience assembled; waited rather impatiently more than an hour, when a man came forward on the platform, and said the speakers were unavoidably absent, so there would be no meeting, but the report would be printed in the papers. It *was* printed, and it gave an account of their great bazaar held in the Rotundo, at which the nett proceeds was £3 some odd shillings! The reason of this failure was, that the ladies had deserted them, and so they had to purchase articles for sale, and the expenses of the Round Room for three days, military band, &c., consumed all the profits but £3!!

"But if their public efforts have thus failed, those of a more private nature have been more successful. Monks and nuns are to be found in all parts of the city, persuading, entreating, and bribing the people to keep their children from our schools, and themselves from our classes. No doubt they succeed in *many instances*, but let us persevere in humble, close depend-

nce upon God, and He will be with us, and make our way to prosper.

"During the past year some of the Society's most valued agents have been removed by death. One of them, a young man, was visited on his death-bed by a clergyman, who, on leaving him, said—'I went to console and instruct, but I am instructed myself. Surely a society which employs agents like that young man must be blessed by God.'

"Of another, Mr MacCarthy writes—'Poor Franklin went to glory on Wednesday at two o'clock. He was taken ill on Saturday, and was suffering under pneumonia, bronchitis, and audice. I was with him between eleven and twelve. His faith and rejoicing were great in Christ, as you would have expected from an old and faithful soldier of the cross. I talked, listened, and read a few psalms to him; then prayed with him; and on going back at half-past four, found that all was over. He had fallen asleep in Jesus till the trumpet sound.'

"One of our ragged school boys is dying in hospital in a most happy state. When he heard of Franklin's death, he said, 'I'll soon be with him.' A poor convert man is also lying in the same hospital, in the brightest hope. He is another of the gathered children of God. Most of the chapels ring now with denunciations of us and our work. We hear of the vexation of the priests continually. In the midst of all the turmoil, what a cause of thankfulness to know that '*all things* work together for good,' and that '*the everlasting arms* are underneath!'

"Another similar case in the Dublin Mission is thus reported by the Rev. James Rogers :—'One of our Coombe children is at the point of death, and has given the clearest and most decided proofs of simple and assured faith in her Redeemer. She earnestly requested to partake of the memorials of His dying love, which she had never before received; and when I had instructed the family in the nature of the Divine institution, her father and mother, (the former having been a Roman Catholic,) *together with one of her teachers, communicated*

with very great comfort to her, and I trust to us all. I notice these particulars as a testimony to the power of the Divine Word. I feel sure that this girl is happy in the Lord; and though destitution was apparent around her, when I asked her if she desired anything, her reply was that "her Saviour had provided for her all things, temporal and eternal." She repeated many texts that she had learned in the Ragged School, and dwelt much on 2 Cor. v. 1, which she requested her father to search for in his Bible. I commented briefly on Ps. xxiii., and bade her farewell, never expecting to see her here again; while she calmly said, "We shall all meet in heaven." Her parents are visibly affected with the simplicity of her confidence in Christ, and her example will not be unfelt by the other children.'

"A kind Christian lady has furnished the following additional particulars of the same case:—

"'We visited to-day one of the Coombe girls, who is dying of consumption. We said to her, "You are very weak." "Yes," she replied, "but I am *strong* in Christ." We had a long talk with her, and I never heard from any one so clear an account of the way in which the soul trusts in Jesus. Amongst other things, I asked her, "How does Jesus speak to you?" She replied, "By His Word, when the Holy Spirit makes me think of it." "How is it that you can put your confidence in Christ?" "Because He died to put away my sin." "Do you feel His presence?" I said. Her reply was, "I seem to see Him stretching out His arms, and calling to me to come. I long to go." She was asked when she began to love Christ. "This long time, it grows on me," she said; "and since I am lying here these eight weeks, I seem to love Him more than ever." Every text we began she finished; and she had a large store of hymns, in which she seemed to take great delight.'

"The poor girl here referred to has since died, in the same confident rejoicing in Christ. May we not truly say, 'The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.' And she is not the only one who has left the Ragged School to join the white-robed company above—

"There are many little children now
In heaven with harps of gold,
And harps on earth so beautiful,
You never could behold.
And these little children play their harps
So tenderly and sweet,
That the angels love to listen,
As they bow at Jesus' feet."

How many of these were "the poor of this world,"—yea, the ragged Mission children! And how many more are yet to join the ranks, God only knows; but His command to us still is, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

CHAPTER XII.

It is some time since we have mentioned the Townsend Street Ragged School. Let us now take a peep into it. It is a little changed since we saw it last. We miss some of those great wild fellows. Ay! but the Mission school had worked a wondrous change in them before they went away; and the master has wonderful letters from them. "I can never return thanks to the committee for their kindness to me," says one. . . . "I am able to read some chapters of the Bible every day. . . . I shall never forget the prayer Mr B. taught me, 'O God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit.'"

Writes another: "Remember me warmly to the committee, and say that they have my prayers and those of all the boys for their prosperity, that the Lord will enable them to carry on that good work which they have begun; and may God bless them."

One of these boys, a native of a country town, came to the Townsend Street School at nineteen years of age, with an ardent thirst for the Word of God. He had read a Bible at home, and left off going to mass, but was so persecuted that

he came to Dublin to seek his fortune. In the Night Asylum he heard of the Mission school, and hastened thither. To the homeless and friendless boy there was a wonderful charm in the words of the Lord Jesus, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for *you*." He never seemed to have enough of the Scriptures. After a short time he got some employment, but always contrived to get away to school for the Bible lesson. He afterwards went to England, and soon sent half-a-crown to help on the school he so much loved.

The story of another, a brand plucked from the burning, the master gives as follows:—"J. F., a native of Kells, county Meath, is about nineteen years of age. He came to this school on the 7th of February, and attended regularly up to the 15th of October. When he came, he was very ignorant, scarcely knew the alphabet, and was very superstitious, stories about ghosts and fairies being the only proofs he could give of the truth of Romanism. At first he was taught several portions of the Scriptures orally; but, as he attended regularly, he soon learned to read them for himself. A short time since, while his class was being examined on the 4th chapter of Hebrews, it came to his turn to read the 12th verse. After he had read it, he said, 'Oh, sir, that's the real truth. The Word of God is indeed strong and powerful.' I asked him why he thought so? He replied, 'When I came here last spring, and you, sir, used to send one of the little chaps to teach me the verse, well, somehow I used to like it, though I did not believe one word of it, and I got it off just because I thought I could be doing worse; for up to the day that Joe Parker and I took your Douay down to Duffy's to know if it was the same as the priest's, I thought every book ye had, even the Spelling-book, was false; and whatever you would tell me, I'd only let it in at one ear and out at the other.' 'How was it that you continued to come to the school, then?' He replied, 'Sure, sir, that's what makes me speak. I can't tell how it is. The words of that verse are the only answer *I can give*: 'The Word of God is strong and powerful.'"

"Some time after this, in a private conversation I had with him, he told me that his father was a millwright by trade; that he was drowned in a mill-dam about eight years ago; that after his father was drowned, he came up to Dublin with his mother, and that he was now seven years in Dublin. 'How have you supported yourself all this time?' After a pause of a few moments, he replied, the tears streaming down his face, 'Oh, sir, the truth is the best to be told. I have been a pickpocket the greater part of the time, and'——He became so choked, that he could not speak for some time. I asked him what caused him to become a pickpocket? he replied, 'When my mother and I came up to Dublin, 'twas the year of the famine. I got work for a short time, and my mother used to do little jobs, so we got on very well for a while; but the person I worked for was broke, and what he had was canted. I was then "knocking about" (i.e., street-begging) for a while, and what I got was scarcely sufficient to keep the life in myself, not to speak of my poor mother.' Here his tears were renewed afresh, and he wept bitterly for some time. 'Well, sir, one evening, after returning and bringing nothing with me, I found my poor mother stretched in a corner of the room, and not able to get up. She had not tasted a bit since the night before. I did not know what to do. I spent all that night planning how I could get her something to eat, and, when morning came, I went out, determined not to return unless I had something for my mother, no matter how I got it; for whatever I might do myself, I could not bear to see her die of hunger. As I was going up Capel Street, I saw the end of a pocket-handkerchief out of a gentleman's pocket. I followed him, and picked it. This was the first thing I took. The next day I went out again, and as I was in the act of picking a gentleman's pocket, I was caught, and "put up" for two years. When I came out, my mother was dead: she died of cholera. I had now no other way left me; so I turned to pick and steal whatever came in my way. I got on very well for a time, but I was caught again, and "put up." This time I got only twelve months

When I came out, I left Dublin, and went down to Kells. I remained there six weeks, and returned to Dublin again, and kept "knocking about." I was "pulled" twice, and "put up" in Harold's Cross for begging. The last time I was there I was discharged on a Sunday morning. I came down Beggarbush Barrack, and I got sixpence among the soldiers I came into town then, and as I was passing through Townsmead Street, about three o'clock, I saw several persons coming here; so I came in with them. I slept at the Night Asylum that night, and there I heard some of the boys speaking of the day schools. So I came to it the next day, and I thank God that I did come. The rest you know yourself. On another occasion, after his class had read the 6th chapter of Matthew, he said, 'If I knew that much six years ago I'd be a different boy to-day.' I believe that he is fully convinced of the errors of the Church of Rome, and that he is a converted person. He is now at sea. He bought a Bible for himself before he went."

One more story of these boys we must insert, as it shows very clearly the effect of Mission teaching on the mind of an intelligent boy.

"When P—— T—— came to the school he had a very good knowledge of Scripture history; but he was altogether ignorant of the gospel. Love of controversy was the chief motive that induced him to continue coming to school. His mind was well stored with stories about Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, &c., &c. Infant baptism in connection with the Gorham case, the authenticity of the Scriptures, and the validity of orders in the Church of England, were subjects that were at all times uppermost in his mind. Whenever he found himself beaten on any other subject, he would fly at once to either of these, and should arguments fail him, he would rely with pride to the Oxford perverts as proof positive of the truth of Romanism. One day, as he was arguing, he asked to have a certain passage read out of the Douay Testament, and finding that it agreed with the Protestant version, he got into a passion, and said that 'It was Dr M——'s Douay, and the

therefore, it could not be good, for that himself was a "Castle-hack." The first time he came to church, it was for the purpose of hearing the Rev. C. F. MacCarthy preach in reply to Dr Marshall. The 'Glories of Mary' disgusted him; he refused to defend the statements of that book. I asked him one day why he refused to defend it? He replied, 'I don't believe it, and therefore I can't defend it.' 'Then you are not a Roman Catholic,' said I. He replied 'I am, but I am not bound to believe that book.' 'Is it not recommended by Cardinal Wiseman?' 'It is,' he replied; 'but what of that? Cardinal Wiseman is not the Church.' Here one of the other boys asked him 'If he was not bound to obey the Cardinal, and believe what he taught?' He replied, 'I am not. Do you think if he taught what was false, would I believe him?' 'Then you would exercise your private judgment,' replied the boy, 'and so far you are a Protestant.' He became silent. He doubted, and from that moment his faith in Romanism was shaken. This soon became evident from his altered conduct. He ceased to be the blustering advocate of Romanism that he had been. He paid more attention to the reading of the Scriptures. He read them with more reverence, and more for the purpose of finding out the truth than for the sake of controversy. He came to Sunday school, and soon after to Divine service. He is now a regular attendant at both. A short time since a gentleman, who takes a deep interest in the welfare of the school, asked him if he was not taught the Scriptures in the B—— school? He replied, 'I was taught to read the Bible there, but I was never shown how it opposed the Church of Rome till I came to this school.' I believe he is firmly convinced of the errors of Popery, and I hope he is *converted also*. He was of a snappish, irritable disposition, and was very apt to quarrel with the other boys; but latterly he has altered very much for the better."

But more than these are gone. Time after time, wild fellows, with unwashed faces and ragged garments, have come and stayed a few days, just while they could get shelter in the *Night Asylum*, or anywhere else near enough, and then were

off again ; and our hearts pitied the poor wandering Arab, for there was no home for them. It is true that a dormitory had been opened in Chancery Lane, but that being connected with industrial work, was for boys who had earned admittance by good character. It did not reach these poor fellows, who had *all* to learn. And many a cold winter's evening, when school was over, they pressed around the stove, and begged to be allowed to sleep on the floor near it. And when the doors were opened for the evening meetings, they came again, not to listen, but to sleep in the warmth, and shuddered at the thought of *where* they must go, when the doors were shut. Poor fellows ! many a time they envied the foxes and the little birds of the air for their places of rest and homes. And so years passed away, and still nothing was done for the homeless boys, till this year 1858. And then some hearts were stirred up to feel for them, and some hands began to stir to help ; and then we received the following letter, which made us determine that something should be done. And afterwards we published it on a little paper, and spread it far and wide :—

"I am very glad to hear that you are making some effort to establish a Ragged Boys' Home. Perhaps it will deepen your earnestness and intensify your zeal, if I relate to you some circumstances which made a deep impression on my own heart. About twelve years ago, a Sunday infant school was commenced in connexion with the girls' school, then held in the old forge in Harmony Row. The infant school-room was little better than a ruin, so dark and dingy, and the children who assembled there were of the very poorest class. The Infant class succeeded very well ; and by and by some boys of ten and twelve years of age asked to be allowed to come. Rough fellows they were, and at first very hard to manage ; but it was soon found that the roughest would at last yield to the voice of kindness. To this school came a little boy of about seven years of age, leading by the hand a little sister of four. The teacher had seen many miserable children, but none *so miserable as* Lewis. He was sulky, too, and disobedient,

and even his appearance was almost repulsive, and yet, with all his ugliness, she was strangely drawn to poor Lewis. Perhaps it was pity, perhaps it was because there was one soft spot in his hard nature—love to his little sister. But time passed on, and Lewis did not much improve; and, after a few months, he disappeared from the school. The teacher spoke to the children about him; asked them all to seek for him—to tell him that she loved him, and wished him very much to come back to the school. Weeks passed away, and no news of the absent one. One Sunday, a little girl said she had found out that his mother was dead; his grandfather had turned him out on the street, and so he was gone, and there was no hope left but in prayer, and together children and teacher knelt to intercede for the wandering one. But Lewis did not come back.

“Several years afterwards, that teacher visited the boys’ ragged school in Townsend Street. As she approached one of the classes, she perceived a figure which she at once recognised to be that of poor Lewis. He was more wretched-looking than ever, the tattered remnants of a shirt and jacket his only covering. She laid her hand on his shoulder, saying, ‘Lewis, I am glad to see you here.’ He looked up astonished; his features widened into a smile of recognition, and a tear glistened in his eyes. That tear wakened up fresh hope. After a long talk, a suit of clothes was given to the poor boy, and the matron interested on his behalf. For a few weeks he continued attending, then again disappeared.

“Some time afterwards, on paying a visit to Weaver’s Hall Ragged School, that teacher again met Lewis; he was sitting astride the bannister, whistling, wilder than ever. Why had he left Townsend Street? He had no place to sleep; many a night he had slept in the street, and more than once he had been in prison. Poor wanderer! had there been a RAGGED BOYS’ HOME, he might have been saved even then.

“Once more he disappeared; but as if the ONE HOPE of his wretched life was the ragged school, again he found his way to the new building in the Coombe. He had grown a

great boy now, and more hardened in misery and crime ; yet was there hope. Why had the ragged school such a strange fascination for him ?

"He was recommended to the kind care of the matron, with whom articles of clothing were left to give to him as rewards for good conduct ; but long before he had thus earned a suit, he was gone.

"Where is he now ? Perhaps a wanderer still ; perhaps an inmate of a prison ; perhaps a convict, working out the time of his banishment in a far-off land. And why ? Because there was no 'Home' for the ragged boy !—no place where a city Arab might find a refuge—no hand stretched forth to save those who have nothing but their *misery* to recommend them. As Christians, we *are* responsible to our country and to God for these boys. We *ARE* our brother's keeper ; and if we have hitherto failed in the discharge of our duty towards them, let us now address ourselves to the work with courage undaunted, and diligence unwearied, and build for the ragged boy a Home."

In answer to our appeals money came in, not in very large quantities, it is true, but enough to enable us to take an old house which had behind it a large loft over timber stores. Then we got hop sacks, and filled them with straw for beds, and bought for each a woollen rug, and the place was put under the care of the schoolmaster, who lived in the house, and a young man appointed to be with the boys, and very soon 52 Townsend Street was the home of forty boys.

Rough enough was that home, and very few even of the necessities of life were to be found there ; still it *was* a home, and very grateful were the poor fellows who enjoyed its shelter. We did not try to introduce any work into the Home, for the time seemed all too short for teaching them the Word of God, and giving them such secular knowledge as they stood in need of. From ten to three o'clock they were at Townsend Street School, and from seven to nine in the evening again at Grand Canal Street Night School. The *hours between* were not more than sufficient to attend pro-

perly to the cleaning of the house and dormitory, and the Mission building, with a walk for the benefit of health.

On the opening of this dormitory, destitute boys from all parts attended the Townsend Street School. This made a considerable difference to the Coombe Boys' School, rendering it (so to speak) more select.

Immediately on the opening of our Ragged Boys' Home, a Catholic dormitory was opened near, in order if possible to induce the poor boys to leave their Protestant one. It is a very strange fact, and one unknown to those who have had no mission experience, that as long as the poor are left in ignorance no effort is made by their Roman Catholic priests to help them, but as soon as the rays of truth begin to dawn upon them, the alarm is taken. They will be "*lost to the Church*," is the cry, and they must be rescued by *any* means. Many efforts were made for the support of this Catholic dormitory, but they all failed; even the blessing of Cardinal Wiseman, solemnly delivered, was of no avail, and after a life of only a few months the dormitory ceased to exist. Not so the Ragged Boys' Home. That was established on firmer foundations. "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich," and that blessing we had. The Home and its inmates prospered, in body and soul. Trials and difficulties and persecutions they met with; but these only made the boys feel more brotherly, and value the more the education gained under difficulties.

Amongst my papers I find notes of an examination, which took place at the Mission Ragged School, Townsend Street, in 1858. The school was inspected by the Rev. Isaac Brock, who himself commenced the scriptural examination. The answers are given in the very words of the boys, Mr Brock, it may be added, being quite a stranger to them.

Question. What is prayer?

Answer. It is putting your mind before God.

Q. Who is the Teacher of the Church of God?

A. The Holy Spirit.

Q. Prove the Divinity of the Holy Spirit.

A. God said, "Let *us* make man in our own image."

Q. That does not *mention* the Holy Spirit.

A. It say, "*us*," sir.

Q. Who alone is eternal?

A. God.

Q. Give a text to show that the Holy Spirit is eternal?

A. "Who, through the Eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God."

Q. How do the children of God know they are children of God?

A. By the witness of the Spirit.

Q. Prove this.

A. "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

Q. Quote Eph. ii. 1.

A. "And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins."

Q. What is the meaning of "quickened?"

A. Made alive.

Q. What does this show we are by nature?

A. Dead.

Q. Who quickens us?

A. The Holy Spirit.

Q. Give a text in which the Holy Spirit is called the Spirit of life?

A. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made us free from the law of sin and death."

Q. Why is the Holy Spirit called the spirit of adoption?

A. Because He brings us into the family of God.

Q. Give a text in which God's people are called the family of God?

A. "Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth are named."

Q. Repeat John vi. 53.

A. "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you."

Q. How do you show that this cannot be taken literally?

A. The Roman Catholics don't get the cup, and therefore have no life.

Q. Quote the next verse ?

A. "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life."

Q. What is eternal life here made to depend on ?

A. On eating the flesh of Christ.

Q. In verse 47, what is eternal life made to depend on ?

A. On believing.

Q. What follows from this ?

A. That eating the flesh of Christ and believing are the same thing.

Q. Is this expression explained by any other verse ?

A. Yes ; the 63d—"It is the Spirit that quickeneth ; the flesh profiteth nothing."

Mr Brock here requested the master to examine the boys. The following were a few of the questions and answers :—

Q. What is the highest authority in matters of faith ?

A. The Bible.

Q. How do you know that ?

A. "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because they have no light in them."

Q. When our Lord refused the testimony of man, what testimony did He take ?

A. The testimony of Scripture.

Q. What text proves that ?

1st A. "I receive not testimony from man."

2d A. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

3d A. "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me."

Q. How did the Scriptures bear witness of Christ ?

A. By types and prophecies.

Q. Give a text to show that if a man wouldn't believe the

Scriptures, he wouldn't believe a man if he came from the other world ?

A. "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

Q. Who are described in Scripture as more noble ?

A. The Bereans.

Q. Why ?

A. Because they searched the Scriptures.

Q. How does that apply to the Church of Rome ?

A. As they searched to see if what Paul said was true, so we ought to search to see if what the priests say is true.

The examination was then continued by the Rev. C. F. MacCarthy, who catechised the boys on the rule of faith. The following were some of the questions and answers :—

Q. What is the meaning of a rule of faith ?

1st A. What our faith is to be proved by.

2d A. The guide of our faith.

3d A. That which teaches us the right way.

Q. What is a rule for ?

1st A. To measure with.

2d A. Something to guide you.

Q. If you hadn't a rule you might go crooked, might you not ?

A. Yes.

Q. What is our rule of faith ?

A. The Bible.

Q. What is meant by faith in that sense ?

1st A. Belief.

2d A. To believe what we receive as true.

Q. Repeat the Sixth Article.

The boys did so.

Q. Must everything be proved by the Scripture ?

A. Everything necessary for salvation.

Q. What do Roman Catholics say is necessary besides ?

A. Tradition.

Q. What do they mean by tradition ?

A. Things handed down from father to son, from the time of Christ and His apostles.

Q. What are things not in Scripture called by them ?

A. The unwritten word.

Q. Can you tell anything the Roman Catholics say depends only on tradition, and yet necessary for salvation ?

1st A. The Immaculate Conception.

2d A. The change of the Sabbath.

Q. Is there any other doctrine of which they say the same ?

A. Yes ; infant baptism.

Q. Are these two absolutely necessary for salvation ?

A. No.

Q. Do they depend *only* on tradition ?

A. No.

The examination embraced many other subjects. The above will, however, furnish some idea of the intelligence of the convert boys, and of the kind of teaching which prevails in a Mission ragged school.

When we think of the poverty and neglected state of these poor boys, we cannot but wonder at the brightness of their minds. Working as the ragged school teacher does amongst the very lowest of the people, he must meet with much that is disagreeable and perhaps repulsive to his feelings. Few can be found self-denying enough for the work. And yet what employment can be more noble—what more congenial to the spirit of the follower of Jesus, who leaving us an example that we should follow in His steps, made “Himself of no reputation, wherefore God hath highly exalted Him?” If we would be partakers of His glory, must we not also be partakers of His labour and sufferings ? Though the work is laborious at first, it soon becomes deeply interesting, seeking to find these “pearls of great price,” even the souls of the poor Roman Catholics, to add to the glory of Emmanuel.

“How honoured they, how lasting their renown,
Who gather gems for the Redeemer’s crown,

Themselves the brightest of those gems shall be
Glittering like stars throughout eternity!"

Yes, "they that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

CHAPTER XIII.

It is a general opinion amongst those unacquainted with missionary work, that there *must* be, on the part of the Roman Catholics, a spirit of resistance and hatred to those who speak to them of their errors and tell them the truth. This is quite a mistake. I do not think there is a man in Dublin more respected and beloved by the Roman Catholics than is Mr MacCarthy. As he walks the streets, handbills in hand, he is kindly recognised as "the big man with the papers," and the touch of a hat, and a "God bless your reverence," is the salutation offered to him. His fellow-labourers receive the same kindness.

In the latter part of this year, 1858, one of the missionaries, the Rev. J. Vickers, accepted a charge in Canada. When it was known that he was going, there was great sorrow amongst the people. On his last Sunday in Dublin, he undertook to close the Townsend Street afternoon ragged school. The sight was a very interesting one. The school was largely attended by persons of all ages, and the utmost quiet and order prevailed. The portion for that day was the passage in the 12th of the Acts, describing the death of Herod, and the spread of the word of God. The poor people, having repeated the verse, were catechised by Mr Vickers. The questions were plain and forcible, the answers correct and scriptural. As, for instance—"In praying to God, who gets the glory?"—"God." "In praying to a saint, who gets the glory?"—"The saint." "What happened to Herod, because

he gave not God the glory?"—"He was smitten." "What will happen to those who give the glory to saints and angels?"—"They will be lost." "How do you give God glory?" This question was addressed to different classes of children in succession. The first answer was—"By praying to Him;" the second—"By praising Him;" the third—"By obeying Him;" the fourth answer, (from a very young child,)—"By telling others about Him."

A hymn was then sung, and Mr Vickers, in a very simple and striking manner, addressed a few parting words to the people. He said, "I am going to leave you; I shall go to a distant land, and probably shall never see any of you again, but we shall be united still. We shall sing the same hymns there that we have done here. We shall learn the same texts. We shall preach the same truths. We shall tell men of the same Saviour there that we have done here." He then concluded with an earnest appeal to them all, to come to the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, and to put their trust in Him alone, and closed with prayer.

The effect of this address was most remarkable. Almost every one was in tears. The women and children sobbed aloud, and even the poor men, rough and ragged as they seemed externally, were deeply moved, and cried out, "God speed you, sir"—"God send you safe"—"God bless you, sir."

One little boy of six years old sobbed very piteously, saying, "Poor Mr Vickers, he'll never call out class six again," and then begged to be allowed to follow him into the vestry, to shake hands with him.

All this shows the real kind feeling of the people for the missionaries.

We cannot conclude the story of this year better than by giving an extract from Mr MacCarthy's account of it, as written for the London committee:—

"The last has been a year fruitful in events; but the most striking by far, in the Irish Missions, has been the issue of a new and *approved edition* of the Holy Scriptures by the *Roman Catholic hierarchy*. It marks an era in the Irish

Reformation, for just as the first publication of the *Scriptures* in English, by the colleges of Rheims and Douay, in 1582 and 1609, showed what the Reformation was accomplishing in England, so does this republication prove that it is now doing its work in Ireland. When a Roman Catholic was reminded of the inconsistency of his Church in condemning schools, and publishing the Bible, 'That's a fact,' said he, 'and it is not more than two months since one of the priests of Francis Street told me he would get me put out of my employment unless myself and children left off reading the Bible.' 'Well,' remarked his wife, 'you see now *what they are*. If you would have been damned for reading the Bible *then*, you would be damned for reading it *now*; though now they are giving it to everybody; so, if you take my advice, you'll send the youngsters back to the Coombe school tomorrow, for it is the Mission that has *shamed the priests*, after their long cheating the people!'

"Another Roman Catholic, a shopkeeper, taking up a copy of the new Bible, exclaimed, 'Ay, indeed! they gave it *reluctantly*, when they found they could keep it from the people no longer.' And on being questioned further, he thus expressed himself, 'It is my candid opinion they would sooner horsewhip the people than give them the same Bible, *if they dared!*'

"This spirit of freedom is, perhaps, the most important result of the Missions. Individuals have forsaken Rome, but *multitudes* are reading or discussing the truths of revelation. We observe it most palpably among the young—we trace it more slowly in the minds of the adult disputant, but we discern the effect *everywhere*. Of course those that dispute publicly are actuated by various motives, yet of *the dozen* who have thus appeared, during last year, *two* have thrown off the errors of Rome altogether; *two* or *three* more, we can sincerely say, are not far from the kingdom of heaven; *three* or *four* are ignorant but honest; and *three*, at the most, are there from selfish or doubtful motives. Of the convert con-

gregation, it has frequently been remarked, how large a proportion habitually remain for *communion*, while the general demeanour throughout is marked by evidences of spiritual life. Among the pupils, also, at the schools, we could point to not a few, who, from having been violent and refractory, have, under the Spirit's teaching, come to sit at the feet of Jesus, 'clothed, and in their right mind.' One girl was so disorderly that she was dismissed, at one time, as a common pest. On one occasion, Mr Dallas was addressing the school—this girl was at her usual tricks, distracting attention and turning to ridicule what was being said. His attention having been drawn to her, at the close he asked all to join in prayer, and *specially* on behalf of *this* girl. Since then, I believe, she has gradually improved, and is now among the most exemplary and devout at all the services. She talks to her mother, still a bigoted Roman Catholic, and lately said to one of her former associates, who asked what she got at the schools, 'I have found out *three* things there:—1st, That there is no *living* Christ in the host, for He is at the right hand of God in heaven; 2d, There is no fire of purgatory, for God, who loved us so much as to die for us, would not send us *there*; and 3d, I do not need the blessed Virgin Mary's intercession, for Christ is always interceding for me in heaven.' Such instances might be easily multiplied. The children truly are 'the hope of the flock;' it is astonishing how soon, under scriptural training, they are divested of their natural ferocity, and wild, wandering habits; and the aspect which they presented at the recent annual feast amazed every one that remembered *what* they were a year before. Their quickness, seriousness, and steadiness cannot fail to impress all that behold them. The people, too, shrewdly remark, that they never heard of *priests' tea-parties* till our Mission set them the example; but now there are not only soirees, but *Catholic* dormitories, and two associations of our 'blessed Lady of *charity*,' under the patronage of 'His Grace the Most Rev. Dr Cullen,' etc. Bazaars, and feasts, and flattery, are hence-

forth to take the place of mobs, and missiles, and massacres and we are to be let alone. This is a decided improvement in the system of Rome, and we thank God for it."

CHAPTER XIV.

"PROVE me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Such was our motto for the year 1859. It was a year full of exciting interest in the political world, but not less so in the Church of Christ, and especially in this our island home. While nation was rising against nation, the witnesses for Christ were standing on the borders of "the valley of dry bones." They were lifting up their voices and crying mightily, "Come, O breath, and breathe on these slain, that they may live." It was the year of the great revival in our land, and the great wave of blessing passed over our mission-work, fertilising the seed sown, and quickening the growth of all our pleasant plants.

Prayer-meetings were held in the different school-houses, and in the Mission-building, and crowds pressed to them. Often after the service on Sunday evenings, the people seemed unwilling to go away, but would remain for more prayer.

These meetings were most delightful; we felt that God was with us of a truth.

The spirit of prayer spread amongst the children in the schools, and in the play-hours little knots would gather together to sing and pray.

Never before did we work with such an expectancy of blessing.

And the blessing came. Many sought instruction, and the hearts of missionaries, Scripture-readers, and teachers were drawn into more intimate communion with Christ. They

learned to look to Him with more trustful reliance, feeling sure their work would be blessed. Earnestly and zealously they laboured, scattering the seed of the word broadcast on the Romish mind ; and they were permitted, for their encouragement, to see much fruit.

Some of this fruit is presented to us in the little Report for the year. It says—

“ It is not so much in particular instances, however interesting, that we can trace the real strength and success of missionary work ; we can point to events far more telling. The most prominent of these is, perhaps, the extensive circulation of Dr Cullen’s Bible. In 1857, the first cheap edition, recommended by him and the Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops, was issued. Is it not a wondrous fact, that since then more than 20,000 should have been called for ? Romanism cannot stand long, with such a circulation of the Word of God. Another mark of progress is the diminution in the numbers attending confession. We have good reason to believe that the number this Christmas in some of the chapels was very small indeed. Then again, the influence of the priests is very much less powerful than in former days. We hope the time will soon come when the Roman Catholics, as a body, will declare themselves on the side of the Bible and liberty of conscience. For this end we will still labour on, and do all in our power to make known the saving truth of our Saviour God.

“ During the past year the controversial classes have been carried on with the same vigour as ever. They are always well attended, and are, perhaps, the most suitable means of instruction for Roman Catholics. It is remarkable how many of those who have been leading controversialists on the Roman Catholic side have either become Protestants avowedly, or died trusting only in Christ. Of the latter we had, only a few weeks ago, a striking example. The person alluded to was a man of considerable intelligence. Acute and fluent, he always created an interest when he spoke in the classes. He had saved a considerable sum of money, and, when taken ill, the priests waited upon him to know if he had settled his

affairs, and to suggest the sum it would be prudent for him to leave for masses for the repose of his soul. He replied that he had left his money to his children; and as to masses, that he had given up all that, for that he was sure if his soul was not saved before he died, it could not be afterwards. He was then visited by the nuns, who brought him a crucifix, some holy water, a blessed medal, and a blessed candle. He thanked them for their kind intentions, but quite respectfully begged them to take such things to those who cared for them. 'The Lord,' said he, 'is *my* keeper; the Lord is *my* shade on my right hand.' His next visitor, Mr M'Guigan, was received in a very different manner. He was delighted to see him, and conversed most freely. Amongst other things, he said, 'I often look back on the Tuesday evenings in Townsend Street, and regret how I opposed things which I knew to be right.' On being told that Mr MacCarthy had publicly prayed for him, he said, 'God bless him! *God bless him!*' When his end was approaching, he took Mr M'Guigan's hand and squeezed it, saying, in reference to the prayer of dying Stephen, which he had taught him, 'Jesus, Jesus!' These were the last words he ever uttered.

"There lately died also another Roman Catholic, who sometimes had spoken at the classes. He was a man of a very different cast of mind—bitter, violent, and often abusive. The last time he was at the Townsend Street class, he went as far as the door, and turned back to say something more no less than three times; but the last words he said in the room were, 'Well, the Lord save ye all.' During his illness he was visited by a convert woman, who spoke seriously to him; but he did not like her visits. 'Take her away,' he said: 'she reminds me of Townsend Street.' After this she was refused admittance. Still anxious about his soul, she procured a card, on which was printed John iii. 16, which she slipped under the door. After this he refused to see a priest; and the last words he was heard to say were, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth *on Him* should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"The very last evening that a class was held in the Irish-town school-house, there was, as usual, a large attendance of Roman Catholics, who evidently came for the purpose of serious inquiry. One, however, seemed most indignant that anything should be said against the doctrines of his Church, and advocated its principles with an unusual degree of enthusiasm. After that evening, a Scripture-reader had several interviews with him, and then lost sight of him. Within the last few weeks he called on the Scripture-reader, said he had been a year in England, but had all that time been anxiously thinking about the way of salvation. He was invited to attend the services in the Mission building. This he did. Light broke in upon his mind, and he is now trusting to Christ as the only Saviour. These are only a few instances out of the many which have come to our knowledge during the year.

"Not less numerous and encouraging have been the fruits of the readers' visits from house to house and room to room. They have made, since the 1st of January 1859, 15,943 visits to 37,840 persons. They have, in general, been very well received, and in new places have often been astonished to find handbills and Bibles before them. For example, a lady in the country wrote to ask a reader to find out for her a person living in — Court. It was a place he had never visited, and he went into one of the houses to inquire. To his surprise he was welcomed as an old friend, invited to sit down and talk. He found that these persons whose house he had by chance entered were regular attendants at the classes. They had a large collection of handbills, and both versions of the Bible. While he was talking, word went out that a missionary was there, and one after another of the neighbours came in, until there were twenty-five present. In the course of conversation, he spoke of the mass, and of the 9th of Hebrews. 'Oh,' said one, 'we all know about that,' and produced a bill on the subject. This family had circulated the bills through the whole court.

"In one of the poorest streets in Dublin, not far from St Patrick's Cathedral, lived a poor woman, a Roman Catholic.

She had often been visited by readers, but their instructions had seemed to make but little impression upon her. One day, in the latter end of October, the reader visiting in that neighbourhood called at her room. He found her lying on her bed very ill. She looked at him with a smile of welcome, and said, 'If you had stayed a little longer, I should have been with the Lord.' She said she felt quite sure that all her sins were washed away in the blood of Christ. Late that night he went again to see her. She was not able to speak: she stretched out her hand to him, seemed to understand what he said, then lifted up her eyes to heaven, and expired. Had it not been for the visits of Scripture-readers, this poor creature might never have heard of a free salvation through Christ. But in many cases more means than one have been employed. Sermons, classes, schools, readers' visits, placards, hand-bills, all work together to the one end—namely, the enlightenment of our benighted fellow-citizens. A poor woman attended the Coombe Sunday school for some time, and then ventured to the classes. Soon she learned to doubt the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and became subject to bitter persecution by her own husband. Often, on her return from the classes, she was obliged to spend the night on the stairs; but all the time her consistent conduct was making an impression upon him. A little while ago he was taken seriously ill. His wife spoke to him of Christ, the great High-Priest, and he began to think He was the best to trust to. Then a Scripture-reader visited and spoke earnestly to him. When he found himself near death, he said to his wife, 'Ought I to send for the priest?' 'No,' said she; 'cry to Jesus—He will save you.' 'Yes,' said he, 'surely Christ, the Son of God, is our only hope, and in Him *will I trust*.' Shortly after he died, adding another to the company of converts who have, during the past year, fallen asleep in Jesus, for whom we most heartily bless God.

"A great deal has been done by converts in spreading the knowledge of the truth. One poor man said, 'I do try to *bring others* to the classes; but if they don't come, I never

fret. I was long enough going astray myself ; but now I have found the Lord Jesus, and I know He will never let me stray from Him again ; and the same God who brought *me* out is able to bring them.' In this spirit many are working. A convert having seen the blessed results of scriptural education in his own eight children, does all he can to get others to go to the same school. This year he has brought five children, and done all he could to instruct the parents. A poor woman, who has for some years been a convert, actually took a poor girl into her own room, that she might get her to attend school. She is unwearied in her efforts for others, and has been most successful. Converts always make the best missionaries. They know the difficulties arising in a Roman Catholic mind, and they can sympathise in the troubles which an inquirer meets with in the way of persecution. They are often very trying. For instance, a poor woman, with her six children, attended the Mission church, the husband still following the religion of Rome. All was well till he went to confession, and then he confessed what his wife and children were doing. Upon this, the priest refused him absolution, and threatened that, if he did not prevent their attending, he should be publicly cursed. The following Sunday, he tried to prevent his family from going to church ; but the wife got the children into the street, dressed them there, and went to church. When the husband saw her steadfastness, he was silent, and began himself to listen to the reading of the Word of God.

"The Sunday schools are still very interesting spheres of labour. The system of teaching one text thoroughly is still pursued. There is nothing like this for teaching Roman Catholics.

"A few months ago, a very poor countrywoman found her way into the Mission Sunday school in Townsend Street. The text for that day was Romans v. 1 : 'Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' She got it by heart, but thought no more about it, until two months had passed away, and she was lodging in the house of an old Roman Catholic woman. One

night the conversation turned upon the doings of the Soupers. The old woman thought they were *very* wicked people, and that all who entered the doors of a Mission school were on the high road to destruction. After a little while, the younger woman gathered courage to confess that she had once been at Townsend Street, and had heard nothing but what was good; and then she repeated the text, and before they went to rest the old woman too could repeat it, word for word. More than that, it sunk deep into her heart. She could not sleep; the words 'justified by faith' haunted her. In the morning, she begged of her companion to tell her something more; but she had no more to tell. Then she remembered having heard of the Irish Church Mission Office in D'Olier Street, and together they went thither, seeking for truth. They were spoken to, prayed with, and went away happy in the possession of a copy of the Scriptures. From this time the elder woman attended regularly all the sermons, meetings, and classes she could. She is now a humble, earnest Christian, seeking to spread the glorious news of 'peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"The morning Sunday school at Townsend Street is very well attended, and is especially useful to those who are anxious for instruction. The daily schools are in a high state of efficiency. They have been put under the care of an organising master, who is thoroughly acquainted with all the best plans of teaching, moral training, &c. The school-rooms have been beautified with pictures, diagrams, &c.; and in the playgrounds, swings, fly-poles, &c., have been erected. The poor little children from desolate homes rejoice in the brightness and happiness of school-hours; and the mothers say, 'the evening is long with the children, and it is no trouble to get them to school in the mornings.' Thus we have now real model schools on a missionary principle, the first and great object being to bring the children to Christ, and to train them to follow Him in the path of love and holy obedience.

"During the past year, the Mission building has been *enlarged*, by the erection of galleries—one for the school-boys,

and the other for girls ; and on Sabbath days and at week services both are occupied by orderly and attentive children, answering the responses, and joining in the hymns and anthems. The congregations are very large, averaging, in the morning, 470 ; in the evening, 601. Great pains are taken with the singing—mission-school teachers, Scripture-readers, and ragged schoolboys and girls forming a choir unrivalled, at least in numbers, by any church in Dublin.

“ The controversial teaching of the Dublin Mission has been most useful, not only in preventing mixed marriages in many instances, but in restoring to those who had been blindly perverted the light of the true gospel. The circumstances of some of these are peculiarly interesting ; but the limits of our Report will not allow of their being detailed. These, with many other narratives of the deepest interest, must be left unrecorded ; but we trust enough has been said to quicken the zeal of collectors and contributors. When we find young men who have been mission school-boys, not only labouring earnestly to convert others, but also collecting funds to support the Mission ; and when we find a convert in Australia, who once stood by and watched a crowd beating a Scripture-reader, and was afterwards brought to Christ by that patient witness for the truth, sending home £1 for the Society, surely we might strive to do more than we have yet done. Let each one who reads this Report try and do something individually—speak to some Roman Catholic, pray for some Roman Catholic, or help in a larger measure the Society which strives to convert them all.”

It was in this year, 1859, that the institution called the Bird's Nest was opened. It arose out of the Dublin Ragged Schools. So many little homeless ones presented themselves there, that our dear friend Miss B. Whately could not rest without doing something for them. The history of this most interesting institution has been published in a book, entitled “ Holly and Ivy.” It can be had of Mr Herbert, Grafton Street, Dublin ; or the publishers, Messrs Marlborough, Ave Maria Lane, London.

CHAPTER XV.

WE have not yet described a ragged-school Christmas feast. Our story of the Mission work would not be complete without a description of at least one. In the beginning of 1860, a friend who is greatly interested in the schools, wrote for the friends in London the following description :—

"I think I promised to give you some account of our Christmas festivities. It is not a very easy matter, but I will do my best. In the first place, you must know that our friends have been very kind to us this year. We just put a little advertisement into the newspapers, just saying that our poor ragged children were wondering whether they would be remembered, and such a number of people sent in small sums, that we had not only enough for a dinner for all the children, but also a sum to spare, which we determined to lay out for the benefit of the poor grown people who attend the Sunday school. So we took the names of all the regular attendants, and gave them their choice of a dress, a blanket, or a warm quilt. Altogether there were 115 of them. The day after Christmas-day they all assembled in the Mission building, and there were we, with such piles of warm things ready; then we knelt down to thank God for His good gifts, after which each one was called in turn to receive the article provided. When this was over and all were seated, Mr MacCarthy gave a short address, encouraging them to persevere in the path they had chosen, and patiently to endure all persecutions. I thought, as I looked at them and called to mind the sore trials many of them had passed through, that they surely formed part of 'the noble army of martyrs.' And then we all sang, 'Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.' After another prayer, all went to their homes with grateful hearts. On Monday the 2d, the school festivities commenced; at Grand Canal Street 280 children were present, more than one room would hold, so we began with the infants two hours

before the others. The little dears sang so sweetly, and answered the questions so nicely; we made the babies amongst them sing 'Gentle Jesus,' to that new air you admire so much. The leader of this baby set was only three years old. When the little ones were dismissed, we went up-stairs, and there was such a roomful of boys and girls, so orderly and nice; they sang several beautiful pieces, to the astonishment of the visitors, who could scarcely realise that these poor children could be so trained and taught. Do you know that in that girls' school there have been, during the last twelve months, *thirty-six* fresh Roman Catholic girls, sixteen of whom are *now* in daily attendance? This speaks well for the activity and zeal of the teacher; she is fully determined to try to have the number doubled next year; if so, we must enlarge the school, but I think we shall be ready for even this emergency.

"On Wednesday the feast was spread in Townsend Street. I don't know a pleasanter sight than that great building on a feast day; the evergreens and the banners, and the happy faces, and the crowds of visitors, and the sunshine, all so pleasant; then the hum of happy voices, and the beautiful hymns of praise, and the answering of the dear children, and the rejoicing of all, fill up the cup of joy quite full. And we just wish you and Mr Dallas, and all friends from the other side of the Channel, were with us. You should have heard the cheers of the children when your names were mentioned. Before we parted, Mr MacCarthy prayed so beautifully for the outpouring of the Spirit on our schools, on each child that they may be indeed converted to God, it was very impressive; I do trust it will be answered.

"On Saturday we had the feast at the Coombe—it certainly was a crowning day. I never heard anything like the singing and answering of these dear infants, 120 of them. They sang, 'Gentle Jesus' all alone, and 'We are little children,' not even waiting to be started. It was most exciting to listen to the examination; question and answer followed each other with such rapidity, that Mr MacCarthy hardly got the words out before the answer was given. This is Mission-

school answering, and I don't think you hear it anywhere else. I think it is owing to the text-teaching system. The rooms looked beautiful, and the visitors were more than satisfied with the whole result. During the week, that is, at the three schools, 810 children partook of the feasts, nearly all of whom had once been Roman Catholics. Is not this a great number! We feel very thankful, and are looking forward to this new year as one of increased blessings to all. May God grant it!"

And now we must turn again to the Coombe. Great and marvellous are the changes wrought there. In the streets where once there were riots, now there is peace. In the school-rooms where once there was disorder, now there is tranquillity. So great is the change in the moral habits of the children, that where once, notwithstanding the greatest vigilance on the part of the teachers, books and school requisites were not at all safe, now pictures and maps remain on the walls, and even little looking-glasses hung up in the wash-room remain untouched.

Did you ever visit the Coombe Ragged Schools? If not, you cannot do better than go the first spare hour. If you have any of the Saviour's love for little children, you cannot but be pleased, especially with the infant school. From sixty to one hundred little creatures daily assemble there; their rags covered up with an overall, and their faces clean and bright, with such an expression of love and joy that one cannot help feeling thankful that such a "palace beautiful" has been provided for little way-worn pilgrims. If you visit these little ones, they will not look upon you as a stranger and hide their faces, but will look up with a bright smile of welcome, and put out their little hands. And if you ask them a few questions, they will be all eagerness to answer. One day a lady quite a stranger to the children went in—a group of little ones gathered round her. She said to them, "Who loves you?" Immediately they answered, "Jesus." "What did He do with little children when he was on earth?" "He took them up in His arms." "And what did He say?" "Suffer the little *children to come to me, and I will give you rest.*" "No, no,"

said a little mite of three years of age, "dat not it, of tuch is de kingdom of heaven." "How much does Jesus love you?" "Three times, four times, all times," shouted the little voices. There is no gloom in the religion of a Mission-school child; it is associated with their brightest hours, their greatest comforts, and their kindest friends. Thus happy in themselves, they exercise a loving influence in their homes. A little girl, who this year died a lingering death, though often longing to go, said, "I want to stay till I have brought all my family to Christ. I heard of a little girl five years old doing so, and I am older than that." She lived to see her father a true convert from the Church of Rome, and her brothers and sisters are now attending the school.

"About a year ago," says the Report of the year, "a little pale-faced, black-eyed girl, of about five years of age, began to attend; she came very regularly, and was most affectionate towards her teachers, though she often seemed dejected, and refused to join in the plays of the other children; she had an unhappy home, but very soon this young thing brightened it with sunshine, and it became a *happy* home. She told her father of the love of Jesus. She taught him some of her nice texts, and persuaded him to spend his evenings at the classes instead of the tavern; and now, he says, since she tells him so much, he is obliged to tell her a great deal of what he hears and learns; that now he is able to keep constantly at work, and it's all, thank God, 'because little Lizzie took him in hands.'

"A little fellow not four years old, the child of Roman Catholic parents, who has only been in school a few months, was lately taken ill. He was visited by Mr H——. As soon as the child saw him, he cried out with joy, 'Oh, sir, sure I've taught my father two texts, and he says he'll learn more than that when I'm well, and he'll come to Sunday school with me.' His mother said afterwards, that all through his illness day and night he was ever teaching them.

"Both father and mother are now diligent scholars in the *Sunday school*, and are converts from Romanism.

"The numbers of children attending this school is greatly increasing. In the third week of December 1859, there was an average of 146 in daily attendance. In the same week in 1860 there were 218, showing an increase of 72. Many of them, boys, have come directly from the priests' school, although in doing so they lose many temporal advantages. Yet they say they like the instruction in the Mission school; and no doubt the loving influence exercised over them, and the absence of a cane, are also attractive influences.

"It has often been remarked, that there is a great difference between the numbers of children who attend a ragged school in the course of a year and the average daily attendance. They come and go—here to-day, and away to-morrow. Thus, in the Coombe school, through the year 1860, there have been 598 children—380 gone; but if, out of that large number, only one is found to remember the word spoken to him, or the text learned—and if that little word, or that single text, sink deep into the heart at some future day to bear fruit, is it not enough for our reward? And shall we not go on, throwing open the door to the wildest and the lowest, like our Master, seeking to save even that which is lost? But, thank God, we are not left to guess at the probable benefits of ragged school teaching. Very numerous are the instances which, from time to time, are brought before us, showing the desired result obtained. Only a few weeks ago, a foreign letter was put into the hands of Mr H. It was from a soldier in India—one who had once been a very ragged boy in the Coombe school. He writes—

"I hope this will find you in good health and happiness, as I am myself, thanks be to God, and enriched with the heavenly gifts of God and His blessed Son. I can never forget your kindness to myself and James W., when you kept us from prison, and got us work, and showed us the true way to be saved. When James and I were comrades, I liked him well. If we don't be comrades any more on earth, I hope we will in heaven, with Him that took all our burdens on Him. *I hope you have been prosperous in your heavenly mission,*

and in the school. After I came here, I was five months in hospital with fever. It was a dreary time ; but I had my Bible with me. There was a doctor who came from Dublin ; he was very kind to me. And we had a greater blessing still—we had a minister who used to bring us beautiful tracts. It was so pleasant to read them.'

"The comrade of whom this boy speaks is in respectable service. Now, what brought these boys to the ragged school? They were both destitute and homeless ; they had not where to lay their heads. One night they ventured into a lime-kiln, and there they were found in the morning by a policeman. As he was leading them to the magistrate's office, Mr H. saw them ; and, thinking them fit subjects for the ragged school, followed them, and begged of the magistrate to give them into his charge, instead of sending them to prison. He consented. Mr H. procured a little evening employment for the boys to keep them from starving, and they promised to attend the school by day. They kept their word, and continued to attend for a year, during which they learned to read and write, and became acquainted with the Word of God. They both renounced the Roman Catholic religion, and went forth Protestants, and, we hope, Christians too.

"Not very long ago, four new scholars found their way to the infant school—Pat and Julia—both so small as hardly to be able to find their own way. Each carried a little sister. They were such a ragged, miserable little set ; and no wonder, for their father was a drunkard. These little children were very much delighted with the nice, clean, warm room, and the kind words of the teacher. They came day after day ; and Pat and Julia soon surpassed many others in their knowledge of texts and little hymns. One day Pat was absent ; his sister said he was sick. Mr H. went to see him. The little fellow was very ill, but not afraid to die. He said—'I'm going to heaven, to sing hallelujahs with those that are gone before.' Seeing his parents distressed, he tried to comfort *them by repeating texts and verses of hymns.* 'Won't

you trust in the Lord Jesus, as I do?' said he. 'See how happy I am.' He begged of his father to leave off drinking, and then sang—

"'I have a Father in the promised land.
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet Him in the promised land.'"

"Very soon after this he died, and we are quite sure is safe in the fold of the Good Shepherd, who guided the steps of His little lamb to the ragged school.

"There is another very interesting case of a little boy about seven years of age, who has been ill for the last eight months. For some time he was in the Adelaide Hospital; and while there, his patience under suffering, and his knowledge of the Scriptures and of the plan of salvation, attracted the attention of many. At one time it was thought that he was dying, and the chaplain assembled the other little children round his bed, where he talked to them. Then, at the dying child's request, they sang 'The story of love.' While they were singing, he fixed his eyes earnestly on his mother. On being asked why he did so, he said, 'Because I think she does not know enough about the Lord Jesus.' He then asked her to read the Bible, and attend the school. 'I don't wish to stay any longer here,' he said; 'I would rather go to the Lord Jesus; but, mother, won't you do what I asked you?' He was told that Mr MacCarthy had been asking about him the day before. 'Was he?' said he, eagerly. 'Tell him that Pat says "Good-bye."' But this was not poor little Pat's good-bye to earth. He still lives in a state of great suffering in his mother's miserable home. One day, lately, he was asked whether he would like to return to the hospital? He said, 'No, I'm going to a better place.' It is very delightful to hear him repeating over the texts of Scripture and hymns that he has learned in school. He has a great affection for his teacher, and the clergymen and ladies he has been accustomed to see at school.

"These are some of the cases of great encouragement. Of course there are many of trial and disappointment; some, of

n hopes had been entertained, turn back. Even so, the people is not above his Lord. And is it not written of Him from that hour many of His disciples went back, and added no more with Him?' Still, we see more to encourage us to discourage us. And when we find that God has so graciously answered our prayers, in sending children and youth to be instructed, is it not an earnest that He will bestow on us yet a greater blessing, in pouring out His Holy Spirit in large abundance, so that those who have already head-knowledge of the Saviour may really turn to Him with all their hearts, saying, '*My Lord and my God!*' Is it not the object of daily and Sunday ragged schools to bring sinners to Christ? And shall we not pray yet more earnestly, that this may be the great result? But while thus praying for great blessings, forget not the ragged school teachers; ask for them, that they may be abundantly endowed with the Spirit of Jesus, that kindly and lovingly they may instruct those who oppose themselves;' and still ask that many may be willing to come and learn: so we shall all help to

"Gather them in from the lanes and streets—
Gather them in from their dark retreats—
From the haunts of folly, the dens of crime,
Gather them in, in their early prime.
Gather them in with a Christian's zeal;
Gather them in for their country's weal;
Gather them in with abundant store,
Garnered in glory evermore."

CHAPTER XVI.

In the early part of this year, our hearts were made very sad by the dangerous illness of that loved one, who had been, as it were, the guardian angel of the Townsend Street schools. Her prayers were offered up that, if it were possible, her life might be spared. But it was otherwise ordered; and on

the 4th of March she was taken home. An article in the *Banner* for May thus speaks of her :—

"It would be indelicate to thrust into publicity the private worth and high Christian character of one who would herself have shrunk from the applause of men, and whose highest happiness was to labour for that Saviour in whom alone she trusted, and whom she so truly had learned to love.

"Blanche Wale was one who felt that she best graced her position by devoting herself to promote the temporal and spiritual well-being of the destitute and the ignorant. The scholars of the Mission ragged school found in her not only an able teacher, but a kind and sympathising friend ; and the crowd of poor women who followed the sad funeral procession to Stillorgan Church, on Thursday the 8th of March, testified to the grateful affection which labour, such as hers, never fails to elicit.

"That funeral scene will not soon be forgotten. Whose heart could have witnessed without emotion the lifeless body borne to the very church from which, only four months before, she had gone forth a happy bride, with a bright sphere of usefulness opening, as it seemed, before her? As may be well imagined, the occasion was one which called forth no little sympathy. The readers of the Irish Church Missions bore the coffin to the grave. The poor girls, who had formed the class of her who has gone, had walked from Dublin, a distance of four miles, to be present on the sad occasion ; and many of that crowd of poor people which thronged the churchyard knew well how to respond to the appeal as the missionary of the Society, the Rev. C. F. MacCarthy, stood by that open grave, and, in a few simple and well-chosen words, spoke of the zealous labours of her who was taken from among them, and told of that firm trust in Jesus which had sustained her, and of the glorious reward on which she had entered. When the members of the family had left, the crowd still lingered around the grave, and few there were who could refrain from tears as all joined in singing, to a sweet and plaintive air, the *little hymn*, beginning with the words—

“‘Shall we ever all meet again?
Shall we ever all meet again?
Yes, we may all meet again;
If not on earth, in heaven
We may all meet again.’

“The morning had been dark and gloomy, yet just at that moment the sun suddenly shone forth amid the clouds, fit emblem of Him in whom the departed one had trusted, and of the bright hope of the Christian, which she had now begun to realise. The last lines of the hymn were sung amidst many sobs, yet not without some feeling of solemn joy—

“‘Shall all tears be wiped away?
Shall all tears be wiped away?
Yes, tears shall be all wiped away;
If not on earth, in heaven
Tears shall be all wiped away.’

“While we offer our tribute of praise to God for the labours of His servant, whom He has thus so mysteriously removed from our midst, and our expression of deep sympathy with the bereaved family, let us pray that we may all work while it is day, and learn to follow her who is gone, even as she followed Christ.

“We have been permitted to subjoin the following hymn, which was composed by this faithful servant of God, and which very beautifully expresses her longing desire and prayer for that blessed presence of Jesus which she is now enjoying:—

“‘There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.’—HEB. iv. 9.

“‘Oh! for the calm beyond the storms,
In the presence of the Lord,
Where with angels bright,
Both day and night,
We shall hear His sacred word!

“‘Oh! for the body free from pain,
The spirit free from sin,
Which He will give
To the souls that live,
Who shall dwell His courts within.

"Oh! for the joy no eye has seen,
Nor human heart has known;
For faint and low
Fall the echoes below
Of the songs around His throne.

"But oh! for grace to serve Him here,
To rest upon His love,
To walk with God
On our earthly road,
And to anchor our joys above!

"Oh! for the faith to see the Lord,
Through darkness and through tears,
To hear His voice,
And still rejoice,
And watch till the day appears."

Two short months more, and another sorrow fell upon us, in the removal by death of our beloved friend Mrs Whately. On the Sunday after her daughter's death, she was at the Mission church, looking pale and worn by long watching, but otherwise in health. It was the last time she joined in the public worship of God. A few days afterwards she went to Hastings for change of air and scene, and there died. In that Mission church, raised by her exertions, she last joined in prayer with the Church militant. How many souls born there will meet her in the Church triumphant!

In a sermon preached by Mr Dallas, in that Mission church, on the 29th of April, he thus speaks of her :—

"Dear friends, we may mourn with that unspeakable feeling which none but the true Christian can estimate aright—a mourning which, at the time, realises what the Lord said, 'Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.' That does not take away sorrow; it turns it into joy. It does not prevent sorrow. It does not say, Do not sorrow; but it says, 'Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.' You are very well aware that we have lately—I may say, almost suddenly—lost one who has been long endeared to us, especially in connexion with this house of worship. When I remember the early days of this place—when I remember the opening of the house

to which this building is attached—when I look back on the conversations I had with her that is gone, I then reflect on the part she took in the erection of these walls, which have become—what God intended them to be—a means and a place of gathering for poor sinners to hear the glad sound of the gospel. Everything that was needful to accomplish the great object for which this work was undertaken was freely given, and these walls were raised for the glorifying of God, and for the thanking of Him for the fulness of His grace. Alas! she who did all this is gone. She is taken away suddenly, shall I say? No, certainly, not suddenly.

“I have had the comfort of many, many conversations with her, and, I am bound to say, never did we enter into conversation without some most earnest feeling being shown for the coming of the Lord Jesus again—an earnest waiting for that Lord—a longing for His presence. Her prayer was for the Lord to hasten His kingdom, and her earnest wish to make haste to gather as many as the Lord would give in preparation for His coming. Oh! dear friends, it was not sudden. If at the grave of her daughter, who preceded her but a short time, she had been smitten, and stricken down with the lightning-bolt, it would have taken her to Christ. There would have been no suddenness if in any circumstance of her life she had been taken away; she was perfectly prepared. Let me read you a few extracts from a letter written by her daughters after her death:—‘Our precious mother is taken from us; her suffering until last night was intense. [Oh! it is well to be put in the fire of affliction before an entrance into the glory of light.] On Tuesday evening she seemed easier, but was seized with sudden coldness and wandering. The poor heart had given way (physically.) That was what we feared. The suffering then ceased; she began to talk incoherently, but so touchingly, about the children; she asked why they were not there, and asked over and over again for them. We began to repeat her texts from Scripture, and oh, how touchingly and eagerly did she respond! “Yes,” she said, “yes indeed,” and then she really poured them forth herself—repeated over and

over portions from the tenth of St John. Once she said she thought her head was wandering a little, "but," she added, "that does not matter ; I am perfectly happy ;" and the dear and happy spirit passed gently away—life ebbing away with every breath. A moment or so before she died, a calm sweet smile passed over her face, and then all settled into perfect peace ; and so she left us to go and be with God, which is far better. But, oh, for us who are left ! Texts were repeated to her very distinctly, and her mind having got the key-note of the subject she most truly loved, seized on them, and she went on talking, sometimes incoherently, but often raising her voice, and speaking in the words of the tenth chapter of St John about the Good Shepherd, and those who hear His voice, repeating over and over again, "They hear His voice, and when they hear, they praise and worship." She went on to say, "There are some who will not hear His voice and follow Him"—then we lost the words. Then there followed a good deal more which we could not catch. It was as though the beloved one was in a kind of dream, and she repeated, "Numbers, numbers !" Then again we heard—"But we hear Him—they shall never perish—I and my Father are one, and we are one in Him." She quoted every text that we quoted, especially one from the Revelation—"His servants shall serve Him"—in a tone of delight. Her daughter said, "Whom having not seen, we love ;" and she said, "Indeed, indeed we do—we do love Him, we love Him." One time in her wandering she was dreaming apparently of going home. "You are, indeed, going home," we said, "and they will say, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." She said, "Oh yes, and bring the little ones with you"—alluding to her grandchildren—showing her love strong in death. Once she said, "I am perfectly happy." In this way she talked incessantly, but there was much we could not catch. It was all the same—thought of Him, whose arms were waiting to receive her. Oh, how she loved Him her children can best testify ; but words are too faint, and hearts too full !"

While our hearts bleed for the loss of such friends, we

cannot but rejoice for *their* sakes that such an abundant entrance was given to them into the kingdom ; and our prayer is now, as always—Lord, the work is Thine, the harvest is Thine ; send forth more labourers into Thy vineyard.

Those who are engaged daily in missionary or any work, are not always the best judges of its utility. It is sometimes well to know how it strikes a stranger. In October 1860, a clergyman from the south of Ireland visited the Mission for the first time ; he was deeply interested, and on his return home wrote the following letter :—

“In reply to your letter, I have great pleasure in conveying to you the impressions made upon me by what I witnessed at the Mission Building, Townsend Street, on Sunday 28th of October. It was to me a day of cheer and gladness, for, ministering as I am in a parish where there is but a small handful of Protestants, and where the Roman Catholic population still reject the gospel, I felt comforted and refreshed at finding myself in the midst of a people that appeared animated by the immediate presence of the Lord’s Spirit, and who were seeking with evident earnestness after that knowledge which makes wise unto salvation. Having heard that a Sunday school was held in the morning an hour before divine service, I was present, at the appointed time and found a large assemblage, the vast majority of whom, I was informed, had been Roman Catholics. The whole school was divided into numerous classes, each under the charge of a competent teacher, who had, by previous study, qualified himself to explain the particular portion of Scripture under consideration. As I quietly walked from class to class to ascertain the style of instruction prevailing in the school, I felt that nothing could be better than the mode adopted. It struck me as both novel and interesting, The teaching consists in questioning and answering, with an occasional observation on the part of the teacher ; but the subject here seemed to be, to elicit from the taught, in addition to the plain answers, expressions of their ideas on the subject before them, and by this means to keep alive an intelligent *attention* ; and certainly the object was fully gained.

For instance, as I approached one of the classes a conversation was going on, the subject being 'God's grace to sinners.' An aged man was telling his class-fellows how marvellously that grace had operated in his behalf, by delivering him from the bondage of superstition. He related how he had been once a devoted Roman Catholic, despising and hating every thing Scriptural. But that while so affected, he happened one day to be passing Rath Row, and hearing the sound of many voices singing, peeped into the building, and for a few moments listened. It pleased God, he said, that two words of the hymn they were singing should catch hold of him, and from them he suffered much uneasiness for several weeks following. He could not rest, but returned, induced to do so by some secret impulse, and again listened; when, by the Lord's blessing, he heard something that relieved his mind from its misery. This brought him back once more, when, under the preaching of the word, the conviction seized him that he was 'all wrong' and 'astray.' He accordingly renounced Popery, and became, as he trusted he was then, a follower of Jesus Christ, rejoicing in the light, and thanking Him for the exceeding riches of His grace bestowed upon him.

"Again, the subject of 'The Good Shepherd' was treated in the following simple but effective way:—'Who is the Good Shepherd?—Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. What effect has His voice upon the flock?—When they hear it they follow Him. Where does He lead His people?—He leads them beside the still waters, He maketh them to lie down in green pastures.' As controversy is an avowed object in the institution, I was not surprised to see that the teacher did not discourage his pupils from drawing a contrast between the character of our blessed Lord as here delineated, and that of His representative on earth in the following words:—'The Pope of Rome is a *bad* shepherd, for when he speaks his sheep refuse to listen to him. He never leads them beside still waters, nor does he make them to lie down in green pastures; but he persecutes the poor *Italians*, treating them to prison and to sword.' Thus the

classes proceeded, some of them dwelling more upon the spiritual than on the controversial matters brought up by the text ; but all seemed evidently impressed with the feeling that they had come into the enjoyment of a liberty worth cherishing, and that it was to be realised by those only who had in their hands and hearts the word of the living God.

“After closing the school with prayer, I had the privilege of assisting in the service, and during which my breast was filled with emotion and abounded in thankfulness to God, as I contemplated the large congregation before me.

“A sermon on Luke xiv. 17, ‘And sent his servants at supper time, to say to them that were bidden, Come, for all things are now ready,’ was preached by the Rev. C. F. MacCarthy, in which, in plain and forcible language, he called upon his hearers to lose no time in receiving the full and free salvation offered to them in Christ Jesus, exhorting them to ‘come’ at once, for all things were ‘now ready.’ This discourse was listened to with so much interest that I trust the seed then sown took root downwards, and is now bearing fruit to the glory of God.

“Immediately after, the building was arranged for holding another Sunday school, and at three o’clock it was filled with another large assembly, computed at six hundred persons, including teachers and pupils. This school was composed of both sexes of all ages. ‘Young men and maidens, old men and children’ were there, so were nursing mothers with infants in their arms, all occupying their allotted places in quiet and decent order. The right side of the great room was allotted to the female, and the left to the male scholars ; and the several classes were distinguished on the female side by having a large capital letter of the alphabet suspended over each division, while the male classes were marked by numerals. As the teaching proceeded, the scene was very gratifying. The spectator witnessed a great and most important work going on, group after group of humble men and women, and children, gladly receiving scriptural instruction from the lips of *educated and refined* people, who, to their honour, devoted

themselves to their task without weariness. From what I saw on this occasion, I could not but feel assured that the Lord was among them, and that in due time, if they faint not, they shall reap a rich blessing.

"After an hour or more had been spent in this teaching, the school had become one class under the presidency of Mr MacCarthy, who acted as examiner. It was only now I perceived that the hundreds present had each committed to memory one and the same passage, viz., Gal. i. 22-24, 'And was unknown by face to the churches of Judea which were in Christ: but they had heard only, that he which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed. And they glorified God in me.'

"These three verses were prepared also by the scholars in the Coombe, Fishamble Street, Grand Canal Street, and Kingstown; and on the following Sunday they formed the text for the Mission schools elsewhere throughout Ireland. Mr MacCarthy now called upon one in class A to repeat the verses, when immediately a very child stood up, and with its silvery voice, spoke them out quite distinctly. A word of encouragement followed, and then a call was made to another class, B, when an aged woman, faltering in her accents, and with all the humbleness of a child, uttered the words of the text with a degree of anxious precision that was touching. Next followed repetitions by matrons, young women, and girls, as they were called upon in their various classes. A similar mode of examination was pursued on the male side, until men with hoary heads, as well as those in the vigour of youth and boyhood, had opportunity of showing how well they had prepared the allotted portion. A great many questions of practical tendency, and all bearing on the text, were then proposed, for example:—What are the churches? Who were members of them? How in Christ? What benefits came to those in Christ? Have you read Rom. viii. 1? What had they heard of St Paul? What is 'to persecute?' How had he persecuted? What is 'preach?' How did the angels preach to

the shepherds? Have you read Luke x. 10? What is the faith? How did he destroy the faith? What does St Paul say of 'that way?' Who converted St Paul? Was he ashamed of being called a convert? Who persecute now? Whom? What? Why? Where is the true faith found? What is the gospel? What is the preaching the gospel? How did St Paul preach it? How did the Lord Jesus Christ preach it? How in Prov. iii. 16? Have you received it? Are you saved? If not, why not? After each of these questions, a general buzz of voices was heard in reply, indicating how much alive were the minds of the scholars to the subject; of course, many more questions were asked, but I wrote down the above as a mere specimen. This great meeting was, as usual, dismissed with singing and prayer.

"I had the privilege of seeing only a small part of what the Mission is doing in Dublin, but I rejoice in having seen as much as I did. I now thankfully bear my testimony to the vital reality of all I witnessed during my short visit.—I am yours faithfully,
CHARLES FRY."

Before this year quite closed we had a visit from our dear friend, whom we love to call the father of the Mission work. It was as usual a hasty visit, for his time is so occupied in his own parish, and his great work for the world, that he is obliged to press a great deal of work into a very small space of time. During this visit he had not time to go to see all the schools, so we determined to bring all the schools to see him. We invited all the children who could walk the distance, to come to the Mission church, and they came—such numbers of them that the church was quite full of children. It would be hard to say which they were most pleased with, themselves or Mr Dallas, for they were proud of being members of such a large body, and the singing sounded so grand from so many voices, that they felt quite important persons—and so they were. Mr Dallas spoke very nicely to them, and prayed very earnestly for God's blessing over each one of those poor

ragged little ones. It was a very pleasant meeting, and a crowning token of the mercy which went before, and which followed us all the year through.

CHAPTER XVII.

"AND the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee ; He will be with thee ; He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee ; fear not, neither be dismayed."

Oh how often we need to repeat to ourselves, and to each other, encouraging promises such as these, when looking round at the daily work, requiring that constant watching care which *must* still be given when the eager haste and rush of early times has passed away—when the novelty has vanished, and our "water-brooks" run dry! Oh then, what a joy it is to remember that HE will not fail nor forsake us! and though the ravens no more bring the bread and flesh in the morning and in the evening, yet supplies *will* come, even though it may be from as unlikely sources as the poor store of the widow of Zarephath.

And when we seemed called upon to take *new* steps, what a joy it is to *know* that the "pillar of cloud and fire" is *on before*—that we are being led by the right way.

During this year, 1861, there was much of the first kind of work to do—very much of daily plodding work, and the anxieties connected with it. And there was work, too, of the second kind. Two great buildings were in progress.

The Bird's Nest at Kingston had become so crowded with children, and the numbers waiting to get in so great, that we had been for some time trying to get a larger house, instead of the three in different places then occupied. Failing in everything, we determined to build, and collections were set *on foot*, and the first stone laid in April, a full account of

which is given in the book before mentioned, called "Holly and Ivy."

Another building was farther advanced towards completion—The Ragged Boys' Home.

The old house in Townsend Street, mentioned before, had been taken for a term of three years. It was in a very dilapidated condition, and it would have taken a great deal of money to repair it, so as to make it suitable for a Home, besides the rent was very high—£40 a year! We did not wish to renew the lease, for there seemed a better plan.

In Grand Canal Street, at the corner of Grattan Street, is situated the third of our Mission Ragged Schools. It was erected on a large piece of ground kindly granted by the late Lord Herbert. At that time the building was occupied as a daily school for girls and infants, and a night school for boys. This night school the boys of the Home attended.

When we were in difficulties about the Home, we bethought ourselves of the ground at the end of this school-house, and we got our friend Mr Maguire to come and see if it would not answer for the erection of a building suitable for a Home.

School-rooms were not needed, as the boys attended Townsend Street. For all other purposes the space was sufficient. The roof of the school-house was raised, and a new building stretched across the end, extending to the back of the play-ground. During the greater part of the year 1861 the building was in progress, and on the 14th of November it was ready for opening.

How delightedly did the friends of the Dublin Mission assemble on that day! How they were reminded of other milestones of progress, as again they gathered around our venerable friend, and congratulated him once more, and just in the middle of happy talk and pleased expressions of delight, the boys marched in; the foremost of them carrying a roll of paper, and looking as if he felt he had some place in the public proceedings of the day.

When all had settled down into place, a hymn was sung, and then prayer offered by the curate of the parish, and then

there were addresses ; after which one of the boys stood up and read a most touching and beautiful address to Mr Dallas. It both took him by surprise, and also most of those present. It was the thought of the boys themselves, expressing their feeling of gratitude, not to their friends only, but to the great Father in Heaven who had put it into the hearts of His people to care for the houseless, and determining to act so as to be worthy of the name they had chosen for themselves—"Mission Boys."

Mr Dallas replied to the address, by telling the boys how much he hoped and prayed for them. They listened with the deepest interest, and the words of their beloved friend were long remembered.

This opening of the new building was an important era in the history of the Home. Facilities for cleanliness and order are of no small importance in the training of the moral character, but it is not easy at first to bring a boy (who has lived a wandering life perhaps for years) to see the importance of being neat and orderly, or to care for that cleanliness of person, which the more civilised look upon as a necessity.

Many are the difficulties in training and civilising our city Arabs, and much patience and perseverance is required. Our grand aim is to implant in the heart of each boy, *first* a love of the Word of God, fearlessness and diligence in its study, and a missionary spirit, which shall lead them in after life to teach others what they have themselves learned.

If we can add to this what naturally follows, viz., habits of obedience, order, and cleanliness, we feel that *great* things have been accomplished. In many cases we have succeeded. Many of the Home boys have gone to sea, and ship captains are glad to get them. One wrote, saying, he would take all who would come—those he had from the Home were amongst his best. Many have been apprenticed out to trades, and many others have gone to service. Their letters are full of gratitude for the kindness they received while in the Home, and in many cases breathe earnest desires to be kept in the *right way*.

One little fellow in service writes, saying, "he is teaching texts to a Roman Catholic fellow-servant, for," he says, "I consider that a Mission boy should be a *missionary* wherever he goes."

To many, the Ragged Boys' Home has been, as it were, the ladder reaching from earth to heaven. There they have laid aside all false hope, and clung to Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life." Very quickly they mounted upward and reached the summit in triumphant joy. We could tell of many a happy entrance into glory, of those who once were homeless wanderers. One we must relate, as an example of many others.

Some time ago a big boy applied for admission into the Home. He had no friends nor place of rest. He had formerly lived in the country, and been employed in field labour, but now had no work, and he wandered to Dublin hoping to get a little education during the winter. He was a Roman Catholic, and made a brave fight for his own religion; but by degrees he began to notice that the boys who read the Bible and prayed most, were the best behaved and the kindest to each other, and he thought the Bible could not be such a "bad book" after all, and so he began to read it; and soon the truth dawned upon his mind, and he became a true Christian. His influence was soon felt for good amongst the boys. In the sleeping-room at night he would read his Bible and kneel in prayer, and speak kindly to boys who were ashamed to do so.

He had not been long in the Home when he was taken ill, and removed to an hospital. In the next bed to him lay a Christian man, with whom he had a great deal of happy intercourse; together they read the Bible and prayed.

While in the hospital he was visited by his Sunday school teacher, who was delighted to find that he had so well-grounded a hope through Jesus Christ. This poor boy did not live to leave the hospital; before many weeks elapsed his spirit was called away to meet his Saviour. His body was followed to the grave by the boys of the Home. The

missionary who conducted the service writes:—"It was a most touching scene to witness the little group of mourners assembled round their school-fellow's grave; many a silent tear rolled down their cheeks as we read the burial service; and as they listened to the short address they seemed deeply impressed. But we sorrowed not as those who have no hope, and we entered into the full meaning of the beautiful hymn which we sang at the grave—

" 'In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me
To fulfil my soul's request.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is growing,
There is rest for you—
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

" 'He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
My abode will not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

" 'Pain and sickness ne'er can enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.

" 'Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn!

" 'Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go,
Zion's gates are open to you,
Ye shall find an entrance through.'"

The minds of most of the boys who remain in the Home pass through a like process. The religious teaching and training is so thorough that it cannot be otherwise. There is no mental pressure—no urging upon the boys to adopt *any* religious creed, only the most free discussion on both sides;

reference being made when necessary, to the Douay version of the Bible, authorised by Roman Catholic bishops and archbishops. Any boy is free to leave the Home whenever he pleases.

We cannot here enter into any details of the working of this institution. We have sought to make it a Home in every sense of the word. The boys who are apprenticed to trades do not leave; they are permitted to remain, sharing the privileges of the Home, until their wages rise to a sufficient sum to support themselves. These boys pay a proportion of their earnings for their food, and the remainder is put by for the purchase of clothes. It is of great importance that a boy should continue under kind and watchful care, while passing through the transition state from boyhood to early manhood, much evil is thereby avoided.

This endeavour to train the elder boys adds much to the difficulties of those employed; but we are thankful to say that both matron and master are actuated by an earnest Christian spirit, and the great desire of both their hearts is to see the boys "walking in the truth."

This Home greatly needs help. The collecting of funds now devolves upon some two or three, whose hearts are weighed down, and hands often weary with many other labours. Still are they so anxious for the welfare of the poor, that they cannot give up any of the work laid upon them. Oh, how we long that more Christian friends would give themselves to the work. The maintenance and clothing of each boy in the Home costs about £12 per annum. It would not be much if one hundred persons could be found, who would each gather enough for *one* boy. What a pleasant thought it would always be to such a collector, that through his or her exertions, *one* poor wanderer, such as poor Lewis, was enjoying a peaceful, happy Home! At present, with great difficulty, seventy boys are maintained, while there is room for one hundred, and week after week the poor fellows applying for admission must be refused. In the winter time this is peculiarly trying.

In the early part of last winter a little boy of eleven applied, his clothing, poor thin rags, only half-covering his thin body—his imploring eyes speaking more eloquently than words. Three times he came, and at last was admitted. He had a mother, a wanderer like himself; when she found he did not return to her, she went to the Home, and finding poor Johnny was taken in, she wept with joy. The child looked astonished—"Oh, mother," said he, "don't cry; give God thanks."

Another time, a very clever-looking child of ten years, came over and over again. Each time he was refused. At length, the third time he heard the dreaded "No," he burst into a flood of tears. "Why do you wish to come here?" said one. "Oh, ma'am, I've no home—and I'm hungry; and since I've been on the street, I've seen boys obliged to steal for hunger, and, oh, ma'am, I may have to do the same." Oh Christians, must we refuse such pleadings? Are there none reading these pages who will join in the work, that the house may be at least *filled*?

Of the general work of 1861, the Report thus speaks:—

"During the past year, the usual funds have been kept up, but not without much difficulty and exertion on the part of those responsible; but, amidst all difficulties, God prospers the work; and when we see children crowding to the schools, grown people patiently learning their texts in the Sabbath school; when we read the results of daily visiting, and see one and another coming out from Rome, and simply and earnestly worshipping God in the Mission church, we are more than encouraged—we would say with David, 'O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.'

"A few of these many cases we will record individually. They will show the adaptation of the means used, as well as the results achieved by the blessing of God.

"A few years ago, a reader called at the house of an old man who kept a private school. He was told it was no use *calling there*; the old man meant to die as he had lived—a

Roman Catholic. However, the reader left a handbill, and called again. This time he was more courteously received. The man entered freely into discussion, and took a Bible to study. After several visits, he agreed to send his little girls to one of the Mission schools, and himself attended the discussion classes. Being a man of some learning, he became a speaker on the Romish side ; but before long he had argued himself into a disbelief of his own doctrines, and became a humble inquirer after truth.

"Now persecution began. Influences against him were brought to bear upon the parents of his pupils, and they were all withdrawn. Poverty stared him in the face, and, before his case was made known, he was reduced to a state of weakness from hunger. This sore trial was God's means of bringing him to Himself. In the fire his bonds were burnt, and he learned to know what it is to walk with Jesus. During this time of trial, a lady, visiting in that neighbourhood, called at his cottage. She found him on his knees beside a chair ; his Bible lay open upon it at the 12th of Hebrews. The page was blotted by the tears which were falling fast : he was trying to learn the lesson God teaches by chastening. In the spring of this year he lay, an aged man, on his dying bed ; and looking back on his past life, he spoke of this time as one of great gain to his soul. He said, 'I learned to know what it is to depend upon God, and I learned God's love in answering prayer. One day I was weak from hunger. I went on my knees, and asked God, if it was His will, to send me some help. Before I rose, Mr M'G—— came in, bringing me half-a-crown which had been given him for me. So you see it was what God says, 'Before they call, I will answer.'"

The last years of the old man's life were comfortable, suitable employment having been provided for him. He died, leaving behind him a bright example of simple, earnest trust in God. His light shone round about his home ; and, since his death, some of the neighbours, who before opposed, have asked to be visited by the readers, that they too may learn to "*die the death of the righteous,*"

"Some time ago there lived in Luke Street a woman who was a bitter and violent persecutor. Not content with abusing and maltreating the readers, she used to watch for the little children going to school, and would throw water and mud upon them. One day a reader went in to visit a convert, and found this woman sitting with her. It was a good opportunity, and he had a long conversation with her. She was very much softened, and from that time received the visits of the readers herself, took a Bible, and began earnestly to study it. She ventured to the morning Sunday school, after that to church. She greatly enjoyed the simple teaching of the gospel. Her mind opened to receive the truth, and she became an earnest Christian. Having found Christ for herself, she is now most earnestly trying to bring others to Him. She persuaded two Roman Catholic women to go with her to the funeral of the old man mentioned above. She talked to them all the way, and, on her return, procured a psalm portion for each of them. They are both much interested.

"She has brought several people to school, and visits her neighbours constantly, to talk to them. One day lately, a reader went to see her. He found her at the bedside of a Roman Catholic neighbour. He had a lighted candle in his hand. Some other Roman Catholics were about his bed; one of them held a crucifix, to which he was directing the attention of the dying man. The convert woman was leaning over him. His eyes were fixed on her, as she said, 'Look only to the Lord Jesus Christ. Put all your trust in Him; for He is able to save you, and no one else is. He paid all the debt that you owed to God. Give Him your heart, and He will take away all your sins, and take you to be with Himself when you die.' Some of the Roman Catholics said it was not lucky to have a Protestant about a dying person; but she continued speaking to the poor man, who evidently wished to hear her speak, as he kept his eyes fixed upon her with the most earnest attention.

"A few days ago a reader went into a room for the first time. In it were a woman and a little boy. When the door

was opened, the woman addressed him by name, saying, 'I'm glad to see you, sir.' 'How do you know me?' he asked. 'Why, sir, don't you remember the day I first went to the Sunday-school in Townsend Street, you put me into Miss E——'s class? and sure, when she began to question me, she found out that I did not know anything, except that there was a purgatory, and that I ought to confess to a priest, and pray to the mother of God. And then she took such pains to show me that these things are not in the Bible, and that neither Christ nor His blessed apostles taught them, and that they were not true at all; and she got out one place in the Bible, where the Saviour asks us all to come to Himself, when He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And she showed me that there is no necessity for any other mediator. I never knew the truth till I learned it from her.' 'What is the truth?' said the reader. 'It is to believe that I am a lost sinner, and deserve nothing from God but hell; and that the Saviour is able and willing to save me, if I put all my trust in Him, and that He paid all my debt of sin.' 'And do you trust Him?' 'Oh! yes, I do; I would not give up trusting Him for all the world.'

"Amongst a certain class of people, there is a great cry against controversy. This must arise from ignorance of its nature. People set up their own notion of controversy, and speak against that, imagining that their notion is the notion of the Society for Irish Church Missions. In order to understand the true nature of controversy, they should visit the Sunday or daily schools, or any one of the discussion classes. A lady who did this lately, was asked, after a visit to Townsend Street, 'What do you think of the controversy?' 'I heard none,' she said; 'only an amicable difference of opinion freely expressed.' This is a very good definition of the kind of controversy carried on by the society. It is no use trying to teach Roman Catholics, unless you point out their errors. You use the word faith in your sense, they take it in theirs; and when you speak of being saved by faith, they fully agree,

thinking and understanding all the while, 'that out of the Roman Catholic Church there is no salvation.' The following story will illustrate this point :—

"Not long ago a Roman Catholic woman lived in the country. She was a firm believer in the doctrines of her own Church. A lady, who took an interest in her, often called and spoke to her. She agreed with all, and one Sunday was persuaded to go to church. The sermon was what we should call a simple gospel one. She went home, saying the minister was exactly like the priest, only he had not the same robes. This woman came to town. As she went along the street, a handbill was put into her hand—it was an invitation to a prayer-meeting at Fishamble Street. She went ; the meeting was addressed by one of the readers, himself a convert. He spoke of the difficulties of Roman Catholics, and pointed out what they must give up, if they would come to Jesus. The woman was struck by what he said ; and when the hymn,

'There is a fountain,'

was struck up, the singing of a little ragged girl near her reached her heart. She thought she never heard anything like it. From this time she regularly attended the classes, and now comes to church. A few days ago, when telling a reader about the lady's teaching and the clergyman's sermon, she said, 'I thought it was *all* my own religion ; but the controversy is the only thing to reach the heart of a Roman Catholic.'

"The different institutions connected with the Missions have progressed rapidly during the year. In April, the foundation-stone of the 'New Bird's Nest, or Home for Destitute Children,' was laid. The building is now nearly complete. In October, the new 'Ragged Boys' Home' was opened. This will accommodate a hundred boys, if the funds increase so as to support them. Some of the advanced boys have been taken on board the *Ajax*, and by their good conduct are doing credit to their training. The different schools are making satisfactory progress. The aggregate attendance in the different daily

Mission schools is seven hundred and eighty. In the Sunday schools, one thousand one hundred and eighty-one. The average attendance in the Mission Church is—morning, four hundred and ninety; evening, five hundred and fifty. If any reader entertains any doubt of what is doing amongst the poor, we would ask them to attend service some Sunday morning, and they will see for themselves. The service commences at eleven o'clock. Before that, there is a nice quiet Sunday school.

"In making a retrospect of the history of the past year, we cannot but feel that God has been working with us, making darkness light, and crooked things straight. It has been a year of quiet progress. And we are commencing the new year with the motto put up in church and schools as a banner—'Looking unto Jesus.' In this spirit we hope to pursue the work. And should the waves arise, and the sea become boisterous, if Christ is walking on the water, all will be well. We know not what may come, but we *do* know that 'He hath said, I will *never* leave you nor forsake you.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

AND now we have traced this wondrous work through the first eleven years of its mission. We have seen the rise of one institution after another, and traced the little rills of blessing from their source, until they have spread into fertilising streams. I am conscious that the task has been feebly performed; that many incidents of thrilling interest have been left out of the record; for in the years that have passed away, the need of active work was so great, that there was no time to note down what occurred. And in the records I *have*, there are oftentimes months left blank, without a written history; yet these very months *perhaps* left the deepest footprints—footprints

yet to be read in the light of eternal day. Of such as I have given; and I leave the record in the hands of who can take the feeblest word, and make of it a mighty instrument in His hands of stirring up that earnest missionary spirit which cannot rest while the "other sheep" are wandering, which takes for its own the determination, "Them we *must* bring." The work calls loudly for helpers. After another of those who commenced the work have called away. And now we are earnestly crying to God for fresh help. We want missionary clergymen, with earnestness to preach Christ to the people who assemble at our meetings. We want Christian teachers—men and women—who will patiently labour to bring the little ones from the "hedge" to Jesus. We want Sunday-school teachers who will not be afraid of sitting down amongst the poor and ragged as they may be—teachers full of the Spirit of God, holding the commission to "bind up the broken-hearted," to comfort all that mourn, to exchange the garment of pride for the spirit of heaviness."

We want visitors to our schools, collectors in all the various branches. We want the hearts and hands of even the children, to make clothes for the wee ragged ones. We find something for all to do in the great work of

"Gathering all the wandering lost ones
To their gentle Shepherd's fold;
Jesus yearns o'er these poor tossed ones—
Yearns their panting forms to fold.

"Work we, then, while life is given,
Resting not till all are brought
To their Shepherd King in heaven,
Who with blood their souls hath bought."

PART II.

STORIES OF SCHOOLS.

“ See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark ! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

“ ‘Permit them to approach,’ He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name ;
For ’twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of Angels came.”

SUFFERING FOR CHRIST.

(From a Reader's Journal.)

WE got into conversation with a poor, sickly-looking boy, who told us that he had just left an hospital, in which he had been for some time. After expressing a few words of sympathy for his destitute condition, I spoke about his soul, his hope of salvation, and, in connexion with this, asked, “ Now, are you depending altogether upon Christ, or are you trusting to the Virgin ? ” He laid his pale, wasted hand upon my arm, and looking up in my face, his eyes sparkled with sudden animation, as he replied, “ Ah, no ; I don't pray to the Virgin ; if I did, I would not be in these rags to-day.” I inquired “ Why ? ” and he said, “ I would be comfortable at home with my mother ; but she turned me out because I would not pray to the Virgin.” The allusion to his mother caused tears to start into his eyes, but soon recovering from his emotion, he

went on : "The people all round about the place, when they heard it, told her it would be unlucky to have a heretic like me in the neighbourhood ; and so she turned me out." Upon inquiring how he had discovered that it was wrong to pray to the Virgin, I learned that some time ago, being in Dublin, he attended the Townsend Street Ragged School, where he heard of these and many other errors of the Church of Rome.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A reader, in the course of visiting, called upon an old man he had not seen before. He found him sitting with his little grandson (a child of six years of age) between his knees. The little fellow was earnestly engaged teaching his grandfather a text. The reader asked the old man in what way he could be saved? He answered, "By doing good." "No," said the little fellow ; "it is by faith in the Redeemer, and doing the works appointed." "But what works," said the reader? "Well," answered the boy, "when you become a child of God, you *must* do the Father's work—you cannot stop." Need we say the "little fellow" was a frequenter of the Coombe Mission School?

A little girl who had attended the Luke Street Infant School was ill, and near her death. She tried to sing "Come to Jesus," and asked her little sister to help. "The child's raving," said the Roman Catholic mother. "No, mother, I'm not raving. Mother, give me my frock." Her mother gave it, and she showed her a hole she had made in it as a pocket to contain the handbills. "Mother, won't you take them and sew them into a book?" She then finished her hymn, and very soon after went "to Jesus."

MARY F.

Mary F., an intelligent girl of about eighteen, came to the school a day or two after its coming under the teaching of Mrs G., who was much struck with the modest, quiet bearing, and unwearied diligence of Mary in every *department of school duty*, but particularly in Scripture lessons,

to which she devoted every spare moment. It pleased God to bless His word to her soul, as, after considering the step she was taking, she was introduced to Mr MacCarthy, at her own desire, as a convert. Upon Mrs G.'s removal to Luke Street, Mary followed, and became a pattern to the school. The impurity of the confessional was what caused the first doubt in her mind with regard to the teaching of her Church ; and her object in coming to the school was to find out what did God really teach ; and no sooner was her own mind enlightened, than she set her heart upon the conversion of her mother, a pervert of thirty years' standing, and so zealous, that she actually paid for masses for the souls of her Protestant friends. Mary succeeded in bringing her mother to the classes and meetings ; when it pleased God that her eyes also should be opened, and she cast off Popish error, though "secretly for fear." Her brother next became an object of Mary's anxiety. He was a rough, ignorant, and bitter Papist. His suspicions were aroused by finding handbills, which Mary had purposely left in his way ; and coming home unexpectedly one day, he found his sister reading her Bible. He became very angry, and wanted her to burn it, go to confession, &c., or he would tell the priest. Having studied the "Vital Questions," Mary was more than a match for her brother in the argument which ensued, and which ended by his swearing she should never share the bread which he earned. He then collected all her clothes, and carried them away, declaring they were all disgraced by Mary becoming a Protestant, and tried to persuade his mother to turn her out, but was unsuccessful. Mary, however, dared not to enter at night until he would be asleep ; and she was thus kept out several times until midnight, and she was almost famished, until by accident it was discovered that the bit of bread which she got at school during the day was her only support. By one means or another, she was then enabled to earn a little money. When her brother found that his persecution had no effect, he changed his tone, and offered to support her, and return her clothes, and even buy her some new, if she would go back to mass ; but finding all useless, he

insisted upon the mother turning her out, and her refusing to do so drew his suspicions upon herself; and he soon found that she too, as well as Mary, attended church. He then removed all the furniture from the room, under the pretence of having engaged another residence nearer to his work. His mother allowed the things to go; but when she went to the place he had named, she found it was all a trick, as no room had been there engaged. For six or eight weeks after this, the poor woman, with Mary and a little brother, had to sleep on the bare boards of their empty room, without a particle of covering but the clothes which they wore during the day. A friend who was applied to supplied them with a small pair of blankets, sheets, and a rug. Three more hopeful converts than these I have not met with. They were apparently very comfortable, and have all along shown so great an independence of spirit, that I believe they would rather endure cold and hunger than let any one know they experienced either.

ONE TEXT.

A very poor country woman found her way into the Mission Sunday school at Townsend Street. The text for that day was Rom. v. 1—"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." She got it by heart, but thought no more about it, until two months had passed away, and she was lodging in the house of an old Roman Catholic woman. One night the conversation turned upon the doings of "the Soupers." The old woman thought them very wicked, and that all who entered the doors of a Mission school were on the high road to destruction. After a little time, the younger woman gathered courage to confess that she had once been to Townsend Street, and had heard nothing but what was good; and then she repeated the text, and before they went to rest, the old woman too could repeat it, word for word. More than that, it stuck deep into her heart. She could not sleep; the words "justified by faith" haunted her. In the morning, she begged of her companion *to tell her something more*; but she had no more to tell, and

did not even remember where the school was. She had heard of the Irish Church Mission office, and together they went there, seeking for truth. They were spoken to, prayed with, and sent away happy in the possession of a copy of the Scriptures. From this time, the elder woman attended regularly the means of grace, and is now a humble, earnest Christian, seeking to spread the glorious news of peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

A COGENT REASON.

A poor widow informed the readers that the priest visited her house in great wrath, because she sent her sons to the Mission School. In vain she remonstrated. He threatened to flog her and her sons with his horsewhip for contumacy. In accounting for his earnestness, he remarked, "You are afraid of me, Mrs ——. Well, I am ten times more in dread of my bishop. He has been informed of all the Roman Catholic children attending the Protestant school. I *must* take them away, or I shall lose my parish."

THE BOY TEACHER.

A Protestant boy had taught a Roman Catholic comrade what he had learned—this boy taught a sick brother. One evening these three were together, when the nuns called to see the sick one and his mother; and after giving him a blessed candle, they asked what prayers he said. He replied, that his mother taught him the *Confiteor* regularly; but that his brother had taught him a nice prayer; it was the 51st Psalm and 1st verse—"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." The nun asked the first boy, "Who are you, my little boy—are you a Catholic?" "Oh, yes," he said; "I am an Irish Catholic." "Are you a Roman Catholic?" she asked. "Oh, no, ma'am," said he; "sure there was no Roman Catholics in Ireland, ma'am, till the eleventh century; and St Patrick was a Protestant." (*Here he repeated St Patrick's Prayer at the Hill of Tara.*)

"Go out of the room," said the nun; and turning to the woman, she desired her not to let him back. "Ma'am," said the sick boy's brother, "if he goes out, I will go out too;" and both boys went out together. The nun again repeated her charge, adding, "Don't let them come near the sick boy." "Oh," said he, "I like that boy to come and see me." As soon as the nuns had gone, the banished ones returned, and constantly attend their sick companion.

BOTH GONE.

A good while ago, a little, starved dark-eyed boy found his way to the Sunday ragged school. He was very much interested in what he learned, and he came again. After a while, he brought his sister with him, and she was very much delighted to find herself in a class of little girls, just her own size, and all learning the same text. When she got home, she found that her brother had learned the same; and they sat round the fire that evening and talked over it, and their father and mother were quite interested in their talk, and they thought they would like to go to school too. Thus the whole family became Sunday scholars; but Willy and Mary did more than learn with the mind: the truth about Jesus sunk down deep in their hearts, and they became Christian children. It was wonderful how little Mary grew in grace; she became so loving, and kind, and gentle, and she was so anxious about the other people in the house. She learned a great many hymns, and as she had a very sweet voice, the neighbours loved to listen to her singing.

She is singing in heaven now. Jesus wanted her there, and so He made her ready very quickly.

When Mary was gone, Willy devoted himself more earnestly to the service of Christ. His anxiety about his father was very great; he got him to be a teetotaler, and brought him constantly to church and school. He visited an uncle, and read for him, and at length persuaded him to let the readers come. But Willy's working day was short; he was soon laid *upon a bed of sickness*, from which it was very evident he

would never rise ; but he was quite happy. When his mother was weeping, he would begin to sing—

“There is a happy land, far, far away.”

“You must not cry, mamma dear. I’ll meet you in the happy land. You love Jesus ; we’ll be happy together.”

When he was suffering pain, he would ask those about him to sing.

One night as they sang, he whispered, “It’s like heaven.”

Willy did not suffer long ; soon he joined the other happy children who, “from time to time,”

“Scaping the storms of this weary life,
Scaping the dust and the heat,
Fly up through the great golden archway to God,
And nestle for aye at His feet.”

ROUGH RHYMES.

The following humble poetic effusion is from the pen of a poor houseless Roman Catholic lad, who was placed by some kind friends in a night asylum, and sent to the ragged school, where he was brought to the knowledge of the truth, which he has put in these humble verses :—

“I am an humble person, of a very low degree,
That has written these few verses on Christianity ;
Thanks unto our kind friends, who are exerting all their might,
All for to feed the hungry, and shelter them by night.

“Thanks to our Redeemer, the gospel it is spread,
And in the county Mayo has knocked Popery dead.
In the county Galway it is spreading far and wide,
Though priests and monks combine its blessed light to hide.

“I’m sure the Church of Rome is that foul abomination,
So fully made known in the Divine revelation ;
She will tell you that she is founded on a rock,
And with those pious slanders she has blinded all her flock.

“If you ask a priest to prove transubstantiation,
He will tell you to believe it without further hesitation ;
And if you their doctrine with the Bible do compare,
They will differ from each other, which I’m sure is very queer.

"When you get absolution, pray tell me where's your gain,
Since you must go to purgatory to wash away the stain?
If you go unto a priest, and give him six pounds or seven,
He'll promise to say masses to carry you to heaven.

"But if you be a poor man, and have not the cash to pay,
He'll leave you, once in purgatory, until the judgment day!
But it is not in his power to exclude me from above,
Since Jesus spilt His blood for me, in His own boundless love.

"Now, to conclude and finish, these verses are not long,
Let any priest correct me, or say that I am wrong;
For if he takes his Bible, and proves that I am so,
I'll submit unto his doctrine, and along with him I'll go."

THE WANDERER'S HOME.

I don't know where poor Sally's home had been, or what might have been the trials of her earlier life. The first time I heard anything about her was in February last year; she came to the ragged school in Luke Street, and begged to be admitted to the dormitory, for she was "homeless and desolate." Her scanty clothing and starved appearance drew forth much pity from the ladies who were then sitting on the committee, but they could do nothing for her; the funds were very low, and the dormitory was quite full, and there were many other applicants, so the poor girl was sent away—sent away but where? Her stepmother had turned her out of the only home she had ever known, and she knew nothing of her Father in heaven, who calls to the outcast, saying in loving terms: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." With a heavy heart she turned from the school door; she wandered down on street, and then another, and then over the bridge and down Sackville Street. There were plenty of homes around, but none for poor Sally. At length, weary and hungry, she sat down on the steps of Nelson's Pillar, buried her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

The short evening was drawing to a close, and Sally was still sitting there, when a messenger boy came up with a basket on his head. He stopped to speak to the poor girl, asking her what was the matter. At the sound of a kind voice poor

Sally looked up, and the boy saw that she was his own cousin. The sad story was soon told, and the boy told her where his mother lived, and said he was sure she would take her in if she would go, he was too busy to go with her himself. A ray of hope darted into the desolate heart of poor Sally, and a ray of sunshine to her face, and with a quick step she hastened to the home of her aunt. It was a small place in a back court, a kind of open room down-stairs and a more comfortable one above. Sally knocked timidly at the door—no one answered; again she knocked, and then she heard a pair of bare feet coming pattering down the stairs. It was her cousin Biddy. The child soon recognised her, and called out, "Mother, mother! here's Sally come, and she's got no place to go to, mother; mayn't she come in here?" And the mother, poor as she was, welcomed the poor girl, and they warmed her by the fire, and she shared their scanty meal and bed. Very scanty it was; for the aunt was a widow, and their only support was the money earned by doing coarse needlework—fourpence or sixpence a day. Poor Sally, she could not bear to stay there, and after a while she applied again for admission to the dormitory.

This time she was admitted. She was about sixteen years of age, a nice-looking girl, with large blue eyes and a thoughtful expression of countenance. She was of an amiable disposition, and gave very little trouble, but at first she very much disliked having to read the Bible or to be questioned on its doctrines. "It is a Protestant book," she said; "I will *never* be a Protestant." Two other girls who were in school at the same time felt as she did, and they strengthened each other in their old belief. But by slow degrees the mind of poor Sally opened. She saw herself a sinner in God's sight, and she saw that in the Bible Jesus was revealed as the Saviour of sinners. She thirsted for the "water of life," and only in the Bible could she find that which satisfied her, even "wells of water springing up into everlasting life." For eleven months Sally remained in the Home, growing 'in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ.' And then sickness came.

The kind matron did all she could to make her better, but she grew worse and worse ; it was evident that she was in a rapid decline. At her own request, admission was sought for her into an hospital. Before she went one of the ladies said to her, "Sally, suppose we should never meet again, tell me what is your hope?" She replied, "All my hope is in Jesus, who died for me, and washed me in His blood ; my sins are all forgiven, and we shall meet again above."

For five weeks Sally lay in the hospital ; not a cloud dimmed the brightness of her faith ; she knew in whom she had believed, and was fully persuaded that He was *able* to keep that which she had committed unto Him. Oh ! how often she thanked God that she had been brought to the ragged school, where she had heard of Jesus, that the Good Shepherd had followed her in her wanderings, and led her by the right way, even when she knew it not. But now she knew the guiding hand, and even in the dark valley the presence of the Saviour made all things light.

Sally is at HOME now. No more sorrow, no more wandering ; but there are many, many left needing the hand of love and kindness to be outstretched to them, and this Luke Street Dormitory could be made to receive eight more girls, if we had a little more money and a few more annual subscriptions. It has been the earthly home of many a poor wanderer. Here they have learned of the heavenly home. Some are safely there, and many more are serving God here below with diligent hands and fervent hearts,—grateful that in their wanderings they were led to the Luke Street Ragged School.

" I WILL NEVER DIE."

(*From a Journal.*)

Sometime ago I was in the neighbourhood of —, where the exertions of the priests had succeeded in closing every door against us. After several ineffectual attempts to obtain a hearing, I was about to try if I should be more fortunate at —, when my eye rested upon one house, the door of which stood so invitingly open that I entered, and found a poor old creature, seventy-

ive years of age, very ignorant, but not at all a sharer in the bigotry and bad feeling so conspicuous in all her neighbours. I brought several gospel truths before her ; she listened attentively, promised to attend the next ragged Sunday school class, and kept her word. It became from that day a most interesting sight to note her attention and eagerness to learn, while the ease with which texts of Scripture were committed to memory was remarkable in one so old. She has attended regularly for a considerable time now, and the dawning of light presents such a contrast to the darkness in which she lay so long, that I am tempted to give a little of our recent conversation.

We were speaking about the previous Sunday's instruction, and I asked what were her hopes of death. "Death !" she repeated ; "I will never die ; One has died for me, and I will live for ever."

After some little explanation of what I meant, I asked if she did not feel some uneasiness at the thought of the soul's separation from the body.

"Ah !" she replied, "I know I will die that way ; but my soul will never die, for One who is mighty went through all for me, and saved my soul from suffering."

A Roman Catholic here remarked, that if she gave her soul to God, then she would be admitted into purgatory at the hour of death, and obtain entrance into heaven soon after. The poor old woman repudiated the idea of purgatory, saying 'When we have Christ's righteousness upon us, what would we go there for ?'

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

One cold winter's day, a lady was visiting amongst the poor people in the back streets of Dublin. She had been through many wretched rooms, and at length she came to one more miserable than the rest ; in it lived a poor old Roman Catholic woman. The lady sat down and read and talked with her. When she was going away, the woman said, "*Ma'am, do you think you could do anything for a poor crea-*

ture I have here? I've kept her a week, but I'm poor, and I cannot keep her any longer." The lady turned, and for the first time saw a creature dressed in rags, crouching in a corner. She spoke kindly to her, found she was a young girl who had come from England, where she had been for some time; she had no home and no friends, only this kind old woman had taken her in for a little time. The lady said she would try and get her into the dormitory of the ragged school. The girl asked if she would have to go to church on Sundays!—if so, she could not go there.

"Well," said the lady, "it is not a prison. Try it, and if you don't like it, you can go away."

The girl said she would think of it for a few days. She did so, and then consented to go in.

There were a great many girls in the dormitory; some of them had learned the truth about Jesus' love, and were trying to be mild and gentle like Him; others were Roman Catholics, who did not like Bible teaching, and were cross and angry with the kind patient teachers, who tried to instruct them. To this latter set poor Ellen joined herself, and for months would not listen to the story of peace. But then there was a change. Her hard nature softened. God's plough had entered deep into the hard earth, and the soil was turned up, and made ready to receive the seed; and it sprang up, and began to bear much fruit. There was a change in Ellen's outward conduct, and she became "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." In a very short time she was ready to go out as a servant, and a nice situation was found for her. But here she felt a great desire to do something for her Roman Catholic friends, especially for an aunt whom she loved very much, and when she could find time she wrote a letter to her.

This letter we insert, because it shows the kind of teaching poor girls receive in the Mission schools; and may all who read it be led to feel a deeper interest in the schools, and to pray more and more earnestly for the outpouring of the *Holy Spirit* on each child in them!—

“MY DEAR AUNT,—

“I received your letter in due course of post, and hope you are not angry for my not writing before this.

“I was truly happy, when I heard that my brother has given you comfort in your present trying circumstances, but you must look to the Lord for *true* comfort and peace,—that peace which this world can neither give nor take away.’ You say that you are distracted for losing poor old Rose Villa, but there is a sweeter place prepared for you, if you trust in Christ, out of which no landlord can put you.

“Yes, dear aunt, Christ came and purchased that happy home where there is no sighing, no sorrow, nor parting from dear friends, for He has promised to ‘*wipe away all tears from our eyes.*’

“Dear aunt, I have met with many trials since I left you, but I have learned that the Lord chasteneth whom He loveth. He directed my feet to a Mission school for Roman Catholics, where I found a home, received instructions in many things, but especially in the Bible, the Book of books. I listened for six months, letting the word in at one ear and out at the other, till it pleased God to say to my dark mind, ‘LET THERE BE LIGHT.’ He sent His Holy Spirit, and then I found peace, when I felt myself a vile sinner.

“Dear aunt, I found Christ a willing Saviour. I felt no more the power of Rome nor the fear of Father ——. I never went to a priest since I went to Him. I told you that I never would ; but oh ! thank God, I can go to Christ Jesus, the High Priest of our profession. Yes, dear aunt, and you can do the same ; even now, ‘if you shall hear His voice, ye shall enter into His joy.’

“Who should hear our confession but Jesus, against whom we have sinned,—who came and died for us, and now sits at His Father’s right hand, pleading for perishing sinners ? We should trust in Him, and in no one else.

“Dear aunt, listen to that gracious invitation—‘Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for

I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' And again, 'He that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' But the priests say we ought to go to Mary for help. Was she not a saved sinner herself, who magnified the Lord, because He regarded her humility? They teach their poor deluded flocks that they should pray to saints and angels, but let them read, or let their people read, God's holy word in their own Bible. When John the Divine fell down to worship the angel, he said to him, 'See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant: *worship God!*'

"Thank God, the people here, and throughout all Ireland, are not afraid of popes or priests. They are searching for themselves. They are throwing off the tyrannical yoke of the Pope—that superstitious, idolatrous system, and looking unto Christ, the author and finisher of our faith.

"Dear aunt, cannot you do the same?—now, this day, while these words are ringing in your ears—and then tell others what peace you have found. I tell you, in the name of the God of all grace, if you hearken to His words—if you come, as a ruined sinner, to the Saviour, renouncing all confidence in popes, priests, saints, and Virgin, or in your own works, but trusting only in the great Saviour, He will hear your cry, He will reveal Himself to you as the God of our salvation; and instead of regarding God as against you, and the Virgin for you, you shall find that He is altogether *for you*, and the Virgin knows nothing of what passes here on earth; she is praising her Lord and Saviour in heaven, that blessed Jesus whom you have slighted and rejected, and in whom you have found no beauty that you should desire Him. He shall appear to your longing soul as 'the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.' God will lead you into pastures of life. He will give you to drink of the streams of divine bliss, and enable you, amidst all your present trials and sorrows, to go on your way rejoicing. I can feel for you, but *how much more* can He feel for you who felt hunger and thirst on this earth, and had no place to lay his Head! May God, for

Christ's sake, bless these words to thy soul! As soon as I receive a satisfactory answer, I will send you a Roman Catholic Bible.

"Ask Father — why he keeps the Second Commandment of God from the people? I shall tell you. Because it forbids us to worship images or pictures. Or, why does he preach about purgatory to the people? Is it not because it puts money in his pocket for his useless masses? 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus!' What is the mass for? Is it not null and void, like all the other doctrines of Rome? 'For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.'

"May God forgive the priests of Rome!

"I must now conclude, in kind love to all friends.—Believe me to be, your affectionate niece, ———."

THE LESSON REMEMBERED.

A little boy used to go every day to a Mission school, and there he learned how wrong it is to quarrel and fight, and how Jesus loves little children to be good and gentle, and will help them to be so. One day, when he came home, he forgot these nice lessons which he had learned so far as to get into a quarrel with his little sister, and to strike her. His mother stopped him, telling him it was a sin; and no more was said, when some time afterwards she went into the bed-room, and found him on his knees praying.

"Why do you say your prayers, Willy, before your bedtime?" asked she.

"I was asking God to forgive me for hitting Mary," said he; "for the master tells me whenever I do anything wrong, I ought to ask God to forgive me for Christ's sake."

FRUITS AND FEARS OF SCHOOLS.

A most cheering instance of God's blessing on our school labours occurred within the last few days. The little boy *whom his parents were bribed to take from the school some*

time ago, with his sisters, became dangerously ill in October with spinal disease. A Protestant calling on the mother, naturally went up to see the boy. He was at times in great agony, but as soon as it subsided, he appeared calm and resigned. She asked him if he was afraid to die? "No," was the answer. "Why not, Charley?" "Because I shall go to Jesus!" was the reply. "How do you know that you will go to Jesus?" she continued. "Because," said he, "Jesus has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom.'"

The mother of a family, who sent her children to the school by stealth, has been cursed from "the altar." The poor creature is greatly frightened, and has withdrawn all her children. When the priest asked her why she sent her children to that school, she replied, "I didn't know, my lord, that it was any harm."

One of the priests visiting some Romanist families last week, called at the house of a convert from Romanism. He asked, among other things, if the children went to any school? The woman of the house told him they did, and the name of the school. "Why do you send them there?" he demanded. "Because it is the father's wish, sir," said the woman; "and I think it is better to send them there than to have them running about the street." "Indeed, it is not," said he. "You had better let them run about the streets, and steal for their livelihood, than send them to such a place."

THE LITTLE BOY'S WISH.

"How do you like the school here, my boy?" asked one of the readers to a little boy, who was attending the Townsend Street School some time since. "I like it very well, sir," he replied; "but I wish it had been set up *when I was young*, for I heard nothing about those things then."

RIGHT CONFESSION.

A few weeks ago, the question was put to some children in a *Mission school*, who had been taught on the *Mission plan*,

"What is the reason we should confess to God?" Seven answers were immediately given :—

1. God promises to forgive ;
2. It is against God we have sinned ;
3. God commands us to confess ;
4. God knows the heart ;
5. God can change the heart ;
6. God has no sin ;
7. God is love.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK.

Not long ago, four new scholars found their way to the Coombe Ragged School—Pat and Julia—both so small as hardly to be able to get along. Each carried a little sister. They were such a miserable little set ; and no wonder, for their father was a drunkard. These little children were very much pleased with the nice, clean, warm room, and the kind words of the teacher. They came day after day ; and Pat and Julia soon surpassed many others in their knowledge of texts and little hymns. One day Pat was absent. His sister said he was sick. Some one went to see him. The little fellow was very ill, but not afraid to die. He said, "I'm going to heaven to sing hallelujahs with those that are gone before." Seeing his parents distressed, he tried to comfort them by repeating texts and verses of hymns. "Won't you trust in the Lord Jesus as I do?" said he. "See how happy I am." He begged of his father to leave off drinking, and then sang—

"I have a Father in the promised land ;
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet Him in the promised land !"

Very soon after this he died ; and we are very sure he is safe in the fold of the "good Shepherd," who guided the steps of His little lamb to the ragged school.

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

A little girl, who had attended in Luke Street, was seized with *scarlatina*, and the schoolmistress brought me to see her ;

but she was unable to speak much on the first evening we called. The next day, however, she was a little better, and more able to talk. She wanted to sing a hymn for me, but, thinking her too weak, I prevented her. Her father and mother being present, she asked the former to repeat for me some of the verses she had taught him, which he did very correctly, and also some verses of hymns. The mother, in like manner, seemed to have learned many verses from the child. Both seemed greatly pleased, and expressed their gratitude for the care that had been taken of the child in school.

MOTIVES CHANGED.

William B., a Roman Catholic boy, came to the ragged school to mock. One of the missionaries put a question to him. "Oh," said he, "I did not come to learn; I only want to look at the place." The missionary took him round the house, and improved the time by questioning him about his religion. The boy was pleased with the notice taken of him, and in a few days returned. He said that he had looked at the host on Sunday, and it was *not* the body of Christ. He continued to attend the school, notwithstanding the opposition of his friends; but soon they turned him out of doors, when he took refuge in a hall, where he slept three nights. He went to the class. His brother watched for and beat him severely when he came out. On meeting the missionary a few days ago, he burst into tears, and said, "I fear to go to you *now*, but though they may keep my body away, my heart is with you. I have employment, and, with God's blessing, I'll soon be independent, and then I'll go to you entirely."

WAYSIDE SEED.

A Scripture reader, on his way home one evening, observed a group of people collected round two children, who were trying to obtain a few pence by singing. As he drew near, he expected to hear some of the common rhymes sung about the streets, but was surprised to hear instead the hymn, "*Come, thou long-expected Jesus.*" As he was listening, the woman

of the house before which they were standing came out with a plate of broken bread, which she gave to the children. The reader recognised them as scholars of the Coombe Mission school, and the children, ashamed at being caught begging, (or something like it,) hastened away. They were of the poorest class, and were driven thus to seek for their bread; but who knows whether some of those who were first attracted by the sweet tones of the hymn, did not hear something in the words which would awaken them to think for the first time of their souls? Another reader remarked that he had often seen the Mission children on a summer even grouped in a public street not far from the school, singing hymns together. Other children would, doubtless, on such occasions be led to listen and join, and desire to hear the sacred story which these hymns relate to.

THE BEST BREAD.

A clergyman from the country, quite a stranger to the Missions, was in Dublin, and anxious to see what he could of the society's work. He accordingly went to Townsend Street, and was greatly pleased with the Mission service and the schools. As he went up the steps of the Mission-house, he saw an old man, and said to him, alluding to the popular name of "Souper," given to the converts and agents, "Is this the soup shop?" "It is, sir," was the old man's answer. "And do you get good soup here?" "We do, sir; the best." "What soup do ye get?" "The gospel of Christ, sir." "And don't they give you bread, too? They tell me you are bribed with bread." "We do get bread, sir; the best." "What bread?" said the clergyman. "The bread of life, sir," the old man at once replied. This greatly pleased and surprised the clergyman, coming as it did from a stranger, and he mentioned it as an interesting evidence of the effect of the Mission teaching.

THE TWO DEATH-BEDS.

A contrast, suggested by the death of a valued lady, an

active helper of the Irish Church Missions, and that of one of the Mission converts, which took place about the same time.

Hark ! can we hear the harps on high ?
Two more are gathered in ;
Two happy souls have just removed,
Snatched from a world of sin.

The Lord sent forth his messenger,
He saw their hour was come ;
Two from our circle have been called—
Two children taken home.

PART I.

Down to a favoured English home
The Lord his message sent,
To set a faithful heart at rest,
With toil and sickness spent.

Dear happy saint ! we asked life,
For thou hadst work below ;
We could not deem the rod was raised
To strike the severing blow.

But thou wert ready, and thy Lord
Had need of thee above.
He gently wound the silver cord,
And took thee in His love.

And many ransomed ones above,
With joy thine entrance greet,
And tell their Saviour, " This is she
Who led me to Thy feet."

PART II.

It was a home of poverty,
Far off on Erin's strand,
In a great city's darkest street,
Where the Lord put forth His hand.

A fevered form was, fainting, laid
On a lowly straw bed there ;
The careworn eye was glazed and dim—
Low was the murmured prayer.

But cursing voices echo loud
Around that dying bed—
Hands never raised to dry the tear,
Or stay the aching head.

Now thrust with bigot fury forth,
Before her harassed eye,
The cross—the beads—the scapular,
And wild their deafening cry.

They tell her of the holy oil;
They bid her “hear the priest.”
Naught heeds she of their bitter words;
Her eye is fixed on Christ.

They tell her of the awful doom
The heretic must bear;
They tell her of the Virgin’s power
To hear the sinner’s prayer.

Sore was the parting spirit tried,
Weary the throbbing brow;
“Long have ye cursed,” she feebly cries,
“Oh, neighbours, leave me now!”

Still, loud they shout of Mary’s grace,
“Call on the saints to save;
See, see the priest! or, heretic,
We’ll tear thee from thy grave!”

Weak was *her* soul, but Jesus there,
“The Faithful and the True;”
He held his blood-bought jewel fast;
None might *His* work undo.

And ever thought that angry din,
Until her soul was free,
Her voice rose up, “I want no priest,
But Him that died for me!”

And then, oh wondrous, blissful change!
She woke on Canaan’s shore;
Her cold, dark way of poverty,
Her mourning days were o’er.

Rest, weary spirit, rest awhile,
Safe with thy great High Priest;
Waiting the consummation day,
Amid the ransomed, rest.

Then thy poor scorned clay shall wake,
Raised in His image bright;
And then with those that worthy be,
Shalt walk with Him in white.

Dear Saviour, turn those erring hearts,
Poor slaves of cruel Rome;
Oh, save the cursers like the curst:
Oh, bring them to Thy home!

R. Z. B.

THE BOOK.

M. B., a child about ten years of age, attending the New Row School, received a Roman Catholic Testament from the mistress, as a loan for her father. He read it carefully. His brother found him engaged in its perusal, and soon discovered, from a discussion which ensued, how greatly his opinions were changed. The mistress, not aware of what the Lord was doing by means of the book, asked for it; but the child's mother sent a request that it might be left a little longer, as her brother-in-law was going to have another discussion with her husband, and he would require the book, stating that he had said, "I have been astray all my life. Now I know the book of God, and am done with the mass for ever!" This woman was a Romanist.

BRIGHT AND CLEAN.

A little boy, who attends the Townsend Street School, used sometimes to go to a gentleman's house on errands. At such times he sometimes stopped to chat with the good-natured old cook. One day he observed how hard she was scrubbing her pots and pans, which shone under her active hands.

"Ah, yes," said she; "I keep all the vessels in the house as bright as silver."

"And do you know," asked the little boy, "who can make your soul as bright as silver?"

"No, dear," said the cook.

"Well, it is the Holy Spirit," said the little fellow; and then he went on to explain to her all the truths which he had learned in school—how Christ saves us, and how the Holy Spirit sanctifies our hearts, and makes them bright and *clean*.

LONG LOST.

It is very interesting to mark the gradual opening of the mind of one long sunk in ignorance. Sometimes months pass away, and *no* impression is made; and then there comes a little softening, a little turning of the deaf ear to listen to the message of peace—a little desire to follow counsel. Then the verse is learned more eagerly, and then the teaching of one Sunday is remembered on the next; and on it goes, till the ignorance melts away in the pure shining of the Light of Light. How is a teacher's heart gladdened by that first little dawn! Such was the feeling in one of the classes only a few Sundays ago. An old woman had been an occasional attendant for years. She was densely ignorant, and never could learn her verse; but one Sunday she answered a question, and the words of her answer were part of a text. She *had* learned it, though she had not appeared to do so. The next Sunday she brought with her a poor woman, and she said to the teacher, "Miss, I was thinking over what you said last Sunday, and I thought since I'd be a missionary myself; and I just thought over who I could bring to learn with me, and I brought this woman." The new-comer was gladly welcomed; but, just as she was sitting down, her eye fell upon one of the Scripture readers. She rushed to him, seized both of his hands, and burst into tears. That Scripture reader had attended her husband through a long illness; he had died rejoicing in Christ. She had then removed to another part of the city, and he had lost sight of her; but often she longed to hear the words of the Book which had so comforted him, and now, through the zeal of one only a little enlightened, she was brought to the place she had longed for.

One Sunday a nice, clean little woman appeared in school. She said that some months ago she had come into the school an ignorant Roman Catholic. She had then heard a lesson on the Second Commandment, which showed her the error of the Romanists; and then she heard the hymn, "*There is a fountain filled with blood,*" with its chorus—

"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me—
That on the cross He shed His blood,
That I might happy be."

The words sank deep into our heart, and she believed that Jesus died for her. Circumstances prevented her again coming to the school; but, as she expressed it, great joy filled her mind. Then persecution came, for she was missed from her so-called duties; and for comfort she has again sought the Mission ragged school.

BOTH SAVED.

Not very long ago, a lady in the country interested herself about two neglected, ignorant girls, who had a most unhappy home—if, indeed, it could be called a home. Having got the consent of the girls, she gained admission for them into the Dormitory. Although knowing little of anything else, they knew their creed, and were most steadfast Roman Catholics, determining never to be led away from the faith. But, as weeks passed away, the younger became much interested in the beautiful stories of the Bible; and her sister, fearing that she would lose her faith, wrote a letter to her mother, begging that she would come and take the child away. She came. The elder, trusting in her own superior strength, remained, but ere long the word of God became to her as her daily food. She learned from it who it is that is—"the Way, the Truth, and the Life;" and, giving up every false hope, she trusted only in Him.

And now she began to reproach herself for having driven her sister away from the means of learning of Jesus. She was most unhappy about her; but she and her companions, knowing the efficacy of prayer, entreated of the Lord that by some means He would send Mary back. Their prayer was answered. One evening a gentle knock was heard at the door, and there was the child. Her spirit had longed for the "green pastures," and she had returned to enjoy them. These *two girls* were afterwards called to endure much persecution,

but they remained through it all steadfast in their faith in Christ. They are now both in service, and doing well.

RIGHT CRYING.

Some little children were crying for food. One little boy said, "You don't cry aright. Remember David—'In my distress I called unto the Lord.'"

GOOD ANSWERING.

An examination was recently held in the Mission building of the more advanced classes of the Mission schools in Dublin and Kingstown. The answering of these 300 children on general subjects, embracing English grammar, geography, and the theory of vocal music, together with Scripture and controversy, was most satisfactory. One instance may suffice to show the practical bearing which the religious instruction given in the schools has upon the minds of the children. On being asked what evidences St Paul gave of his conversion, one said, "The fact of his saying, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'" A second, "That it was said of him, 'Behold, he prayeth!'" A third, "That he was a chosen vessel." A fourth, "That he straightway preached Christ in the synagogue."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Where does the Virgin Mary tell us to read the Scriptures?

When she says, "*Whatsoever* he saith unto you, do it?"

What is the difference between Christ and a priest?

All fulness is in Christ, and no fulness in the priest.

What is faith?

Getting your hold of Christ; to grab Christ, and hold Him fast.

Who introduced the difference between mortal and venial sin?

The Devil, when he said, "Thou shalt not surely die."

MISSIONARY CHILDREN.

One day a Scripture reader went to visit a little boy who was absent from school. He found him lying in bed. As soon as the child saw his friend, he cried out, with his eyes beaming with joy, "Tommy did teach daddy two texts, and he will come to Sunday school when Tommy is well." And the father repeated the texts quite correctly. And in a few Sundays Tommy appeared at school, with his father by one hand and his mother by the other. Once this little boy heard some bigger boys talking of ghosts. He said to them, "Tommy not afraid of ghosts; dere no ghost but de Holy Ghost, and He do no harm."

A Mission schoolboy, about fourteen years of age, wishing to spend a half-holiday pleasantly, went to the society's office, and asked for some handbills and portions of the Scriptures. Furnished with these, he set off to the park. This is a very beautiful place, close to Dublin, where people may go to ride or walk. The gates stand open all day, and even the very poorest may go there. Well, this boy was walking along, and he saw a very sickly-looking man sitting under a tree. He went up to him and spoke kindly, asking was he ill. The man said he was. He had been severely hurt by a fall, and he did not think he should live. The boy asked him, did he think his sins were forgiven? "No," he said; "my sins never can be forgiven, they are too great." "No," said the boy; "they cannot be too great. God says, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow;' and in Hosea xiv. He says, 'Turn to the Lord, and say, Take away all iniquity; receive us graciously. . . . I will love you freely.'" The poor man wept, and said, "That may be for others, but it is not for me; there is no hope for me." "But won't you pray?" said the boy. "No; I cannot pray." "Then kneel down, and I will pray." They knelt down, and earnest cries for mercy went up from the child's lips and heart. They rose, and the boy accompanied the sick man to his home, and brought a *missionary* friend to see him. After this the boy visited the

that man very often ; his mind gradually opened to receive the mighty truth that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. At last the man became so ill, that he was taken into a hospital. On the second night that he was there, he went to the matron, and asked her to read the seventh chapter of Revelation—"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands ; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. . . . Amen : blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen." With a smile of joy, he replied, "I'll soon be singing that song. God says, 'I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away.'" In a few moments he lay back, and his spirit fled away to join the glorious host.

A little boy in the school heard an account of a woman who was converted by means of a text of Scripture on a piece of paper, which happened to be wrapped round a parcel she had brought from the grocer. He bethought him directly that at this might be the case with many more ; so he took some hundredbills (which have always texts on them) to a grocer he knew, and begged him to wrap up his parcels in them. He expected that some poor woman, who was thinking of nothing but her tea or her bit of butter, might, in opening the parcel, see the words which might feed her soul.

A boy who had been going to Townsend Street, and had learned the truth, had an aunt who was a Romanist. He was very anxious that she should learn about the good Saviour whom he had been taught to know. He was only nine years old, but he could write ; and I saw his letter, and have copied it :—

"Dear Aunt,—I only write these few lines to let you know that we are all well at present. I suppose that the priests at home are very angry.

"Christ says, come to Him; no, say the priests, come to them. Come to Christ. He will dress you in the robe of righteousness. He is the only *cheap* priest. Do you think you can enter heaven in rags? No, no. I pray for you; pray for me."

A Mission schoolmaster sends us the following interesting statement:—"It is most encouraging to be able to relate anything about children which shows that they really profit by what they are taught, especially when that incident leads you to believe that a love for those in ignorance prompts the action. The case I immediately refer to is that of a boy in this school, who, though comparatively ignorant, yet is most anxious to learn, and is improving very much. Some few evenings ago, he was sitting by the kitchen fire, very intently poring over a portion of an old Bible, as if not knowing what to do with the torn part of God's Word, and thinking it a pity to throw it away. He happened to go soon after into the village, and was observed to take the book with him, but no one noticed whether he brought it back, and in all likelihood no more would have been heard of the torn Bible were it not that this boy was observed to be unusually long on his knees by his bedside that night. Curiosity prompted his companions to ask why he prayed so very long. He answered, 'I put a part of the Bible that I was reading this evening in under the chapel door, and I was praying that it might be the means of doing good to the poor priest, or to whoever should open the door first.'

"We are having some new building work carried on here just now. The tradesmen employed are all Romanists. I scarcely ever pass by that I do not hear either this boy, or some other, engaged in controversy with them. They have been repeatedly complained of to me by the men. One man told me he thought I would have a great deal to answer for, for 'stuffing so much Scripture,' to use his own expression, 'into those little urchins' heads.' May God grant that the seed sown by those earnest, youthful missionaries may be *productive of much good*."

one of the girls in the Mission school recently said to an agent of the society, that since her mother began to read the Testament, she had first given up praying to saints, then become careless about going to mass, and now attends church occasionally. "But," she added, "we are all dreadfully afraid my father coming to find that out, or seeing our Bible at home." "What!" exclaimed another girl, standing by; "my father calls for the Bible every evening when he comes home from work; and I am glad of it, for he never scolds me as he used to do, but reads until it's time to go to bed."

A boy in the Townsend Street School asked the master a few days ago if he would get a Scripture reader to visit an old woman for him. This old woman had been in the habit of wearing a white shirt for him, and he in return had taught her lessons of Scripture. When he first knew her, she said the words, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and soul." He taught her instead, "O God, for Christ's sake, send me the Holy Spirit." He now thought she was dying. He said her only fear was purgatory. He had taught her Luke i. v. 1, viii. 1, and Rev. xiv. 13, to comfort her, and he had called a Scripture reader to give her further instruction.

A little boy came up to the master, and asked him whether it would be possible to get his little brother out of the poor-house, as, he said, it was a shocking thing to have him brought there to pray to saints, &c. "But," said the master, "don't you want to go to saints?" "I used, sir, but Pat Tracy has converted me." (Pat Tracy was a little schoolfellow.)

One day a Scripture-reader was passing by a row of little children, and was surprised to hear them all singing one of the old hymns. He asked if they had been to school. "Oh, yes," was the answer, "but they had learned them from some other children who did go, and who had taught them texts and hymns too."

From a Journal.

Mary K——, an intelligent convert girl, who was brought to the knowledge of Christ by means of the instruction she received

in Luke Street School, was so bigoted when she first came, that in order to prevent herself hearing anything that might be said about her religion, she was in the habit of chewing paper and stopping her ears with it. One day, however, while catechising the children upon the doctrine of Purgatory, I made use of a Romish picture which professed to be a representation of the tortures suffered there: this picture gave rise to a conversation, during which Mary's curiosity to hear what the girls were saying to me got the better of her prejudice, and she removed the paper from her ears. Very soon after she heard me quote the verse, 1 John i 7, and inquired in a very earnest manner if that was in the Roman Catholic Testament. I handed her one, and pointed to the verse. I drew her attention to the Romish bishops' names on the title-page. Being evidently afraid to trust my word in a matter of so much importance, she afterwards took it to the chapel in Westland Row, and was assured by one of the priests there, that it was a genuine Roman Catholic book. She returned to the school quite satisfied, and from that time forth, became an eager and attentive pupil; her prejudices have gradually disappeared, and I believe she is now a consistent and earnest believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

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PART III.

CONVERTS' DEATHS.

"And they who with their leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever, and for ever,
Are clad in robes of white."

GLORIOUSLY HAPPY.

It was a cold, dark day in early winter ; we had picked our steps through many a dirty lane, and entered many a noisy court, and visited many a wretched home, and we were well-nigh weary, when my companion said, "I believe I never took you to see George Connor ; he is an anxious inquirer, and I fear he is suffering from deep poverty." It was not very much further, and I consented.

We entered a room on the ground-floor of a small house. Though poor and scant the furniture, the room had an air of neatness. The walls were whitewashed, and the straw bed was covered by a clean patch-work quilt. There was not a spark of fire, but on a stool near the empty grate sat a woman knitting.

She rose to welcome us, hastily brushing away the tears which had been rolling silently down her cheeks. We asked for her husband and her little children.

"My little children are at the Mission school," she said, "Many's the day I bless God for the breakfast they get there."

"But have you no food at home for them?"

"None this week, ma'am," she said; "I pawned everything I had to spare last week, and there is nothing left now. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" And she burst out into a passionate flood of tears.

At this moment the door opened, and a nice-looking man in his shirt sleeves entered. This was George Connor. There was no seat left for him, and he stood with his back against the door.

"Wife," said he, "don't take on that way; let's hear a little of the good word from Mr M'Guigan; maybe he'll pray for us."

"Indeed I will," was the ready response; "but first tell me, George, how it is we find you in such distress?"

"Well, sir, I suppose you know my wife there was always a Protestant, and she always liked to have the children in the Mission school; and I never opposed her wishes, though I was a stiff Roman Catholic, seeing as the wee things got on so nicely, and learned to sing so pretty. But you know, sir, when you and the gentleman from Townsend Street began to come here, and leave me them bills, and my mind was turned a bit, to see the error of my ways, then I began to have a different feeling about the children. I felt so thankful like, that they had been kept from ever going the way I was going, and learning the things that would never lead them to heaven. Then you know, sir, I went over to the classes and the sermons, and I quitted going to confession, and the priest found me out, and he laid a trap to snare me and some others who acted as I did."

The priest managed in this way. He got the ear of the master, and persuaded him to agree that all the people he employed should live in certain houses, which should be under the care of the priest, who would see that all the children were duly sent to a Roman Catholic school.

The plan was carried into effect, and the master-baker told all his men that they must either submit or leave his employ.

"That day," continued poor George, "I came home to my

wife, and we thought it over. We were very anxious for the future, but we knew we *ought* to obey God, and that it was His command that the blessed words should be taught diligently to the children, and so we determined to stand firm. And then I got the consequence, and that's why ye find me so poor to-day."

When George had finished his sad story, we pointed him to some of those comforting promises which tell of God's presence with His tried children, and how He helps them to bear their sorrows; and we knelt down, and took his heavy burden, and cast it upon the Lord, earnestly beseeching of Him to sustain his poor suffering servants. A little relief from present difficulty was offered and gratefully accepted, and we parted.

For some weeks George struggled on seeking work, now getting employed for a few days, and then being tracked out by his persecutors, and dismissed. He was too high-minded to beg, and so his face grew pale, and his eyes bright, and his flesh wore away with poverty and suffering. One day, as I was walking along a street, I met him—famine and disease stamped upon his brow. He told me all he had gone through; how his health and strength had failed, and now he knew not what to do.

Through the influence of a lady, who from this time took a deep interest in him, a situation in a Protestant baker's establishment was procured; but it was too late: a lingering consumption had set in, and before long, poor George Connor became an inmate of an hospital; some employment having been procured for his wife, by which she was enabled to earn something for her children's support.

So far George Connor's was a very common case—an earnest inquirer sorely persecuted. Alas! it is an every-day tale. None know this better than we who are engaged in the instruction of poor Roman Catholics. But when we extended the hand of charity to lift up this poor man from his miserable condition, we little thought how bright a gem he would form in the Saviour's crown of rejoicing; or how even here he

would be permitted to reflect sweetly and brightly the image of Jesus.

In the quiet of the hospital, and under the quickening influence of the Spirit of God, the soul of George Connor became even as the garden of the Lord, in which grew all manner of pleasant fruits. The Bible was his only study. Its images became the ideas of his soul ; its language the model of his expression. He enjoyed intimate and brotherly communion with Jesus ; and his joyous countenance, and heavenly conversation, often reminded us of those beautiful lines of Cowper—

“ When one who holds communion with the skies,
Hath filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook its wings :
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
And tells us whence the perfume is supplied.”

Difficulty of breathing at length prevented his speaking much ; but the beautiful thoughts which filled his mind found expression in letters, which he wrote from his dying bed to his Christian friends.* In one of these, written to the lady before-mentioned, he gives an account of his spiritual conversion—

“ I slept very little the night of the last day you visited me, and your sweet companion. I can never forget her first visit to my little desolate room in Power's Court. Oh, no, it was not the room that was desolate or miserable, but the poor burdened soul that stood inside, drooping to the ground with sin and unbelief.

“ The first question you ever put me in your hall will never leave my mind—‘ Connor, if you have come out from the Church of Rome, have you come to Jesus ? ’ Oh, the day you put this question to me, I felt just like a man in a strange country, who comes to a cross-road, and did not know which way to turn. I stood ; I looked up to Jesus, and said, ‘ Lord Jesus, if it be thy merciful goodness to direct me on the right

* *These letters are copied verbatim, the spelling only corrected.*

road, O Lord Jesus,' said I, 'will you send the Holy Spirit to direct me, that I may not go astray.' This prayer was answered. My Saviour sent the Holy Spirit to guide me, and brought me on all the way safe. I applied to Jesus by myself in prayer. I said, 'O Lord Jesus, strengthen me to abandon all false schemes of priestcraft; O Lord Jesus, be merciful to me, a sinner; O Lord Jesus, give me strength to look up to Thy atoning blood for salvation. Oh, make me *see*, and *feel*, and *understand*, that I must apply to you, as I am a miserable sinner. O Lord, I heard of your telling Nicodemus, unless we be born again, we cannot see the kingdom of God. O Lord Jesus, may I be saved from the wrath to come.'

"This was my prayer to Jesus. I found all my petitions answered; I got pardon, glory, everlasting life. Oh, may Jesus bless the hour I first took up the holy book. Jesus has made all my rough places smooth, and my heavy afflictions light and healthy ones; and although I have not much knowledge of the Scriptures, yet glory, honour, and praise be forever to the name of Jesus: the Holy Spirit has taught me to know my Saviour, my advocate, and mediator, and that the kingdom of eternal glory which He has prepared for *me* is a *free gift*, without money and without price. Although it was the price of His precious blood, He gives it free to true believers. Oh, how I long to be with my Saviour; yet the Lord will leave the Holy Spirit, to teach me more and more of Jesus. I get so many changes, sometimes weak and sometimes strong, I would feel happy if I thought my Saviour was near calling me. But oh, I am happy in spite of this sickness; for although the frame may be past curing, my good Shepherd and great Physician has my soul healed through His atoning blood."

After some weeks spent in Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, admittance was sought for George Connor into the Hospital for Incurables. In prospect of his removal he wrote to his kind medical attendant, who had also been his Sunday-school teacher:—

"*I could not feel happy in going into hospital at all, only*

I found from the loving mercies of Jesus Christ, that I was given over from one to the other of the instruments in the service of Jesus Christ, trusting and feeling that I had my great Physician and High Priest with me, wherever I was removed to. None can tell of the loving mercies of my Saviour to me in this affliction. He says, 'Fear not, for I am with you; I will never leave you, nor forsake you. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with you; through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee, for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.' Dear doctor, am I not a happy patient, lying here, knowing there is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus. What a happy view I have in these promises from the Son of God, Jesus! He did not cut me off in the dark and dismal state I was brought up in; but He waited to see me stripped of every false hope, and driven out of every refuge of lies, that I might flee to Him for a free salvation. Noah was not more truly in the ark, nor the manslayer in the City of Refuge, than the true believer is in Jesus Christ; for I consider it is our *loving belief of our Saviour unseen*, that quickens our desire to see Him as He is, face to face.

"I was many a night, since you placed me first in this ward, almost choking, yet I got strength looking up unto Jesus. I thought on poor Stephen calling upon God, and saying, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' He looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. It is a good many Sundays, now, since you taught us about that in Townsend Street school.

"I am to go to Donnybrook on Tuesday. I feel happy to go wherever my sweet Saviour pleases. You acted with Christian feeling towards me. My prayers may be weak, but I offer them up to Jesus for you, for I know you felt an interest in my soul's welfare, as well as my body."

It was with mingled feelings that poor George entered

his little closet in this hospital, to spend the few remaining weeks of his life. When he thought of his wife and little children left alone in the world, he could not but be sad; but for himself, all was joy. In one of his first letters, after the change, he says—

“I am given over by worldly physicians, and my body confined to this *incurable hospital*; but my soul is in the hands of my great Physician, who never had an *incurable patient*—all are healed with perfect skill.”

It is quite impossible to arrange his letters in anything like order, but we give extracts from some of them as they lie before us—

“I have got a great change for the worse, since I came out here, but please God the earthly house of this tabernacle will soon be dissolved, and then I will have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. My unslumbering Shepherd is whispering in my ear, ‘Fear not, for I am with you.’

“I have received great peace and joy, knowing that I have found the priceless pearl which has redeemed my bankrupt soul from eternal destruction. When, on this bed of affliction, I think of all that Jesus has suffered upon all sides, and from all causes, to reconcile me to His Father; and that He knows the nature of my frame, my circumstances, my foes, my feelings, and my difficulties—oh, may the Holy Spirit keep me close to my Shepherd’s side, and not only learn by His teaching, but also by His life.”

“The words of our blessed Saviour are, ‘Whosoever *will*, let him come; and whosoever cometh, I will in no wise cast out.’ Oh, how happy is this voice to an afflicted believer in Christ. All nature may change, but His nature, and His love, will never change. Eighteen hundred years have passed and the world has changed, and the doctrines of men have changed, for the worse, but the love of Jesus is *yet the same*, Christ is *all love* and *all we need*.”

“The priest will tell you to offer yourself to the blessed *Virgin Mary*, to *St Joseph*, to *St Michael*, or *Peter*, or *Paul*;

while Jesus, who is sitting on the throne at the right hand of His Father, says, '*Come unto me*' Oh, when I found from Jesus' own words the sort of people He invites—Come, *lost one*, I will give you an everlasting salvation—why, my heart beats with joy. Oh, said I, how will I escape, if I neglect this great salvation? Whosoever believeth in Jesus, will not perish, but have life everlasting. *LIFE! Oh, life eternal.*

"Does not St Peter say, 'Unto you that believe, He is precious?' These are the words of an apostle that I bowed down and prayed to his image, with the keys hanging upon its arm. Yes, I did that for six or seven-and-twenty years. But these were not the sort of keys St Peter carried, when he was teaching and preaching the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. The keys he carried was the Gospel of Jesus."

"Oh, my dear Roman Catholic friends, if you are yet in doubt of coming to Jesus, will you ask the priest to give you a Bible? Will you read even the four Gospels, and meditate on the unchanging pity, compassion, kindness, gentleness, patience, long-suffering, and love of Jesus? I found this Jesus, and lost all else. He himself led me along, step by step, as a mother would her infant child when learning to walk; and if Jesus is keeping me here, it is to show me there is more evil in my heart than I am aware of. We may forsake all in this world for the sake of Jesus Christ. Yet, as long as we are in the body, we have cause to watch closely, for we are all by nature sinful, from the king to the beggar; from the Pope down along."

"Surely this is a matter for joyful reflection, that He who was for thirty-three years upon earth, and whose life we read in the gospels, is the *very Saviour* in whose presence we shall spend *eternal life*. Oh, dear friends, come to Jesus!"

"I do be so joyful when you visit me, that I am often unable to give you my state of mind, and the great peace and happiness I find in resting upon Jesus. People may think it strange that I have got a comfortable place to rest this body for a short time; but I should like to call their attention to the excellences of the great eternal rest that Jesus my High

Priest has purchased for me with His precious blood ; and this purchased possession is given to me as a free gift. I have a little family that I loved above all the world, and I prize them still as my only treasure here below ; but when I look at *this* possession, purchased with the price of the blood of the Son of God—for greater love there could not be than to lay down the life of the lover, and this lover to be my High Priest and Redeemer—so if He ordained this affliction, should I not be submissive to His authority ? If Jesus commissioned this sickness, should I not patiently endure it, knowing the great crown of glory He has laid up for me ? Oh, may the Lord Jesus Christ spare me on this bed of affliction, to be able to call some poor blind creature to the knowledge of Jesus.”

“ I send you these few lines to let you know of the great change I have got for the worse—no, not for the *worse*, for I think my precious Saviour deems it for the *best*. I feel *gloriously* happy at His will being done. I was growing wonderfully strong for a few days until, about ten o'clock on Friday night, I got this great change. My breathing nearly ceased ; but I pressed my heart and mind towards the mark of the great calling of God in Christ Jesus my Saviour.

“ Tell Mr MacCarthy, if you please, if I am out of his sight, not to let me out of his mind in prayer through the Holy Spirit.

“ I am getting very weak, but glory, honour be to the Lamb of God, I can look up where I find strength and peace in my loving Saviour, whom I will shortly see, and then enjoy the happiness of that glorious rest He has purchased for me, and faithfully promised to all who believe. Oh, I believe, love, and adore the name of Jesus Christ ; and may my eyes close, and my heart cease to beat, looking up unto Him who is the Author and Finisher of our faith.

“ I can scarcely sleep at night ; but though I cannot sleep, I can rest happy and comfortable, for of all the twenty-four hours I can never feel so sweet a view of my Saviour as I can in the stillness of the night, when all things are silent but the shrill winds whistling through these passages, all ruled

by the mighty and powerful hand that rules me, raises me up, and leaves me down again in love. The love and mercy of my Saviour to me is unspeakable.

“ Oh, blessed be the day that I began
A believer for to be ;
And blessings also be to you
That thereto moved me.

“ It is not long since I began
To seek to live for ever ;
But now I run fast as I can—
’Tis better late than never.”

“ How wonderful to think that the very eyes now shining in glory were once dimmed with tears for our sins.”

“ My dear wife, I would leave this world very happy, if I knew you were in Christ. You must pray for the Holy Spirit to give you a clean heart, a new nature altogether ; no passions, no fretting, no bad thoughts. Consign all your care to Jesus, and keep in your mind *His* Cross. If you were to give your mind and heart up to Jesus, and keep in union with Him, in sickness and in health, you will have peace. If you are lying down at night, and have not the children’s food for the morning, do not be fretting or discontented, for then you are doubting Christ Jesus’ love, and kindness, and promises to you ; but kneel down with your little children, let Jesus know *all* you want, and do this through the Holy Spirit in faithful prayer, trusting Jesus’ love as a *giving*, as well as a *taking* God. Trust Jesus, He will supply you affectionately.

“ I came to Jesus as I was weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place, and He has made me glad.”

You never can know too much of Christ. The world may forsake you, but He never will. And once you get into union with Jesus, you won’t fret for losing *me*.

“ There is a great difference between professors and believers—to go to Sunday-school and church, and profess to look to Christ as a Saviour, and not take Him as your example ; but if you become a true believer in Him, these two never can be *divided*—Jesus died for our sins, He set us also ‘ an example

that we should follow His steps.' Christ should be our standard, likeness to Him should be our aim. 'Learn of me.' Not only by His teaching, but by His life He says, as it were, Do as you see me do,' 'Act as you see me act.'

"No one can tell how near one may be brought to the likeness of Jesus, if that is made their constant prayer and habitual aim. The grace of God, with faithful prayer, can do more than we can comprehend. Dear wife, you will have these few lines when perhaps you will not have me. It is all in the hands of Jesus Christ. So, may God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, ever dwell with you and my three little children—for Jesus says, 'I will be a Father to the fatherless.'"

Thus did this pilgrim live in the land Beulah, day by day listening to the sound of the flowing of the river of death; sometimes catching a glimpse of the glory beyond, and longing for the time when he should hear his Saviour's call, "Come up hither." At last it came, and joyfully he went onwards; and as he reached the deepest place in the swelling flood, he cried out to those he had left behind, "*Jesus is more precious than ever*;" and then his voice failed him, and in a few moments more an abundant entrance had been ministered unto George Connor into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"High in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise.
Built of pure and massy gold,
Strong and durable are they;
Decked with gems of worth untold,
Subjected to no decay!

"Glad within these blest abodes,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes—
Happy in Immanuel's love!
Once indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears:
Torturing pains and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.

" These, alas ! full well they knew,
 Sad companions on their way ;
 Oft on them the tempest blew,
 Through the long, the cheerless day.
 Oft their vileness they deplored,
 Wills perverse, and hearts untrue ;
 Grieved they could not love their Lord—
 Love Him as they wished to do.

" Oft the big, unbidden tear
 Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
 Told, in eloquence sincere,
 Tales of woe they could not speak.
 But these days of weeping o'er,
 Past this scene of toil and pain ;
 They shall feel distress no more,
 Never, never, weep again !

" 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid the angelic lyres above,
 Hark ! their songs melodious rise—
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
 Happy spirits, ye are fled
 Where no grief can entrance find ;
 Lull'd to rest the aching head,
 Soothed to anguish of the mind ! "

LIGHT IN THE DARK VALLEY.

Sometime since, an aged convert (upwards of eighty-four) was called to his rest, and bore a cheering and edifying testimony to the faithfulness of our God and Saviour. On the occasion of a friend's visit to him, he said, "I believe I am soon coming to my last, my Father's home. I thank my Father for His great mercy shown towards me, in bringing me to know Himself before He calls me ;" and added, "may He have mercy, for Jesus' sake, on these poor ignorant creatures around, who are sunk in idolatry." While we were talking together of His love and mercy in Christ, he said, "Oh, yes ! my Saviour loved me, a poor sinful man, with an everlasting love." As his illness drew nigh unto death, his assurance grew stronger, of which he gave many interesting proofs. "While standing by his bedside on one occasion," writes one of the readers, "I asked him if there was anything I could do *for him*. He put out his hand and took hold of mine, and

answered, 'No, my friend; my Lord and my God has done all things for me, and now I am ready to depart and be with Him, which is far better than being here. My Saviour loved me and gave Himself for me, and sure I am, He will have me with Himself.' I remained some time with him, read several portions of Scripture, and spoke some comforting words to him; and when I had done speaking, he said, putting out his hands to me, 'Jesus be with you,' and assured me He was very nigh to him, adding, 'He is my Lord, my life, my way, my end, my all.' I asked him if he was afraid to die. 'Afraid!' said he, 'why should I be afraid to go and see my Father?' Commending him to the care and keeping of that Lord, I left. I went again on Sunday, and went near his bedside, telling him that Jesus had done all for him. 'Oh yes!' said he, 'He has, in life and in death.' A Romanist was standing by, who said, 'Sure enough, Terry has good hopes.' I turned round and spoke to him of the blessedness connected with the hope which true believers in Christ have as an anchor of the soul. Terry called him near, and said, 'Festy, take heed to these things before you come as low as I am. You know what I used to tell you. I am too weak now to say any more to you, but I hope I shall meet you in heaven!' 'Thank you, Terry; will you leave me your blessing?' He answered, 'I have no blessing of my own to give you, but may the Holy Spirit lead you to Jesus for every blessing.' In the afternoon the doctor came in, and told him he had not long to live. 'I'm satisfied,' he replied; 'for I am going to my Lord!' The doctor then asked him, 'What should be done with his clothes and things he was leaving behind?' 'What you please,' he said; 'and that is all about them.' I read the 23d Psalm. When I came to the fourth verse, he said, in a low tone, 'Sure, sure, He is with us.' And after I had repeated the words 'faithful Friend,' which he had said Jesus was, he said, 'not only my faithful Friend, nearer than that, but my Brother.' Shortly before his death he asked for a little water. I gave it to him, saying, 'This is the last drop you will take here.' He said, 'Never mind, I

shall soon be drinking from fountains of living water.' Every person present seemed astonished that Terry should speak so cheerfully, when he said, 'Don't be surprised at me, for 'tis all true.' After this he gradually sank, and calmly fell asleep in Jesus."

A CONVERT'S LIFE AND DEATH.

(From Erin's Hope.)

In one of the back streets of Dublin there lived, not long ago, a poor shoemaker; he was a queer little old man, and he had a queer name, beginning with a Q. Day after day he sat on his bench, hammering with great earnestness, making old shoes into new ones, which he sold for a small sum to the poor people around him. Within reach was always to be seen a Bible and a bundle of handbills, and on his forehead rested a pair of spectacles, ready to be settled on his nose at a moment's notice. The walls of his room were adorned with Irish Church Mission placards; over his head was one, printed in very large letters, "By grace ye are saved through faith." But the picture is not complete yet; you must fancy his room on the level of the street, and the door always standing wide open to invite passers-by to enter.

You must not imagine from this that poor Q. was an idle gossip,—not at all,—he was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." And when he got people to talk with him, the talk was all about Jesus, and the right way to be saved. Q. had once been a dark, ignorant, Roman Catholic, and when his understanding was first enlightened, and when he saw what a false system Romanism is, he was very unhappy; he said he felt as if there was a dark thick cloud hanging over him; at length he heard of Townsend Street, and one Sunday morning he determined to go there.

That Sunday Mr MacCarthy preached one of his earnest, simple sermons, telling how the troubled in soul may get peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. The poor old man listened with tearful eye. The dark cloud passed away, and *he saw Jesus as his Saviour.*

From that time his heart was set upon doing good to others, and therefore he adorned his walls with placards, and sat in the open doorway, that he might gather in people to hear something of the Word of God. One day he said to a reader who visited him, "I am working as hard as I can, but I can do but little for my Saviour, who has done so much for me." Poor Q. thought it little, but Jesus, who accepts the "cup of cold water" and the widow's "two mites," looks to the motive, and when that is love to Him, the smallest things turn to sparkling and glittering gold in His sight. Yes, men judge of your heart by your actions, but Jesus judges of your actions by your heart; He knows how much you *would* do, and He treasures up your little services; they have a place in His heart, and one day He will say to you, "Ye did it unto me."

Poor old Q. was laid upon a dying bed. The neighbours heard of it, and they came in to lament over him; some wanted to send for a priest; "No, no," he said, "Jesus is my priest." Just then one of the Scripture readers called; he sat down and read those beautiful verses in the 5th of 2d Corinthians, "We know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," &c. He spoke to the Roman Catholics present about the peaceful mind and sure trust of the dying believer in Jesus; all were affected, and when he knelt down to pray, they too knelt and joined in the prayer. The poor dying man was then speechless. Afterwards he revived for a little while, and took leave of his wife and daughters, and some others who were present. His son then said to him, "Father, on what is your hope placed?" "On the Lord Jesus Christ; He has saved me, and washed me in His own blood." "Father, have you peace with God?" "I have, I have. He has saved me." "And are you happy, father?" "Yes, yes; very happy." "Father," said the son again, "are you in much pain?" "I am in all pain," he said; "but my soul is happy, for I know I am saved." Shortly after this he again lost his speech, but was still quite *conscious*.

Some Roman Catholics in the neighbourhood reported he was dying a Roman Catholic ; but his son, to convince all present that it was false, said, " Father, now that you are dying, do you find that you can still trust in the Lord Jesus Christ alone ? If you can, and are happy, give me a sign by clasping your hands." With a great effort, the dying man raised himself, clasped his hands, and then they fell heavily. After some time, the son said again, " Father, are you happy ?" Again he raised his hands and clasped them ; they fell lifeless, and in a few moments more his happy spirit departed to be for ever with that Saviour whom he so much loved, and for whose sake he had laboured and fainted not.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

Poor — in Baggot Court is in a dying state. Mr MacCarthy visited him the other day at his own request, and was greatly pleased with his state of mind. When the Mission house in Townsend Street was first opened, —, then a very bigoted Romanist, lived next door ; being most zealous in defence of his religion, he was frequently in collision with the readers, who in a little time prevailed on him to test his controversial abilities at the Mission house class ; he was so well pleased with himself that he soon became a regular attendant at all the other classes, and was very seldom missed from his place amongst the most clever controversialists. In this way he became possessed of a great deal of Scripture knowledge, which the Lord has since blessed to his soul, so that he is now a new creature ; he has entirely renounced all idea of his own righteousness, and in his present affliction is quite resigned to the Lord's will : he is not in the least afraid of death, for his entire confidence and only hope is in the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

The Missionary Secretary to the Society has communicated the following remarkable narrative :—

On a Saturday afternoon, a short time before I last left

Dublin, I was engaged with a class of teachers in the Mission building, Townsend Street, when the following incident occurred. It was one of the days set apart for special prayer for a blessing on the Mission work. We had just concluded a very interesting prayer-meeting, and many of the Sunday-school teachers and others remained to attend a conversational discussion, or conference on the best method of teaching a text. We were in the midst of our conversation on this subject, when a respectable-looking elderly man came into the building and sat down. He looked about with an air of mingled curiosity and embarrassment, and seemed doubtful as to whether he had any right to remain there. He continued, however, until the close of the meeting, and then came up and spoke to me. He made many apologies for his intrusion, but stated that he was a Roman Catholic, and that he wished to have some conversation on religion. I, of course, at once assented, and desired him to sit down. He did so, and there, alone together, in the large Mission building, in the dusk of a December afternoon, we commenced our conversation. There was an earnestness of manner about the stranger which very much impressed me, and I trust I secretly and fervently prayed that I might be guided in all that I should say to him.

He began, singularly enough, by begging that I would not allow people to be kept waiting when they knocked at the door of the Mission house, that this was a dangerous place to come to, and that he fully expected the children in the street to begin shouting at him as he stood waiting for admission. I told him that his request would be attended to, but that there was not the same danger now that there was formerly, as the neighbourhood was much improved. "Ah, but, sir," said he, "I am a Roman Catholic, and it is not safe for me to be seen here. Now, sir, though nominally a Catholic, I don't go to confession, and there are many things which I don't quite approve of, and I am inclined to think that the Reformed religion is the best; but

I have a few difficulties on my mind, would you kindly help to remove them?" He again made many apologies, and said that he had travelled in a great many countries, and had been in Rome, but that he was not satisfied upon religion, and being now in the "sere and yellow leaf," as he expressed it, he thought it was very important to know the truth. He had rather an inflated style of conversation, and was an eccentric-looking person, with, nevertheless, a good deal of intelligence. I need scarcely say that whatever he was, it was enough to know that he was an immortal being with a soul to be saved, and I listened with great anxiety to hear his "difficulties."

The first point he raised was the subject of "transubstantiation." He said he felt it hard to receive. He could not understand it. It seemed an unreasonable doctrine, and so on. I at once set before him a number of scriptural arguments on this subject. I first showed him how contrary to reason it was that a substance should exist without the accidents or qualities belonging to it, or the accidents without the substance. I then said that the humanity of our blessed Lord was in heaven, and showed that if He were truly a man His *body* could not be there and in every part of the world at the same time; and I dwelt on the two texts, "Lo, I am with you alway," (Matt. xxviii. 20,) and "Me ye have not always," (John xii. 8;) showing how impossible it was to reconcile these if the doctrine of transubstantiation were true. The stranger listened to all these points with the greatest eagerness, and showed by his remarks that he assented to them.

At this point in the conversation, my friend suddenly paused and said, in a whisper, "You won't be offended if I ask you another question, will you, sir?" He then said, "Is it true that in this place you revile the saints and spit upon the image of the Blessed Virgin?" Of course, I repudiated the charge, told him that it was an old calumny, and explained that we always spoke of the saints with respect, *but that* we did not worship them nor pray to them. "Ah,

sir," said he, "I said so, I was sure it wasn't true;" and he began to denounce the people who had given him the information.

After going through a few more of the leading points of the controversy, to all that was said on which he listened with great apparent interest, I began to ask him solemnly about his own soul, and the hope he had for another world. "That brings to my mind, sir," said he, "a question which some one once put to me. He said to me, 'Do you love God?' and I was obliged to answer, 'No, I am *afraid* of God—I dread His judgments.'" It was then my privilege, in fact, to preach the gospel to this poor man, and to tell him how, *in Christ*, he might *know* God, without being *afraid* of God. I need not detail the points; suffice it to say he listened with some emotion, and on my inviting him to come to the same building the next evening, where I told him I was to preach on the "Immaculate Conception," he seemed a little alarmed, but said he would try to come. On the Sunday evening he was there, in the front seat, and listened with the utmost apparent attention. The following day he had an interesting conversation with Mr Rogers, and came to me again and expressed his entire concurrence with what he had heard, but he told me that there must have been spies in the church the evening before, as the Roman Catholics had already charged him with being there. He was at Mr MacCarthy's class the next evening, and I saw him again on the Wednesday. He then said to me that he felt like a man whose eternal destiny was trembling in the balance.

A day or two after, and when I was about to leave Dublin, I received a letter from this man, saying that he was very ill, and in great distress of body and mind. I desired Mr M'Guigan, our lay agent, to call on him. He promised to do so, and I returned to England. I had scarcely reached home, when I was deeply moved by receiving a letter from Mr MacCarthy, telling me that the poor man was dead. Alluding to him, Mr MacCarthy said, "he died soon after

M'Guigan saw him; his last words were, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' *God sent him to learn how his soul was to be saved, and saved it.*" I have since heard that he said to the lay agent, "Oh, you are all talking about the Lord Jesus Christ, *that is a great name with you all*, and after all He is the only one to trust in." He also refused to see the priests who came to visit him before he died, and he was constantly heard to repeat the words, "Lord, forgive me all my sins for Jesus' sake."

The case of this man is one of many illustrating the providence of God in the conversion of Roman Catholics. The words, "Search the Scriptures," over the door of the Mission house had attracted his attention, and led him there for instruction; but who can fail to see the guiding hand of God, who had for him a purpose of mercy, and who has furnished, in this instance, one more fulfilment of the truth of the declaration, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

The conversion of a dying woman, seventy-three years of age, is another instance of the value of the reader's visits. One of them says:—"When I first visited Mrs —, she was sick in bed, and after being anointed. When I asked her what were her hopes of salvation, she said, 'The priest says I will be sure to get into purgatory.' When I showed her the folly of such hope, she became seriously alarmed, and anxious to hear the real plan of salvation. I brought several passages of Scripture before her, and she was rejoiced to hear of free salvation through Christ; and in proportion, as I contrasted the several doctrines of Romanism with the Bible, her renouncement of the one and her reception of the other were truly astonishing. Each time afterwards that I visited her, I found that the good work of the Lord was progressing. About seven o'clock on Monday evening I visited her, and found her very weak in body, but in her soul there were *strength and light from the Lord*. After I had been speaking

with her for a short time, she said, 'Well, I am done with the priests of Rome and their oil; and I thank God that He has saved me. I want no one to trust in but the Lord Jesus Christ. I was in the dark for seventy-three long years, but now, thank God, I know my Saviour.' She was silent for a few minutes, and I spoke to her of the 'rest prepared for the people of God.' She then, in a low voice, said, 'God bless you, sir; I am going to Christ.' After this she lived but a few minutes. Her last words were, 'Lord Jesus, receive me.'"

DEATH OF A CONTROVERSIALIST.

It is remarkable how many of those who have been the leading controversialists on the Roman Catholic side in the classes and discussion meetings, have either become Protestants, or died trusting only in Christ; of the latter, one eminent instance has just departed, we trust in peace. A man in respectable circumstances, who had saved a considerable sum of money, and who had attended the class in Townsend Street for the last four or five years, as a Roman Catholic champion. He was acute and fluent, and was always listened to with the greatest attention. He became seriously ill, and died a few weeks ago. He was visited up to the last by Mr M'Guigan, our most experienced lay agent. He received him most gladly and conversed with him freely. The priests called on him to know if he had settled his affairs, and suggested the sum he ought to leave for masses. He replied that he had attended to all, that he had left his money to his children; and that as to masses, he had given up all that, for he was sure if his soul was not saved before he died, it would not be afterwards. He was also visited by the nuns, who brought him a crucifix, some holy water, a blessed medal, and a blessed candle. He quite respectfully begged them to take these things to those who cared for them, and then repeated the text, "The Lord is my keeper, the Lord is my shade on my right hand." He said to Mr M'Guigan, "I often look back on Townsend Street, and regret how I opposed those things I knew to be

right." On being told that Mr MacCarthy publicly prayed for him at the class, he said, "God bless him ! God bless him !" When his end was approaching, he took Mr M'Guigan's hand, and squeezed it, saying, "Jesus, Jesus." These were the last words he ever uttered.

POOR, BUT NOT FORSAKEN.

(Communicated.)

Mary M—— had been a Roman Catholic ; her mind was of no common mould, her spirit was independent to a fault ; reserved and odd in her ways, she was most difficult of access.

She attended, in former years, the St Michan's Controversial Class, and there learned the Scriptures with an accuracy which was most valuable ; jealous of every quotation, she got impatient if the context was omitted.

She had been a servant, and heard the Bible often spoken of ; but she said, that when her master said Paul said this, or Peter said that, she thought he was speaking of his friends, and never connected it with God. "So mind," she would say to the Scripture reader, "that you always say God says so and so, for the *unlightened* will not know these names."

The Lord revealed Himself to her one night as she was returning home through the street, and she always said that she saw Him on the cross, and heard Him call her by name. "I knew that voice," she said to a visitor who asked her about it. "I heard it many years before, when the stairs near my room were on fire. I heard a voice saying, 'Mary, arise.' I got up and was saved from death. Oh, I did not know Him then, but He was pursuing me. I had a gown once that I stole the price of; it was on a line with many things, and was burned to ashes, though nothing else was touched. See how my sin found me out."

When first she was brought under the notice of the writer, she was recovering from an illness. When a Christian visitor

on entering the destitute apartment, accosted her, she turned away her head and laughed. "I am glad to see you cheerful, my poor woman; but why do you laugh?" "Oh, I am laughing at God's goodness; I knew yesterday He was going to send some one." "Well, you know what the *trial* of faith is." "Sure," said she, "faith was meant to be tried. He puts some in drawing-rooms, and some at the back of a muddy ditch, to teach them one thing and another thing."

"Can you read?" "Well, a little; and when I come to a hard word *He* gives me the meaning, and so I pass on."

"How did you manage all alone here?"

"When I wanted water I prayed, and the rain came, so I caught some that did me for awhile."

In this room there was no article of furniture but a little stool; no bed nor bed-clothes—a piece of mat that a dog could not stretch on was in the corner.

"How did you get food?"

"When I was able to work I did jobs; and when I had no money I gathered nettles; and when one asked why God left me hungry, I said, to show you there can be no separation, He is the same to me now as when I had enough!" This reminds one of Paul, who had learned how to abound and to suffer want. She was removed to a better abode, where some clothes and bedding were provided. She sent a message one day to a lady who had given some articles: "Tell Miss — I have enough of things, not to bring me any more; I never like to have too many things!" "Do you want any money, Mary?" Oh, no, I have *heaps*," showing a few shillings.

A lady remarked one day, "You are now afflicted, Mary, but it will only make heaven more sweet at the close." "I don't think so at all," she replied; "that would be putting a *patch upon Christ*; nothing will make heaven sweet but Himself."

"Do you like hymns?" said one to her. "No, I do not." "Why?" "Jesus sang one hymn before He went to the

Mount of Olives, and I'll never sing here until I see Him in the glory."

Visitor. "What have you to say to me now, Mary—I am going away?" After a pause, she said to the questioner, "Beware of covetousness."

On calling one day, it was found that Mary was gone from the room, no one knew whither, and had left everything behind but the clothes she wore. Several weeks elapsed before any trace was discovered of her. One day a friend said hastily, "Oh, I have bad news for you ; poor Mary has gone off in the black cart to prison. A friend of hers, passing through the Castle-yard, heard a scream, and thinking she knew the voice, went up and just caught a glimpse of her as she was put in and driven off."

The writer lost no time in going after the poor creature to ascertain the cause. On seeing the matron, Mary was called up to give an account of herself. "Well, Mary, what brings you here?" "Why, you see, ma'am, I went into the chapel, and seeing them bowing down to the Virgin, I spoke to the people, and after about ten minutes, a mob gathered and wanted to tear me in pieces." This led to her being brought before the magistrate, who committed her as a dangerous lunatic.

Previous to this she had gone several nights to the Night Asylum, and addressed the poor creatures there, who heard her gladly.

With difficulty a Christian friend got her out of this place of confinement, and, as she was really ill, got her into the hospital, where, in a few weeks, she passed from her earthly tribulation into eternal rest.

The last hours of poor Mary were comforted by the kind Christian attention of a young person who was in the next bed to her, a young girl from the Luke Street Mission-school.

On naming poor Mary one day to a clergyman, he said, "A singular being. She came to me one day, and said, 'I am living now upon nettles ; and if the Lord wishes you to give

me anything, *you can't help doing so*. That morning," said he, "I had got from a lady three shillings to give to a deserving person; and you may suppose that I saw plainly for whom the Lord intended them, and gave Mary the money."

One night, at the St Michan's Controversial Class, a Roman Catholic asked her what priest she went to. "Oh," said she, "I have a Priest of my own." "You mean our cousin, Father M——, I suppose," said the woman. "No; they call his name Jesus, a High Priest in the heavens. 'His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save his people from their sins.' Now, if *He* does it, they do not want an earthly priest."

Being asked how she liked the Rev. Mr ——, "Well, you see," said she, "I have no comparisons; but an enduring act goes right to my heart." "What is an enduring act?" "Why, one night a man came into the class with a sword under his coat; and though the Rev. Mr —— was told this, he went on without noticing it, as if nothing was the matter; another would have given him up to the police. Now, don't you call that faith?"

A short time before she fell asleep, one said, "Mary, you will soon see the Lord." "That's as He thinks best." "But if the Lord asked you the question, 'Would you like to go?' what would you say?" "I'd just refer it back to Himself, and say, He knew what was best?"

Thus died, in want and obscurity, this poor child of God, but she had the true riches. She had learned from her heart that all her doings were but a patchwork of rags, which would not cover her sins—a patch of prayers, a patch of penance, a patch of absolution, a patch of extreme unction, a patch of purgatory. After all that Jesus did and suffered—all that the sinner could do or suffer—all that the priest could do, the fire of purgatory is needed. Oh, what delusion! "It is finished," said the Priest of salvation, as He offered Himself to God.

They, going about to establish their own righteousness, have

not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God, which is by faith in Christ Jesus. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was laid upon Him; with His stripes we are healed."

PRAYER ANSWERED.

A reader relates the following :—

A man named D——, after being discharged from the army, married a Protestant; he was a very careless living man, as being a bigoted Roman Catholic.

At the time of their marriage the wife, although a Protestant, was also a very careless person; however, she became very serious, took to reading the Bible and attending church regularly: it pleased God to bless these to her, and she became a converted person. She then became very anxious about her husband's state, and commenced to pray for his conversion, and prayed year after year for nearly twenty years, without seeing any remarkable change take place in him. At length, however, she got him to cease drinking, and to read the Bible at an odd time, and also to attend church now and then. At this time the controversial work commenced in St Michan's, and she prevailed upon him to attend Mr MacCarthy's class. He went, and evening after evening became more and more interested and enlightened. He gave up the doctrines of the Church of Rome one after another, and at length became a most sincere and zealous convert. His son, who by his mother's exertions had been brought up a Protestant, married some years before a bigoted Roman Catholic; and being a very careless man, he saw there was great danger of the children being brought up Romanists. So, with the assistance of his wife, he set about making the grandchildren Protestants. They took the eldest from his parents altogether and reared him, and so managed to get the other children (three daughters) under their influence, that they are now all good Protestants. The eldest, a fine young man, is in England, and sent over here a short time since for his sisters. Old Mr

D—— continued to attend all our meetings and sermons regularly, rejoicing in the knowledge and spiritual blessings that he had received and was receiving in those places, and always anxious to get speaking to Roman Catholics, to tell them about the Lord Jesus Christ, His power and willingness to save. About two years ago his old wife died, after a very short illness, rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour, and also rejoicing to know that He had become her husband's Saviour also, in answer to her many prayers. Shortly after his wife's death he took ill himself, and had to send for a Roman Catholic relation to take care of him, and also to mind his grandson, whom he kept with him up to his death. This woman made every exertion, supported by her Roman Catholic neighbours, to get him to pray to the blessed Virgin Mary, and send for the priest to absolve him ; but he always kept his Bible under his head in the bed, and when spoken to on the subject of Mary-worship, &c., he would produce it, and show them by texts that Christ was the only and almighty Saviour, willing to save all who trust in Him. He died shortly after his good wife, and his death was just as great a triumph as hers had been. The Roman Catholic neighbours pronounced him gone to hell, and wouldn't come near the wake, or give any assistance at the funeral, all of which had to be managed by a few Protestant neighbours.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

Some twelve years ago, M—— was a Roman Catholic, utterly ignorant, and very poor. One evening she and her little girl were walking slowly along the streets, offering playbills for sale. Amongst those to whom she offered them was one of our Scripture readers. He turned to her, and said solemnly—"Is it to the pit you would send me ?" The words fixed themselves on her mind ; she could not get rid of them, and the next time she saw that reader, she eagerly sought to converse with him. He advised her attendance at the Sunday school and classes ; and before very long, that poor woman was an humble disciple at the feet of Jesus.

About two years ago this poor woman became greatly afflicted with cancer. She was most carefully nursed and tended by another poor convert, who had learned to know Jesus about the same time. Night or day, this faithful friend never left her. Her sufferings were extreme, but her trust in the Saviour remained unshaken: and some time in June last she joyfully entered into her rest.

A STUDENT'S CONVERSION.

Mr —, a student in Trinity College, and formerly a Roman Catholic, got into conversation one day about two years ago with a Mr —, who, having been originally intended for the Romish priesthood, had spent a considerable time in Maynooth; but changing his mind, he had recently entered Trinity College for the purpose of qualifying himself for the bar. The conversation between these two gentlemen took a controversial turn, by the Maynooth student asking the other what could have induced him to give up his religion; Mr — gave several reasons, but dwelt particularly upon the absurdities of transubstantiation, which the Roman Catholic endeavoured to defend, and very sharp controversy that ensued ended by his promising to accompany the convert to the next controversial class, in order to hear more upon the same subject. They accordingly came together to St Michan's the next evening, when a point was raised which rendered it necessary that reference should be made to the 28th Canon of the Council of Chalcedon in the original language, the terms of which surprised Mr — so much that he expressed a wish to judge for himself whether Mr MacCarthy's translation was correct; the book having been handed to him for the purpose, he returned it without making any further remark, than that he was satisfied with his examination. His regular attendance at the class after this occurrence was after a little time taken no particular notice of, until one day a conversation was going on between some gentlemen about the extraordinary spread of the missionary work amongst the Roman Catholics, when one of the party mentioned, as a matter of

prise, that a gentleman of very high standing in college, whose name he was ignorant of, although he was well aware of his being a Roman Catholic, was seen very lately receiving the sacrament according to the Church of England in the College chapel. Upon inquiring, this gentleman turned out to be Mr —, who had obtained the first prize medal at Moderatorship examination. Although a perfect stranger, he had gained a Sizarship on his entrance into the University, and afterwards prizes for proficiency in several different languages. The first named student afterwards became a most useful minister of the Church, and died trusting in the merits of the Saviour.

EXTRACTS FROM READERS' JOURNALS.

Running the Christian's race,
Straight to the goal!
We would our Jesus serve,
Heart, hand, and soul!
Blood-bought, and not our own,
We live for Thee alone,
From whose celestial throne
Love's life-streams roll.

During the little while
We tarry here,
We would commend Thee, Lord,
Till Thou appear,
Yes! we would daily be
Bringing the lost to Thee,
Saviour, that Thou mayest free
From guilt and fear.

Two of the readers were badly abused in a house near North King Street, Dublin. Mr MacCarthy sent me to the same house to speak kindly to the people. I got into a friendly discussion with a Roman Catholic tradesman in that house; he asked me to visit him again, and finish our discussion on extreme unction. I continued to visit him weekly for several months, got him a Bible and the handbills, and frequently spoke to him about the death of the Lord Jesus, and the work of the Holy Spirit. He became thoughtful and serious; the Bible became his constant companion; Jesus Christ crucified filled his whole mind; he took sick, refused the ministry of the Ro-

an Catholic clergyman, and died in perfect peace, resting on the Lord Jesus.

The curate of Arranquay chapel denounced me as a dangerous proselytiser. I called at the chapel-house to proselytise myself; proved to him from his own Missal that he could not be sure of his own ordination; he fled from me like a child, not being able to answer my questions.

About a year after the death of that convert, I met his wife, at that time a Romanist; I often visited her; she read her husband's Bible, gave up Romanism, and her soul is now converted to God.

When Mr Dallas opened the Mission-house in Townsend street, Dublin, a Roman Catholic tradesman lived next door to it. He was a tall, powerful, athletic man, and full of zeal for the Roman Church; few Romanists would venture to come in while he stood outside. He had an only daughter, whom he loved very dearly; he sent her into Mr MacCarthy's class one night to find if any of the Roman Catholic people were at it. Kate, for that is her name, heard Mr MacCarthy speaking about the Lord Jesus; she told her father what good things she heard.

He spoke to me; I soon had him reading the Roman Catholic Testament, then the handbills; he came to the classes, then to church. After some years, he took sick and died.

While he was sick, old Roman Catholic friends called on him, and asked him to have the priest; he refused his ministry. The Roman Catholic people wondered, and said, 'he said that the Lord Jesus himself saves people without the priests.'

I often sat by his bed-side, and witnessed the peace, joy, and confidence of his soul in the Lord Jesus.

His daughter is living, and is a nice Christian girl.

I got into a discussion with some Roman Catholic boys in the Weavers' Hall, Dublin. The boys maintained that neither

fire nor water could damage them, because they had the brown scapular. I asked a boy, "Will you put your finger into the blaze of a candle?" He said, "I will." I got a candle, and he put his finger into the blaze of it, but soon pulled it out again, saying, "The scapular does not save one from fire." We got a bucket of water; one of the boys plunged his head into it, but soon took his head out of the water, shook himself, saying, "The scapular does not save one from water."

These boys would not believe one word out of a Protestant Bible. I gave them a shilling; they went to a Roman Catholic bookseller's, and bought a Roman Catholic Testament; the six boys wrote their name on it. I knew many boys brought out of Romanism by this scapular and Testament; some of them are in the army, and some in the navy. I have seen letters from some of them lately, and have reason to believe that our labours have not been in vain.

Two of the readers were beaten in a house in North William Street. Mr MacCarthy sent me to the same house to gain admission for the readers again. The women were greatly against Protestantism. I spoke to them about Jesus Christ crucified; in a few minutes the big tears were in their eyes, and I had their whole attention. Eight or ten young men came running up the stairs, with large paving stones in their hands. The women lifted their hands, and beckoned at them to be quiet; they came up, and after hearing me for a few minutes, they hid the stones under their coats; after about five minutes more, they went down, threw out the stones, returned and listened quietly. When I was coming away, they all shook hands with me, and asked me to visit them again.

A Roman Catholic girl, in a class, stopped her ears with paper while I was teaching the Scripture class. She took out the paper to hear what the girls were saying; I at once read out *1 John i. 7* from the Roman Catholic Testament. She

asked, "Is that in the Roman Catholic Testament?" I answered, "Yes." She said, "May I ask the priest, is it a Catholic Testament?" "Yes." She went to Westland Row Chapel, asked Father B—— "Is this a Catholic Testament?" He said, "It is." She asked, "Is all this the word of God?" He said, "Yes." She read 1 John i. 7, and asked, "How much sin does that leave for purgatory?"

Father B—— said, "You have been at the Soupers' school; you must give me that New Testament." The girl said, "No; it is God's Word, and now I believe it." I gave her the Testament; she read it carefully, became a Christian girl, and never more closed her ears against the Holy Scriptures.

Two Roman Catholic women and a Roman Catholic man knocked at my door at two o'clock one morning, and brought me to see a dying convert woman; I prayed and spoke to her about the Lord Jesus.

A Roman Catholic woman said to her, "Will you have the priest before you die?" She answered, "The Lord Jesus has pardoned my sins; my soul is safe; I want no priest but the Lord Jesus." Several Roman Catholic women heard her testimony.

I walked about a mile speaking to a respectable Roman Catholic old man. Jesus Christ crucified was our subject of conversation, the immense value of the blood of Jesus, and how to get the benefits of it—the resurrection, the peace and joy we feel in our souls when the Holy Spirit changes our minds. When we were parting, he lifted up his hands, and said, "May the Lord Jesus bless you, for you have comforted my soul."

I spoke to a Roman Catholic man, who is seventy-nine years old, about the sufferings of the Lord Jesus, and His vast love for us; the big tears stood in his eyes, and he said, "Oh, what

blessed and comfortable words ; I never felt as I feel now." There was nothing unusual in the words, only God blessed them.

I found a Roman Catholic tradesman and his family in Dublin. They disbelieved all the errors of Romanism, and had sound knowledge of the gospel of Christ ; they never had a Bible, never received any teaching from any Protestant, but learned all they knew from the handbills of the Irish Church Mission.

J——. This man was ten months attending the classes before he spoke to any of us ; at last he came out altogether from Popery, and is a regular attendant at the classes. He was soon dismissed by his employer, but was hired by a Protestant master, who says he was one of his best men. He reads his Bible, and evinces a great desire for the benefit of his soul. There are many cases of this kind.

J. D—— was one of the fifty-eight who attended the first day the ragged school was opened ; nevertheless he is still a Romanist, but often takes the Protestant side when arguing with persons of that belief. He has eight persons lodging with him, every one of whom he brought with him to the Mount Joy Street class on Friday last.

This man has been attending my Sabbath morning class for the last two years. During that time his knowledge of the Bible has increased very much. Two of his sons enlisted as Protestants, and asked me for Bibles the day before they sailed for the Crimea. Another son attends regularly with his father the classes. All these were at our ragged school the day it opened. J. M'G—— and his wife were also of that number. He has continued steadfast, and is one of God's children, I do *believe*, and has done much good to others. During the last

two months he has been in the Queen's County digging potatoes, where he has circulated a quantity of handbills. His wife, however, left him for a time and went back to Romanism. I have since been speaking to her; she admits that her husband's change of religion has been good for her, as he is a much better husband, and has "some luck, which he never had before." She still goes to mass.

I have only time to give you a few out of many proofs that God is blessing the work. We all feel deeply that His hand is with us. A few weeks ago I was speaking at one of our classes, when a respectable man came up and accosted me, and alluded to something I had said. From his manner I thought that he was a Protestant, and talked to him for some time as such. In the course of the conversation, I happened to say, "I hope that you have the enjoyment of that truth of which we have been speaking." "Ah, sir," said he, "I am a Roman Catholic; but I am in an agony about my immortal soul; I feel like a man on the edge of a precipice." I walked up and down with him, and we had a most earnest conversation. He told me that he had been long thinking on these subjects, that all his family were bigoted Roman Catholics, and that he would not, for any consideration, they should know that he had been at that meeting.

That man has since then been constantly inquiring and receiving instruction.

This week, while visiting Roman Catholics in Golden Lane, I entered one of those large old houses, occupied by very many families. It was one of those houses that were formerly occupied by some man of good fortune; the exterior does not differ now from the other dwellings in the same locality, but inside it is adorned with wainscoting, carved staircases, &c., and is very spacious, having doors and stairs opening communication between at least three houses, so that after going

up and down, when I thought I was in No. 9, I found myself in No. 12. I visited the families in very many rooms. In one room, especially, I was civilly received by a very decent-looking man and woman. On a little table were a Bible, a hymn-book, and some portions. The family told me their name was B——, that they were not long in the neighbourhood, and that they were not always Protestants; "but, thank God," said they, "we have found out the way of salvation." I inquired how they had been brought to a knowledge of Christianity. B—— said that fifteen or sixteen years ago, when Mr MacCarthy used to hold his classes in St Michan's Parish, he first went there in order to dispute. Finding himself unable to answer questions from the Scriptures, he bought a Douay Bible and some Romish books of controversy. Night after night he went to the class, disputing, but found that instead of being able to triumph as he had expected, he was losing confidence in several doctrines of his church. He went to his priest, and told him how he had been striving to justify his religion, and asked him for some books or instruction to assist him. He was at once forbidden to put his foot into such a place any more, and he did stop away for a few weeks. "Then," said B——, "I began to remember the kind and forbearing way Mr MacCarthy used to treat me, notwithstanding all my rough contradictions, and I had a feeling that urged me to go again and again. Still every night, on my way home, I used to feel my faith damaged in my own mind. At last the priest forbid me of ever saying a word in one of those classes, and I had to stay away, but I used to read the Bible and controversial books at home. I often went secretly to Mr MacCarthy's sermons and classes, and found myself becoming greatly dissatisfied with the religion of Rome, and very much attached to the religion of the Bible. This attachment grew, until at length, last Patrick's Day, I told all my neighbours that the Lord had given me light, and I must come out of Rome. So I went to Patrick's Church and became a Protestant, and now we all thank God for the first day that ever

I went to scold Mr MacCarthy, for he, instead of scolding me, taught me how my soul was to be saved.

Wm. M. and J. M'G. (two very zealous converts) when preparing to go to the harvest in England, were supplied with a quantity of handbills for distribution amongst the labourers with whom they might happen to be employed. The steamer in which they went over contained a number of other harvest men from the country. Some of the handbills were circulated amongst them, and these caused such a stir, that many who were not present at the distribution came afterwards and asked for some; others said they had been well used to "them sort of things" in the county towns in the west of Ireland; very many spoke of them in such decided terms of approval, that remarks of an opposite character were drawn from others holding a different opinion; and these led to a most animated discussion, which lasted until they arrived at Liverpool. The distribution of bills amongst their fellow-workmen resulted in similar friendly discussions, which were resumed night after night in the barn to which they retired after the labour of the day. Six Roman Catholic inquirers who left Dublin with the converts, continued with them all through, and warmly took their part in all the discussions to which the circulation of the bills gave rise. On their way home, they stopped at Chester for five days, and gave out some of the remaining bills; one man here who had received a good number, returned for more, saying he had made a capital trade on those that had been already given him, as he found the people most eager to get them at one halfpenny each, and if he had a thousand he could thus distribute them with profit to himself.

A reader went into a room for the first time. In it was a woman and a little boy. When the door was opened, the woman addressed him by name, saying, "I'm glad to see you,

sir." "How do you know me?" he asked. "Why, sir, don't you remember the day I first went to the Sunday school in Townsend Street you put me into a class; and sure when the teacher began to question me, she found out that I did not know anything, except that there was a purgatory, and that I ought to confess to a priest, and pray to the Mother of God. And then she took such pains to show me that these things were not in the Bible, and that neither Christ nor his blessed apostles taught them, and that they were not true at all; and she got out one place in the Bible, where the Saviour asks us all to come to Himself, when He says, 'Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And she showed me that there is no necessity for any other mediator. I never knew the truth till I learned it from her." "And what is the truth?" said the reader. "It is to believe that I am a lost sinner, and deserve nothing from God but hell, and that the Saviour is ready and willing to save me if I put all my trust in Him, and that He has paid all my debt of sin." "And do you trust Him?" "Oh, yes, I do; I would not give up trusting in Him for all the world."

On Monday I visited a great many Roman Catholics in Kingstown. I never missed an opportunity of speaking to any one I met, whether rich or poor; and only two persons behaved with the least incivility; but very many said that the priest lays heavy penance on any one who goes to the controversial classes, and that he said from the altar, that if the priests of Dublin had opposed Mr MacCarthy as he had been opposed in Kingstown, he could not have taken the root he did, or done such damage to the church. A man named —, who appeared to be a respectable tradesman, told me that the parish priest said a few Sundays ago, that if the Irish were once become a Bible-reading people, "John Bull would have the ball at his own foot." A man who was working on the quays, told me that almost the first question put by the priest in the confessional is, "Do you go to the controversial classes, or read

any of the Soupers' Bibles?" K—— acknowledged to me that it was right to read the Scriptures; "but," said he, "the clergy are against it, and what can we do?" This man, as well as many others to whom I spoke, I found to be acquainted with many of the controversial passages of Scripture; and he, as well as several of the others, acknowledged that the priest and the Bible are opposed to each other.

In the course of visiting during the past month, the readers entered a small school, kept by a Roman Catholic. As soon as they began to speak with him on religious matters, he bore strong testimony to the zeal and patience of our other readers in their addresses to him. "Now tell me," said he, "why do you thus go about?" "Because we believe you to be in great error." "What error?" "Almost the whole of your doctrines are opposed to your own Scriptures." "Will you name one?" "Purgatory." "Is there anything in our own Bible against purgatory?" The reader opened the Roman Catholic Testament, and pointed to 1 John i. 7. The schoolmaster looked at it,—he thought a while,—he opened the title page, to see if it was really his own Testament, he turned back the place again, and slowly repeated himself, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Again he went over the same words, and again, and then in a voice something louder, he said, "from *all* sin, from all sin." At length he exclaimed, "sure if from *all* sin, there is no sin left!" "So we say," replied the visitor; "but that is only one verse, look at this," pointing to Rev. xiv. 13. The schoolmaster paused a moment upon it, but immediately returned to the Epistle of John, and again repeated to himself the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." The words have made a deep impression on his understanding. May God's Holy Spirit write them on his heart!

A gentleman, who was visiting in Dublin, went with one of the readers to see some of the poor Romanists to whom he was in the habit of going, and thus describes one visit:—

"We called on a very poor-looking woman. I said, 'You seem very poor, how do you live?' 'I am living upon Christ; He is enough for me,' was the reply. Greatly struck, I asked how she came to know Christ? She said, 'The readers came and spoke to me about Christ, and told me that the wafer was not, could not be, God; what they said brought to my mind something a gentleman told me long ago, so I went to the Mission-building, to hear more of these things, and heard a sermon that made me weep, and I wondered that all the world did not go to listen to such glorious things.' I asked, 'Did others in the church seem to feel as much as you did?' 'No,' said she, 'and that was the wonder.' I then explained that it was the Holy Spirit applied the word, and made her feel it."

I visited, at Cherry Lane, an old convert (the ragman), who has been so useful in bringing people to the classes and schools. After sitting with him for about half-an-hour, I went out and found a crowd round the door, one of them with a large knife in his hand, intended to terrify me. While I was talking to them in a good-humoured way, a window was raised over my head, and an elderly woman put out her head, and addressing me, said, "For God's sake don't be talking to them; you might as well hope to convert the Rooshians." I afterwards found that this woman was one who had been brought to a knowledge of the truth by the poor ragman's reading the Bible for her. As I still went on speaking, a respectable-looking woman came up to me, and said, "Are you not afraid amongst so many Roman Catholics?" "No," I replied; "sure there's jumpers amongst them, and I hope I'll yet see your husband amongst them." "Musha then, maybe you're not far wrong," she said; "for I guess he does be going to your swaddling classes, though he never lets on to me; I know he has a Protestant Bible anyway." This man

has been a most violent persecutor, and a great annoyance to poor M——, the ragman.

I visited a poor widow, Mrs K——. I had attended her husband, who was a convert, on his death-bed, about two years ago. At that time Mrs K—— was a devoted Roman Catholic, and did all she could to hinder our visits. When her husband was dying, she urged him to send for a priest; but he said, "I want no priest but Jesus, the great High Priest," and he died trusting in Him alone for salvation. I lost sight of his widow, till the other day, when I heard where she lived, and went to see her. She put out both her hands, and gave me a most cordial greeting. "Mrs K——," said I, "you seem to be very much changed since I saw you last." "Indeed, I am," said she, "I'm quite different; I have never entered a chapel door since I saw you last, and I never will again." "Well," said I, "I am very glad you have given up your old religion; but I hope you have got another and better one?" "I have, indeed, sir, thank God," she replied; "the words you said to my poor dying husband have never left me since, though I said nothing about it to you then." "What words did I say to him?" "Why, sir, you said that everything a poor sinner wanted he could get in Jesus, and them was true words, sir,—for sure, sir, I tried Him myself, and the Lord be praised for it, I have found everything I want in Him." I told her about the Mission house, and she promised to attend regularly. I visited her again a few days after, and found her in the greatest distress. She used to earn her bread by binding shoes. But her Roman Catholic employer heard that she went to the Mission house, and sent for her, and told her that unless she gave up going there, he would take away her employment. She refused, and he kept his word; and she would have perished, but that a kind lady got her into the Servants' Home, where she is training for a servant.

A poor old woman, who is sick beyond hope of recovery, told us that her grandchildren, who attend the Coombe school, have been tormenting her ever since the day she was anointed, telling her the anointing is no good ; that the priests themselves have no power whatever over her salvation ; and that Christ is the true priest. I read several passages of Scripture bearing upon these subjects, and she listened to them attentively, five other Roman Catholics being present, all of whom appeared deeply interested. As I left the room, I heard the poor old creature, in a feeble tone, exclaiming, "May God bless you ; I'll put all my trust in Christ alone."

A reader, in one of his visits, spoke to a woman on the gospel plan of salvation, and the intercession of the Virgin Mary. She said that Christ could save without Mary, and that He was the best to go to. When we were parting, I quoted 1 John i. 7. She answered greatly pleased, and said, "I am an old woman now, and I never heard that but once before, and that was a few weeks ago. I was coming from mass, and a man in Wine Street called me over to him, and told me the very same thing : he said, 'The blood of Christ alone could take away all sin.'"

A poor convert man, who had attended one of our Sabbath schools, became very ill, and was obliged to go to the hospital. A Roman Catholic was dying in the next bed to his. A few days after his admission his mother brought him a priest ; but this priest, after talking with him, refused, for some reason or another, to administer the last rites of the church, and left him in anger. The dying man was in despair. "Never mind them," said the poor convert ; "I can tell you of a Priest who can forgive you all, and will never be angry with you. The blood of Jesus Christ will wash away all your sins !" The dying man grasped his hand, and listened earnestly while the

convert poured into his ear the blessed truths of the precious gospel, and prayed with him for the Holy Spirit. Next morning his mother came back, and proposed to make another effort to get him the priest. "No, mother," he said; "I have found the Priest who has cleansed me from *all* sin, and I am resting in Him. I have now found peace." He died soon after, trusting entirely in the Saviour, and his soul filled with holy joy.

In a late journal, one, speaking of the wickedness of the Coombe, says—"One small street seemed to be the Sodom of the district. The inhabitants were about seventy families, most wretched characters. When I commenced visiting them, I used to speak to the people outside their doors, and succeeded in bringing many of them to the Sunday school. By this means portions of the Holy Scriptures got among them; and, in proportion as they came to see their terrible position, one family after another removed out of the street, and changed their course of life. At last a very few remained, and these few were put out by the landlord. I afterwards went through the wretched houses, to see if any one remained. In the yard of one of the houses I perceived a little hovel that seemed to be inhabited. It was merely a shed, made by a few boards inclined against the side of the house. In the corner was a miserable bed, upon which lay a sick man. When I spoke to him about the salvation of his soul, he sat up in bed, and took a Bible out of a bag which hung near his head. On opening it, I found it to be one which I had myself given him four years ago. He had committed to memory several verses. He said that some time before some one had sent a priest to visit him. When he saw the Bible, he refused absolution until it should be given up. 'I will not part with the Word of God,' said poor Jerry. 'I can confess to the Lord, who will pardon every one that comes to Him through Christ.' The priest went away, and never returned. Jerry has since been visited by Sisters of Charity, who wanted him to wear scapulars and

use a crucifix ; but he only asked them to read a chapter for him, and they walked away."

A gentleman, who was passing as I left my residence on last Sabbath evening, stood a moment looking at me as if to make sure he was right ; then addressing me, he said, " I think I saw you at the chapel to-day "—(he was an American, and meant the Mission-building.) " I am going to the controversial sermon there now ; are you ? " He answered " Yes," so we walked together, and had some interesting conversation, by which I could perceive what a very deep interest he took in the Mission work. Finding that he had but recently arrived in Dublin, I asked how he happened to hear of our proceedings in Townsend Street. " Oh," he replied, " I have seen some of your handbills all the way across in New England." " Indeed ! " " Yes, I have a number of Irishmen employed there, some of whom receive those handbills from friends here in Dublin ; others who have friends in Cork receive from them ; I have Galway men too, who are well supplied by friends at that place."

William M—— came from the County Westmeath some years ago, being at that time an ignorant but a most bigoted Romanist. After residing for some time in Dublin, I met with him in the course of visiting through the city, and invited him to attend my Sunday-school class, which he immediately commenced to do, and after a while he began to attend the controversial class at St Michan's also. He received a good deal of instruction in this way, but engaged very frequently in the discussions that took place ; and was never slow in objecting to anything that did not entirely agree with the doctrines of Rome and his own particular notions on the subject of religion. He gradually became convinced that the system of Rome could not be conscientiously defended, and he ultimately gave it up and began to attend the Mission church.

His children were also sent to the Luke Street Mission School ; and they ultimately became the source of a great blessing to him, as they, according to the knowledge they received, imparted to him what they had learned. His desire for instruction was so great, and his children were so anxious to communicate what they learned in school, that in a comparatively short time he became a good reader and a most diligent student of the Holy Scriptures. He then became a most useful helper amongst the converts, and was constantly speaking to the Roman Catholics also about the Saviour. Being a man—to my own knowledge—of deep personal piety, he was continually on the look-out for opportunities of praying with the poor people he came in contact with, and asking them to allow him to do so. He removed with his family to Liverpool a few years ago, where he has also made himself most useful amongst the Irish Romanists, having taken a room entirely upon his own responsibility, into which he invites the Roman Catholics for conversation and prayer. Some of those who had received instruction in this way, have since come to Ireland, and have been in our Mission church ; and from my own observation and opportunities of judging, by means of conversing with these people, I have not the least hesitation in calling them stanch Protestants. William having been taken notice of by the clergyman whose church he attended on Sundays, two of his children were taken into the school ; one of them has since become the assistant teacher, her services being highly prized by the clergyman, principally on account of the superior scriptural education she received in our school, and partly, indeed I feel assured, on account of her own diligence and private worth.

This is one of eight families who began to attend the Bow Street Controversial Class about the same time, and every one of whom ultimately left Romanism. Some of this number have since departed in peace, trusting in Jesus—some are still alive, and witnessing for Him.

Visited H——, A—— Street. At one time this man was a Protestant and bell-ringer at St Luke's. He was, however, drawn away to Popery, and had himself baptized in Francis Street Chapel. I visited him frequently ; and sometimes, while I taught him, he appeared to be sorry for his apostacy. He had long ceased to read his Bible, but now resumed it. Lately he fell sick, and was obliged to go into the Poor-house Hospital, where he had himself entered a Protestant. He is now, through the agency of the Irish Church Mission, returned to the religion he had abandoned.

Visited four Roman Catholic families in a house, in New Row ; they were all very civil and attentive. S—— has been fourteen years confined to his bed, and is visited twice a week by priests and Sisters of Charity. There is a table at the foot of his bed, on which stands a large statue of the blessed Virgin Mary ; she wears three scapulars. S—— told me that, by the directions of the Sisters of Charity and the priests, he is to say to the statue as often as he can in the day, " O Blessed and Virgin Mother, be pleased to restore me to my health, and take me off this bed of sickness." He says they did not tell him that the statue could do anything for him, but that the virgin would be so pleased, that even if she did not restore him to his health, he might be sure she would leave him but a very short time in purgatory. He says they told him there is " great wickedness among the people now, many of them growing cold about their religion, and refusing to be guided by the pastors of the church, and great numbers of them led away by proselytisers." I quoted such portions of Scripture as I thought suited to his case ; he was greatly interested, and thanked me very much for a small Testament I gave him.

The family R—— named above said, " Although we are Catholics, we feel very friendly to the Protestants and their religion." R—— said that the priests are unkind, and very hard on whoever has not money to give them. " What I

wonder at," said he, "is how the Catholic religion stands at all; for I am sure the priests do not believe in it any more than the people. And although a great many go down to those chapels on a Sunday morning, there is not nearly so much as used. Sure there never was as much known about religion among the Catholics as at present; half of them did not know a word about the Lord Jesus, only to bow down to Him when they heard His name. They never knew He was their Intercessor till this controversy spread the news about it." Some time ago I gave R--- a Testament, which he keeps by him and reads.

Visited poor W---. He said yesterday there were two Sisters of Charity with him. They said a good deal to him about the salvation of his soul, and wearing scapulars, and praying to saints. "But sure," said he, "that is not in the Bible." "The Bible!" said one of the ladies, "how could you understand the Bible?" "Oh yes, ma'am," said he; "there are parts of it I understand very well. It tells me how my soul is to be saved, and I do not see that it is right to pray to the saints at all; and sure, ma'am, we ought not to bow down before pictures at any rate, when the Lord puts a curse on whoever does it. Would you be pleased, ma'am, to read a little of this Bible for me?" "No," said the lady; "you might have the history of the Testament, but we find in every house where the Bible is that the people's faith is injured."

In visiting in M--- Street, I entered the house No. 6. In the front parlour there were two children lying sick of fever. On the table, beside the bed, lay an open Bible; and a rather interesting-looking girl, named C--- M---, was attending the children. I said to the young woman, "I see you are Protestants." She replied, "I am a Protestant for the last few months." She told me that she

went one evening to one of the classes, and heard so much that she became alarmed and resolved to get a Bible. She went to the priest, and asked him for one. "A Bible!" exclaimed the priest, "why, what a child you must be that you do not know what a Bible is." "I have heard lately, sir," said she, "that it is God's written Word." When he found she would have it, he said, "Well, if you insist on having a book forbidden by your priests, you cannot expect their absolution." C—— told him she was determined to see if the Bible stated, as she had heard, that Christ was the only priest, and that if it did she would never again apply to any other. "My good girl," said he, "you are running great risk of losing the faith."

Catherine, however, got a copy of the Scriptures; and the reading of it was so blest to her soul, that she not only saw the wickedness of Romanism, but also how to trust in the Lord Jesus; and she tries now all in her power to teach her sister, whose children she was then nursing.

Last Thursday week, Mr Eade presided at our controversial class. There was a large attendance, almost all of whom were Roman Catholics. The general order of the meeting, and the seriousness of every countenance, were such as could scarcely have been expected from an assembly of Roman Catholics.

While Mr Eade refuted several of the Romish doctrines not a breath was heard, until they were invited to come forward, and two persons most respectfully addressed themselves to the chair, and each with all his might defended his creed. It was most interesting to see forms the whole length of the room occupied by Roman Catholics. In some cases the mother and four or five children sitting together, in another place the father and three or four sons.

An English lady who was present directed my attention to one fact, which might otherwise have escaped me; one member of every little group had a key in his or her hand

—all the family sitting there, and the little home locked up.

Several respectable persons present remembered the violence of the Roman Catholics at the time this house opened, and remarked with astonishment how wonderfully the Lord had wrought in accomplishing such a change.

Fever at present prevails to a fearful extent. From some parts of the district whole families have been removed to the hospital, and many of our poor people that went in registered themselves Protestants. I have been with some of them at the moment they were lifted into the fever cart, and, in the midst of their distress and weakness, they prayed fervently for blessings on the Irish Church Mission and its agents, as having been the means of leading them to spiritual life before the Lord saw fit to send this sickness ; and when I visit them in the hospitals, I find them strong in reliance on the Lord.

A few nights ago, at about eleven o'clock, there was rather an impatient knocking at the outer door of the school-house. I found two girls. They told me that Mrs C——, who had been a careless Protestant, was very sick, and they thought dying. I went up, and found her room full of Roman Catholics ; she was exceedingly ill, and they all thought she could not live. One said, "Bring my Bible ;" others, "Here is my Testament ;" some said, "Read ;" others said, "Pray." While I read, they were all very attentive, and afterward knelt down and joined me in prayer ; and when I asked for blessings on the Irish Church Missions, they all fervently said "Amen." I remained there while the poor sufferer went through great pain with much patience. She, however, got better, and when I was coming away there was a good-natured struggle among the people whose candle should light me down stairs ; and some of them insisted on seeing me home, the hour was so late.

The managements and mistakes of the priests in the Coombe district, remind one of the policy of Pharaoh in his oppression of the Israelites, for the more he crushed them the more they prospered.

When the agent visits a family, with the object of bringing the children to the school, he encounters great difficulties. The children are generally reluctant, the parents bigoted, often violent, and all in terror of the priest.

After a time the word spoken and read is blessed with fruit, the opposition is removed, and the schools are filled. The point seems to be won; but soon the priest takes the alarm, and runs like a madman round their houses, and if he cannot rouse their old prejudices, soon raises their terrors. They must either withdraw their children, or submit to lose their employment. In very many cases, both children and parents withstand the priest, and witness a good confession.

However, he sometimes succeeds in frightening them away from us, but seldom until they have learned, not only that Romanism is false, but also that to trust exclusively in the Lord is the true way of salvation. By this time the priest thinks he was won, but the schools are filled with a new swarm, gained with the same difficulty, who disappear under similar circumstances, and who are equally fortified with Protestant principles. Thus goes on the work the round of the year, the schools are always filled, and are continually getting in children utterly ignorant of God, and sending them out able to give a reason of the hope that has been implanted in them through the working of the Society.

The Sunday school is attended by a great number of men and women, very many of whom remain with us the rounds of the year; most of these have given up Romanism, and attend church service either in Townsend Street or one of the parochial churches. The average attendance in the Sunday school is about 250. When they are first brought to the school, they are inclined to be disorderly, and sure to be dirty. When they hear a word said against the Church of Rome, they try to raise up those in the same class with them to opposition

and violence, and sometimes leave the house vowing they will never enter it again, and perhaps not till they are visited a dozen times, can they be induced to come any more. However, we get them back; they become more cleanly, better behaved, and at last we find that those with whom we had so much trouble in the beginning, are so improved that we feel abundantly rewarded.

There is a family named H—— residing in the Coombe. I made several unsuccessful attempts to gain admittance to their house. I frequently saw Mrs H—— loitering about the school-house, watching the children coming in; and although she was not turbulent herself, I understood that she was a great mischief-maker in the way of sending others. This fact, of course, made me the more anxious to bring her under the influence of God's holy Word. But she carefully avoided me. At length one morning, as I was passing by, she was standing at her door. She bid me civil "good morning," and told me that she wished I would make no further endeavours to speak to her on the subject of religion, as she had thirty years ago quitted the Protestant church, and had been a Roman Catholic ever since. Having at last an opportunity, I brought the saving power of the gospel before her, and though she was very cool, I saw her mind was in a state that I might hope for permission to visit her, and after some time, found that the word spoken was making an impression. I saw that her prejudices were giving way, and that some of the Christian impressions she had received in her youth were beginning to show themselves. She has thrown aside beads and scapulars, and given up the mass. She receives scriptural instruction very eagerly, and is determined to join herself to the congregation of Christ.

Last Sunday week, the rector of this parish, the Rev. Mr Hallahan, when announcing a sermon to be preached in his church for the Irish Church Missions, said, "Of all the Chris-

tian societies at work, I believe there is none doing so much good as the Irish Church Missions, nor so much acknowledged by the Lord. In this parish and district we owe them the deepest debt of gratitude ; they are defending us here from the enemy round about us, and they are labouring successfully among the Roman Catholics, of whom now from thirty to forty are in the habit of attending divine service in this church. Oh, dear friends, help on this noble Society with your money and with your prayers !”

On Monday morning an English lady and gentleman came into Luke Street School while I was teaching a class of forty-two girls, all of whom had been originally Roman Catholics. After a little examination as to their proficiency in Scripture, the gentleman asked that all who had given up the mass would hold up their hands ; he counted thirty. He next asked that those who were still going to mass would hold up their hands ; four girls obeyed ; after a few words with these, he turned to the remaining eight, who are inquirers, and go to no place of worship.

“ I think,” said a Roman Catholic, “ that no man could desire the intercession of saints if he heard all the proofs against it that I was listening to at the class last night ; it is nothing but folly to think of going to the servant while the master is waiting for you to go to himself, and able, willing, and ready to help you ; this was all made as plain as possible last night, so I intend to go and hear Mr D—— on Sunday evening, and C—— has promised to come too. I think you 'll have us altogether very soon.”

We went to see a convert at ——, and found her in the company of three Roman Catholics, who had been at church with her on Sunday evening. One of them remarked, “ The sermon made me feel as if God must be very angry with people

for worshipping senseless images, and I now wonder myself how ignorant people must be to be praying before them, or have such things at all." Another said, "I was quite delighted with the sermon, and will not neglect another Sunday evening for the future." They all joined in a general conversation, and made several remarks to show how clearly each understood the object of the Roman Catholic religion to be to keep people in ignorance of God and His Word. They afterwards caused us to mark in the convert's Bible several passages on certain Romish doctrines, which they wished to study at their leisure. They also spoke of Protestant prayers as being very beautiful and easily understood, and expressed a wish to have a prayer-book.

Kate M——, being very ill, expressed a wish that one of the agents should be requested to call and see her. I went and found her very near death. She appeared to be much pleased as I approached her bedside; and when I asked why she had sent for me, she said because she wished me to pray with and talk to her about Christ. "Why," I said, "are you not a Roman Catholic?" "I was," she replied, "and was strictly brought up in that religion; but my husband has been bringing home the Irish Church Mission handbills every week for the last two years, and while I was reading them over, and comparing the texts quoted upon them with the Scriptures, I began to think that many of the things I was taught to believe were all wrong, but, thank God, I learned also that the Lord Jesus Christ is able, and willing, and ready to save me."

On the occasion of a second visit I found her very weak but in a most happy frame of mind, though her friends were gathered around, and urging her to have the priest called in. "You know, Kate," said her father, "you would disgrace us all by dying a Protestant, so you must get the priest." "Ah," she replied, "you know how I have always obeyed you, and will you now force me to give up my Saviour?" But the sister said, "Dear Kate, will you not even say, Jesus, Mary, and

Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul?" Pausing for a while to recover a little strength, the dying woman said, "Not for all the world; I couldn't say that." Then, after another short pause, she began to sing in a low tone—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Afterwards she spoke beautifully on some passages of Scripture that came into her mind, and ended by repeating,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me."

Worn out with the exertion, she now paused again, and there was a complete silence, which the father was the first to break, by observing, "Well, Kate, I could not ask you to send for the priest, after saying such beautiful things." "No," said her husband, "she seems happy—let her die in peace." At this moment I suggested that we should kneel and pray. They consented, and as I thanked God for this other instance of His mercy in saving a soul, and enabling her to give such decided testimony for Christ, her hearty "Amen" at the conclusion of our prayer led all present to join in it. Poor Kate very soon after fell asleep in Jesus, not having been further disturbed by her friends.

About two years ago I attended a dying convert, who was a shoemaker; he died trusting only in the Lord Jesus Christ. His wife was then bitterly opposed to the truth. I lost sight of her from that time. At length I ascertained where she lived, and went to see her. As I entered the room she put out both her hands to welcome me. I said, "You are greatly changed." She replied, "Ever since I heard your conversation with my husband, I have never entered a Romish chapel." "I'm glad to hear that, but I hope, when you gave up your old religion, you did not remain satisfied without any religion." "Oh, no!" she exclaimed; "the last words you said to my husband, when he was dying, have never left my heart: they were—'A poor sinner will find

all he can want in the Lord Jesus,' and I have found all I want in Him."

A short time since, I was speaking to a nun, who has lately left the Church of Rome under remarkable circumstances. She entered the convent, in order, as she said, to secure a happy death. She was distressed to find, that every nun that died departed apparently in the greatest misery. Even in the convent, God worked upon her heart, and showed her the falsehood of the religion of Rome ; and now that she has made her escape and embraced the truth, her joy in the full and free salvation of Jesus, after, as she says, trying for sixteen years to save her own soul, is something indescribable.

We used to visit a poor woman in — court, and talk to her about the Lord Jesus. Her husband*turned us out three times ; but she often met us at the house of a convert, and heard the Scriptures read. The "Holy Spirit took of the things of Jesus, and showed them to her." She died a short time ago. Before her death, her husband brought the priest ; but she rejected his absolution, his wafer, and his extreme unction, saying, "I want no priest but Jesus." The dying woman asked for the Scripture readers, but her husband would not let them come. However, the child of her friend the convert, who had been taught in the Mission school, often read the Bible for her. She died trusting in the Lord Jesus.

Mrs —, her husband, and children, have all been brought out of Romanism through the visits of the readers ; they seem to be genuine converts, "new creatures in Christ Jesus." I well remember the morning when, after asking the Divine presence to go with us, and the Holy Spirit to bless His Word to the souls of the people, Mr P—— visited Mrs —, and

told her of Christ crucified. He also spoke on transubstantiation, and explained to her the mode of making "altar breads," and invited her to the Mission-house for instruction. The next day she and her husband called. I read the Douay Bible for them, and proved that we are justified through faith in Christ Jesus. I also reasoned with them on purgatory. They came night after night, and at last gave up the mass, and all the other false doctrines of Rome, and became regular attendants at the Mission church. The Lord Jesus is all to this family ; they read the Scriptures, and have family prayer every day. Mrs — said to me, when speaking of Mr P —, "He is not a man at all ; he is an angel. What he first said to me of the Lord Jesus Christ never left my heart, and I pray for him every day of life."

Visited a convert widow, whose only child, a girl of ten years old, left her on Sunday to beg a little food, and has not since returned. This poor woman, though starving, is happy ; and though suffering the keenest anxiety about her only child, is staying herself on her God. She was sewing, and had a Bible open before her ; she seems "mighty in the Scriptures." I believe every leaf in her Bible is marked, and explanatory words written in every page. Everything I could see evidenced the depth and reality of her piety.

Called upon a Protestant family, and found that a Roman Catholic man, whom we visited about two years ago, had died, being ninety-six years of age. His Roman Catholic neighbours wanted him to send for a priest ; but he said, "I have found that the Lord Jesus Christ is the only Priest." A priest called upon him, but he would not listen. He died trusting only in the blood of Jesus Christ for salvation.

When — was first visited by the readers, she was a

superstitious Roman Catholic, and contended earnestly with them. Their questions led her to think ; she asked them to call again. On their next visit she accepted a Bible and a copy of the Address to Roman Catholics. She went to her priest, and asked him to explain some questions for her. "Do you want to ruin your soul," said he, "by asking such questions and reading such things?" "No sir," she said ; "but I *do* want to have them explained." The priest could not, and she never went to him again, but searched the Scriptures, in which she found the "Pearl of great price."

As I was speaking to a man upon the road, urging him to read the Bible, a poor woman, who was stooping down gathering nettles, rose up, and said, "Then if you do take to reading it, you must ask for the Holy Spirit to teach you ; it is He that will lift the darkness from your mind." On entering into conversation with her, I found that she had been a convert about five years, and had a truly wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures.

I was lately visiting a dying Sunday-school girl ; I had seen her repeatedly, and found her faith in the Saviour to be unclouded and firm. She had been in the habit of attending an inquiring class in the days of her health ; but now the tide of life was ebbing fast, and she was very soon to enter the dark valley of the shadow of death. I had bidden her "farewell" for the last time, yet she had something to say to me, and could hardly command strength to say it ; at length she spoke, "I have a little money of my own, will you take some of it to help in making known the Saviour to Roman Catholics?" Her poor emaciated hands could hardly open her little purse, as she presented me with its contents, amounting to nearly a pound. She wished that others should know the Saviour, whom she had found so precious to herself.

A Roman Catholic man said, "It is a great shame for these people to be leaving handbills on the road." "Why," said one standing near, "you need not take them up unless you like. But now, tell me, do you ever take them up?" "Well, indeed," said he, "I do sometimes." "Have you any about you now?" "Well, I have," said he, and he showed three of them apparently well read.

Two Roman Catholic women said they would both be very glad to receive instruction from us, but they were afraid of the neighbours, who would be sure to tell the priest about them, and thus secure the chance of getting relief if they were poor; besides, it would be a good way of proving their loyalty to "the Church," and getting rid of any suspicion that might exist against themselves. A most respectable-looking woman, who came up said, "Well, I don't blame the Roman Catholics for acting towards one another in that way—I used to do the very same things myself at one time, and thought that was my duty, until one day I went to Townsend Street Sunday-school, and God struck me as He did Saul on his way to Damascus: only with this difference, that He deprived Saul of his sight, but He gave me mine."

I spoke to two poor men on the road: they deal in rags. I was astonished at the amount of scriptural knowledge they possessed. They were quite clear on justification by faith; they said the first time they heard the true character of the Lord Jesus Christ, was one night at the Night Asylum from the Scripture readers; after this they procured Testaments, out of which they learned of Jesus. They said they do not go to church, the people who attend there are so grand.

J—— M—— called upon me; he has lately come out from Popery; he is really delighted with his Bible. We procured

work for fourteen converts a few miles out in the country ; when I told this man, he refused to go so far to work. I was surprised at this, knowing that he was in want ; but he explained himself, saying, " Many of my friends have turned from me since I went to church, and it is not so easy now to get work ; but the Lord has put a plan into my head that serves me well. I go out seven miles every morning by the sea-shore, and I gather a basketful of shell-fish ; I bring them into the town and sell them ; so I can go to the classes and sermons, and all the priests in Dublin cannot hinder me."

Four other men said to me, " We will not leave Dublin ; we will depend on God for support, and stop where we can hear the sermons. If we were in the country, we could not go to church among all the grand people, but we feel at home in the Mission house."

Two of the Irish Church Mission agents, who called one day upon a young person of whom they had heard some pleasing account. She was found reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, that chapter in which the prophet seems to have had a full and powerful view of the suffering and glorified Messiah.

They entered into conversation with her, and found her a true and earnest believer.

She related her story to them with great simplicity and earnestness. She had been brought up strictly as a Roman Catholic by a mother who loved her well, but thought there was *no salvation in any other communion*. She had never had a Bible, and perhaps had never seen one, but it came to pass that some kind soul dropped one day into the area of the house where she lived a little bit of crumpled paper. She picked it up. It might have been a bank-note. But no, it was a handbill ; commissioned with a message to her soul worth more than a thousand bank-notes ! On it were in-

scribed the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from ALL sin." And also the promise, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven." (1 John i. 7; Matt. x. 32; Luke xii. 8.)

These words were all new to the poor girl. She had been educated in a Nunnery school, and had never heard before of the *remedy* that cleanseth from all sin, neither of the further duty required by our Lord Jesus Christ of our true belief and reliance on Him by confessing our faith *openly* HERE; and the promise, so encouraging, attached to it. The effect of reading it for the first time was quite overpowering. It struck her to the heart, as being so opposed to the teaching she had received, about the advantages of penance and good works, &c. After recovering herself a little, she knelt down before the Lord, and supplicated Him to have mercy upon her, and direct her in the way of salvation.

This prayer was heard and answered. A few days afterwards she thought of asking the loan of a Bible from a friend, a Protestant young woman, to whom she was serving her time as a dressmaker. The request was cheerfully granted; and these two often read the Word of God together, while her friend, having had better opportunities of instruction, gave her much help in understanding what they read. Thus rolled away two years. She left off going to mass, and generally went to a neighbouring church for divine service. Meantime, her mother was not aware of the change that was going on in her daughter's mind. Perhaps she did not expect one so young to be thinking so deeply. She was just approaching her sixteenth birth-day, and her mother had promised her for the occasion a handsome present. She felt grateful for this kindness, but thought she ought not to receive a present while she was concealing the state of her mind, which she ought to have declared openly.

The passage of Scripture again occurred which had made such an impression when she first found the handbill: "Whosoever will confess ME before men, him will I also confess

before my Father." From that moment she made up her mind to tell her mother all that was in her heart, but the effect upon her mother was most distressing; the poor girl thought she would go out of her mind. Full of tears and sorrows, she did not argue the matter, but spread it before the Lord, like good King Hezekiah of old. (See Isaiah xxxvii. 14.) She felt that strength, and knowledge, and faith to overcome were all from HIM, and she simply believed *His* OWN WORD and PROMISE. She *asked*, and *RECEIVED*. If every one of us would try this plan, and take God at His word, what strong and faithful Christians would we be!

Shortly after this, she was brought to meet some priests in a chapel, to be examined and questioned by them.

They held a long consultation on her case, and then introduced some nuns, with whom they spoke in a passionate manner in the French language. The nuns knelt down as if to denounce or curse; the mother superior looking on at poor Rose with a most severe countenance, and continued her mutterings till the bishop came in. She was pointed out to him as a desperately stubborn girl, who despised the instruction of her clergy, and the advice of a good and pious mother. He looked at her in rather a disdainful manner; but, making no observation, walked away. The nuns then arranged with her mother that she should be put in a convent.

With what anguish of heart did the poor girl learn this determination! She would then have no liberty to follow the dictates of conscience, to read her Bible, to go to church, to speak freely the feelings of her heart to other Christian friends; she again tried her former plan of pouring out her troubles to HIM who hears and *answers prayer*, and besought Him to give her strength to overcome her enemies.

She then recollected that she had a kind friend living near D—, and, applying to her, got a note to Lady M—, who procured a situation for her in England. But, alas! when she got there she found that her employers, though Christians in name, were very far from coming up to the standard she found in the Word of God.

But she still had her Bible, and still she could hold communion with her Father in heaven by prayer; she did not forget her mother, but earnestly entreated that her heart might be softened.

This prayer was answered. In the course of a few months she received a letter from her mother, saying, that if she would return home, her religion should not be interfered with. She was only too glad to comply: she returned home, and is now earnestly seeking the conversion of her mother. She is free to worship in the Protestant church as often as she likes.

MISSION CHURCH AND CLASSES, ETC.

"Our Shepherd is still our guardian and guide,
Before us He goes to keep and provide;
We drink of the stream from the Rock that was riven—
Our bread is the manna that came down from heaven."

FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.

SEVENTEEN years ago a clergyman, an earnest servant of God, was labouring in a parish in the west of Ireland. He was very anxious about the souls of the Roman Catholics, and did all he could to bring them to a knowledge of Christ, the only Saviour. In that parish there were two young women—sisters. One of them was so violent that she would not allow the minister to speak to her; the other appeared to be a little softened, and received his visits kindly. No further effect was produced upon her, and they left the place. In April this minister, now a missionary, was in Dublin; a woman, a stranger to him, followed him to the office of the Society. "Sir," she said, "I've come to thank you for the seed you sowed in my heart; myself and my four children are all Protestants now; we were Roman Catholics." The clergyman was very much astonished. "I don't remember you," he said. "But I remember you, sir; don't you remember seventeen years ago visiting ——, who was troubled about religion? She was my sister. I heard all you said; the wonderful thing is, that she is still a Roman Catholic, but I and another sister have learned better, through God's mercy." The poor woman

was much affected while telling this, and left the office in tears, and the good clergyman was very full of gratitude to God that He had allowed him to see the fruits of his labours.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

A Romanist asked a convert woman, "What did she get for becoming a convert?" The woman replied, "I got what neither you nor your Church ever gave me—a knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

ECCLESIASTES XI. 1.

Three clergymen were driving on a car to the Mullingar railway station in Dublin, and one of them was engaged in earnest controversy with the driver, who was a Roman Catholic, and concluded by giving him a small Testament, marking in pencil the places to which he had referred. About a year after, one of the three clergymen taking a car in Dublin, commenced a conversation with the driver, whom he was surprised to find considerably shaken as to his opinions on Romanism, though nominally a Roman Catholic. The clergyman was encouraged to speak more fully, and led the man to Christ; asking him if he had never heard that Christ says to sinners, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." The man replied, "Oh, sir, I know that well. I drove three clergymen a year ago to the Mullingar station. I took them up, sir, where I took you up to-day; and one of them gave me a little book; and marked it in pencil; I think it's the best book that ever was printed, and in it I remember reading, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.'"

A TROUBLESOME PUPIL.

A Roman Catholic turned his wife out of doors some time ago, because she left the mass, and was bringing her children to church. After a while he readmitted her, but brought his little boys to the priests' school. One of them, a few days since, was found by the master teaching the others in

the school the verse John iii. 16. The master threatened him, and ordered him to teach no more of his verses, or he would turn him out. "I wish you would, sir," he replied; "then I could get to my own school again."

EAGER LEARNERS.

A handbill, containing a text of Scripture in large print, was put up in a shop window, when two old women were observed passing by. Their attention was attracted, and they stopped. For a long time they gazed earnestly at the text, and seemed to be studying it. After a little while they passed on; they had not gone very far in the street, before one of them was heard to say to the other, "I have not got it quite yet; let us go back and take another look."

Accordingly, they returned to their station at the shop window, and waited till they knew by heart the few but precious words there displayed. The text they learnt so carefully was this—"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh to the Father but by me."

THE BOOK.

A Roman Catholic woman came to my house lately with her son, a fine fellow, about seventeen years of age. "The truth is," she said, "we don't know what to do, for we are all ignorant, and what can we know?" I gave her son a copy of the New Testament, and I have the following testimony of the good use he made of it. Some time after I met the woman, and asked her, "What is your son doing with the Bible?" "Oh then," said she, "that's a strange lad; since the day he got that book, nothing will do for him but reading; and he has got so queer, that he makes myself ashamed after the way he goes on, speaking against the Roman Catholic religion; and instead of going to the chapel, as the other young men in the street, he will go into some quiet place, and be reading always,—always at Luke and John." When I asked her, "What religion does he think the right one?" "Why then," she said,

"to tell you the truth, I am sure in my heart he does not care a straw for any one, only altogether about what the book tells him,—he is all for the religion of the book."

LIVING TOGETHER IN HEAVEN.

An old man, a Protestant in name, but utterly careless as regards religion, received one day in the street a handbill. He took it home and read it. It announced a controversial class in Townsend Street. This class he attended. His mind was awakened to the value of truth. He attended class after class, brought his wife with him, and at length both became true Christians. This old man had a brother as careless as he himself had been. Many times he spoke to him and prayed for him, but apparently in vain; but God had purposes of mercy for him. He was taken ill, and during his illness he listened to his brother's words; his eyes were opened to see his need of a Saviour, and ere long he could say, "He is *my* way, *my* truth, and *my* life." Not long before he died he threw his arms around his brother, and said, "William, do you remember the day you and I stood on the bridge at Enniscorthy expecting the rebels to kill us? What a mercy God spared us both to be brought to Christ! Now, we shall not die together, but live together for ever in heaven." His last words were, "Jesus is my way; I am following Him."

AN OPPOSER CONVINCED.

Long ago a violent and bitter Romanist began to attend the classes, to argue on the Romish side. For some time he continued in this course; at length he dropped one point after another, and finally became silent. He belonged to a band of confraternity men of about 200. At one of their meetings he ventured to put out some Protestant opinions. He was reported to the priests. Dr —, his former confessor, came to him and argued, but he could not recover his lost sheep. He then went to the poor man's employer, and got him dismissed; *thus was he thrown out of a means of living, and was soon*

reduced to the lowest poverty. In this time of trial a friend lent him £1, to set up a pedlar's pack, in the book trade. Having done so, he started on a country tour, and ere he returned his £1 had become £11. He went home to stay a while with his wife, but she was so angry, on account of his change of religion, that she would not give him any peace; he had to take a separate lodging, still treating her with the greatest kindness. By degrees she became softened, and wrote a very penitent letter, begging him to return. He gladly did so, and only a few days afterwards she was taken ill and died. After this he set out on another journey with his pack. On this journey, at a small town, he was taken ill. A Christian woman visited him, and was delighted to find him resting peacefully on Christ. He told her his story, and she took a great interest in him. When he was drawing near to death, the person in whose house he lodged sent for a priest; he refused to confess, saying Christ was his confessor. He was in great distress, fearing that the priest would be forced on him at last; but his friend enlisted other sympathisers, and two Protestant men kindly undertook to remain with him until he should depart. For two nights and days they continued their kind office, and then his happy spirit was released from its earthly prison. As he was dying, he kept saying, "Mr MacCarthy, God bless him; I wish I could see him; God make him a blessing!"

SINGING.

A man passing Rath Row heard singing. The words fastened in his mind. He stayed away for a week, then came back. He found peace in believing, and said he could not describe what he felt, but he was full of peace.

"THE BLIND RECEIVE SIGHT."

One day a blind man came into the Townsend Street School. The master entered into conversation with him, and asked him did he know the way for his soul to be saved? "Yes," said he; "*through Christ, and through Christ alone.*" "I am glad

to hear you say that," said the master ; " I thought you were a Roman Catholic." " So I was," said he ; " but I came up to Dublin little more than a week ago, and I came here on Sunday to hear the preaching. I heard a gentleman tell about a poor blind man who sat by the wayside begging, and Jesus passed by. Then I came to the school and learned more, and now I believe in Jesus, and Him alone."

STORMY WINDS FULFILLING HIS WORD.

During a violent gale, a steamer put into Kingstown harbour for shelter. On board was a soldier ; he wandered up into town, and passing by the chapel asked a lady what building it was. She told him, and asked him was he a Catholic ! He said he was, but did not care much for religion. She offered him a Roman Catholic Testament, some beads, and a medal ; he was unwilling to take them at first, but did so at length. In the evening he mentioned the circumstance to a gentleman who lodged in the same house. This gentleman was a Christian ; he invited him into his room, got him interested about the Bible, and asked him to compare his Testament with the Protestant version. He then brought the soldier to the prayer-meetings. In a short time he became a changed man. He is now a butler in a Christian family, keeps his Bible in the pantry, and spends every spare moment in the study of it.

THE BLESSED HANDBILLS.

A Scripture reader was visiting in Dublin, when he met a sergeant of one of the regiments stationed in that city. Anxious to get into conversation, the reader offered the sergeant a handbill. To his surprise, the man took it eagerly, exclaiming, " Oh, those are the blessed bills ! " " Have you found them blessed ? " said the reader. The man's reply was as follows :—" I came, three or four months ago, to Ireland, a bigoted Roman Catholic. I wouldn't have entered a Protestant church ; I wouldn't let any one even speak to me *upon religion*. I got some of those bills ; I compared them

with the Bible ; I became convinced that the Church of Rome was wrong, and I am now, thank God, a Protestant. I look only to the Saviour for salvation, and go where I hear Christ preached. Though I am not able to go to your meetings, my heart is with you." May we not say, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days?"

THE WORD FOUND.

A poor woman on her way home from market picked up an old handbill on the road ; being unable to read, she put it in her pocket, from which, on her arrival at home, it was transferred to a shelf occupied by a lot of old papers. One Sunday, her husband, being unwell, remained at home, and, longing for something to occupy his mind, began to rummage the old papers—found the handbill, when, after reading and considering the points it contained, he became so startled that the very next day he took it to a priest, who, however, was not able to satisfy his mind ; doubts set in, which ultimately led to the man's conversion. His wife and all his family soon afterwards came out of Romanism.

FOUND WITHOUT SEEKING.


A soldier seeking for St Mark's church, where he wanted to meet some friends, went by mistake to the Mission church, Townsend Street. He looked in, remembered what he had heard against the place, but said to himself, "Sure a soldier need not be afraid of going *anywhere*." Service was going on ; he watched what the other people did and followed them. When the sermon began he looked with intense interest at Mr MacCarthy, he had heard so much against him ; "he has an honest face," he thought, and he listened to what was said. When he found that the sermon was addressed to Roman Catholics, he determined to remain after service, and speak to Mr MacCarthy. After some earnest conversation, he accepted a Bible, of which he became a devoted student, and afterwards a sincere convert.

STORIES OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

“To be on earth what Jesus was,
Despised and scorn'd of men;
This is His people's *greatness* here,
Until He come again.”

I PRAYED AND HE ANSWERED ME.

A LAY agent having been requested by a lady to bring her to see some of the converts, called upon Mrs —— first; finding, however, that she had recently left her dwelling, they made inquiries, and were directed to another house which it was thought she had removed to. Upon calling there, however, the lay agent perceived there was some mistake; for this woman, though of the same name, was a perfect stranger, and a Roman Catholic besides. The opportunity was taken of speaking a little of the word of truth, and she was invited to the ragged school. A few Sundays after, she went there, and became from that day a regular attendant. Until recently, there were no collections made in the Mission-building; and during that period, one Sunday, a gentleman went up to the missionary, and handing him a shilling, said he should like it to be given to any one whom he should think in need of it. The missionary, looking around him, saw a very intelligent-looking poor woman close by, and asked the lay agent who she was. “Oh,” he replied, “that’s the poor woman we called upon by mistake, on the day I went to visit with Mrs —— . She is a convert from Popery now, and I *believe a true* disciple of the Master; but in great temporal



need." "Well," said the missionary, "we will give her the shilling." When handing her the money, the lay agent told her how it came ; bursting into tears, she cried, "It came from God. This morning I knew not where to turn for bread, but I prayed to God, and He has answered me."

TRUE JOY.

A convert girl entering the class on Sunday morning, told me she had received a great fright on her way. I could perceive no trace of alarm on her countenance ; on the contrary, her eyes were sparkling with delight. Replying to my puzzled look, she said, "As I was coming along, whom should I see but my brother, whom I have not laid an eye on for the last twelve months. He used to beat me for reading the Bible ; so as soon as I saw him, I thought he will surely beat me now when he finds where I am going. He came a bit nearer, and I noticed a book under his arm—it was a Bible. When he came up, he shook hands with me, and asked where I was going. I told him. He said he was going to church, too. I cannot tell you how glad I was ; and then, as we came on together, he kept advising me all the way to put my whole confidence in the Bible, and never bow to, or worship, the host again."

ONLY JESUS.

A poor man, who had attended the ragged school only five times, was dying. The people about sent for the priest ; he came, and told the dying man to say—

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, have mercy on me !"

"Jesus, have mercy on me," said the man.

"No," said the priest, say, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph."

"Jesus, have mercy on me," said the man.

After saying this many times, the priest became angry, and said, "If you do not say Mary and Joseph, you cannot be saved."

"Jesus is enough," said the dying man, and with his last breath he whispered, "Jesus, have mercy on me."

FORCED PERSECUTION.

A poor woman who for some time had been attending regularly the Townsend Street Ragged Sunday School, and seemed a true convert, was one day missed from her class, and upon inquiry being made, it was found she had been induced, by means of large bribes, to return to mass. Five shillings a week was allowed her for the use of her room for the recitation of the rosary, and value to the amount of five more in rations of bread, groceries, &c. As soon as she was thought to be firmly re-established in her former faith, the priest began to urge her to remove her two daughters from under Protestant influence. They both, however, in the most positive manner refused to leave the institutions in which they were receiving scriptural instruction; and the mother, having done all she could to shake their resolution, returned to her patrons with the account of her failure. She was informed that she should have no further assistance of any kind from them unless she succeeded; and thus urged, she made another attempt, and behaved so violently, that those who had an opportunity of witnessing her conduct, could plainly perceive that self-interest was her prevailing motive. Her efforts were again unsuccessful; but as she walked homewards, her conscience became greatly agitated. The decided opposition of her children led her to reflection, and the thought made her so unhappy, that instead of going home, she went straight to the priests and told them she could no longer let her room to them, nor receive their weekly allowance. The following Sunday she reappeared at the ragged school, and after telling her teacher all that has been related, she added, that at the very time she was most violently insisting upon her children's obedience, she felt inwardly thankful that they had the grace to resist.

THE WAY OUT OF TROUBLE.

It was a bare and desolate room in one of the old houses in the Coombe; the furniture which it had once contained had been parted with, piece by piece, to buy bread, till now there

was nothing left, and the wind whistled under the door and through the empty grate, up into the chimney; and the hungry children crouched close to their father and mother, to try and get warm. They had spent the evening thus, and now night was coming to add to their miseries. What made them so poor? Why could not they work? They could if they had it; but Pat B——'s case is a very common one in poor Ireland. He was a Roman Catholic, a shoemaker by trade, and once he had enough to do; but he heard something about the classes which are held for the purpose of talking with Roman Catholics, and teaching them the right religion. Pat thought *his* religion was right, and he determined to go to the class and defend it. He intended to make a grand speech, and he took his wife and children; but he was not able to prove himself right, and soon he began to see he was all wrong. So he let his children go every day to the Coombe Mission School, and on Sunday their mother went with them, and they learned a great many texts and a great many hymns, and what is better still, they learned to trust in Jesus, and to come to Him with all their troubles and difficulties.

When the priest discovered how things were going, you may be sure he was not very much pleased. He determined to punish these poor people. This he did by persuading the shopkeeper who supplied Pat with work, not to give him any more.

When the poor man heard this, he was in great distress. He went elsewhere to find work, but persecution followed him; and this was how they came to be so cold and hungry on that winter's evening.

Pat's temper could stand it no longer, and he rose up and abused his wife, telling her it was all her fault for sending the children to school. Then he went out in a rage.

When he was gone, the poor mother looked at her children. "We have done wrong," she said. "We ought to pray instead of fretting; God alone can send us help." And they knelt down, and simply told their Father in heaven what they *were suffering*. Before they rose from their knees, there was

a knock at the door. It was a master shoemaker come to bring work, for which he advanced a few shillings. Oh, how glad the poor children were! The mother could scarcely speak for joy; but she lifted up her heart in deep thankfulness to Him who had thus provided for their sore need.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

To-day, in the morning Sunday school, in one of the classes of men and women, inquirers and converts, the question was put, "What is it to be holy?" Before an answer could be given the signal came for closing school. Some good answers were shouted out as the people moved away, and one very ragged dirty man came up to the teacher, and said, "Please, sir, may I tell you? It's to be *clane inside*."

This class is quite a picture. Many of the poor women bring their little children, and they all nestle about the teacher, crouching under his chair and climbing about his knees, looking so happy, and all the time he goes on teaching as if they were not there at all.

FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND, DATED 1857.

I have just been round visiting a few converts, accompanied by Mr M'Guigan, and have been very much pleased with the simplicity of faith manifested by them; the pleasant countenance and sparkling eye, in many instances, showing that in the midst of deep outward trial and poverty, the "peace of God, which passeth understanding," was the heart's keeper. In one room, at the top of a rickety old house, there sat a shoemaker at his stall, making a boot; and near him was his wife binding another. About them both there was an air of respectability, which did not seem to suit the scantily furnished room. No bed was there, no appearance of covering, excepting the clothing which they wore: two old chairs, a stool, an iron pot, and small table, formed the whole of the furniture. "Have you no Bible?" we asked. "Thank God, I have," said the man; "it's all my comfort," at the same time he drew out a nice *large-type* one. "Please, sir," he said, "will you mark next

Sunday's text? my little son will soon be home from school, and he will teach me it; sir, he's a fine scholar entirely, many a Sunday hour I spend with him reading that book." After a little talk about the loss of his friends, and Jesus, the best friend, we asked him how he had been reduced to such extreme poverty. He said that he had once been well to do in the world, being employed as a shoemaker to a convent in which there were thirty nuns. One Saturday night his wife was going home from market, when some one put a handbill, on the sacrifice of the mass, into her hand; she took it home and read it; the bill gave notice of a class to be held on the following Friday; to this class she went, and from week to week persevered in her attendance, her mind gradually opening and receiving the truth; at last she ventured to the Sunday school, and there was made the happy possessor of a New Testament. At this time, as her absence from confession was noticed by the priest, he came to see her, and she told him all. "Poor woman," said he, "your soul is lost for all eternity, and your children's too." He then turned to the husband, and told him it was his duty to leave his wife. "No," said he; "she was always a good wife, and now she is kinder than ever she was." The priest went away, and in a short time the poor man received notice that he would get no more work from the convent. For a while he struggled on, trying to form new connexions;—at length he was afflicted with a long illness, and one thing after another was pawned to procure food. A kind friend hearing of the case, lent 5s. to enable the wife to purchase muslin to make caps, being a handy woman; for the remaining four weeks of her husband's illness, she contrived to make enough money to get bread for her children; when the husband recovered, he went with his wife to school and church. They were yet to be further tried: for fifteen years they had lived in the same house—their rent had been regularly paid; yet now, for an arrear of 12s. their landlord had turned them adrift, seizing their furniture for the debt. They went to the lodging in which we found them, and *having borrowed 5s. to purchase material, were trying to make*

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up the 12s., in order to recover their bed. They were happy; for having received the truth, they were looking away from earth to the "REST that remaineth."

In an upper room of another house were three children just recovered from fever, crouching over a miserable fire; the furniture of this room consisted of one chair, three stools, and a bedstead, upon which was some straw, covered with a torn patch-work quilt; and the mother was there, a woman of perhaps thirty years of age. "Well," said Mr M'Guigan, "your husband was in school last Sunday,"—how her eyes sparkled, as she said, "Yes, thank God, he said he'd come to bring me and the children, and we came in all together; he never beats me now." This was the same woman whom I referred to in my first letter; for months her husband had beaten her every Sabbath-day; at last, unable to endure it longer, she left him, and with her eldest little girl sought a refuge in a distant lodging. After a while, the children left with the husband took fever; in *his* distress he remembered his wife's patience, and his own rough conduct towards her, and he sought her out, begging of her to come home, and nurse the children. She came, carrying in her arms her little girl, who, on her way home from school one Sunday, had been attacked by some boys, and her head so severely hurt, that she had since been for the most part insensible; and in short all but the mother were laid low in the fever. Mr M'Guigan was sent for one night to see them. What a scene met his view! five individuals lying upon the floor, and the old grandmother, ninety-eight years of age, kneeling among them, telling her beads. He knelt down to pray. I need not tell you that he continued his visits, and brought some relief; the persecutor sat humbly at the feet of Jesus' messenger, and we hope he will soon have grace given him to come out from Romanism. The poor old grandmother still continues a blind Roman Catholic. Before we left the house, we turned into her room; she was sitting sewing without spectacles, her hearing was perfectly good, and her answers to Mr M'Guigan's questions were quite intelligent; over the bed hung a bottle of *holy water*, a piece of blessed palm, and a few pictures of

saints ; on the chimney-piece was a crucifix, and at her side a rosary. Mr M'Guigan spoke to her about giving her heart to Jesus. "Ah !" she said, "I do give Him the whole of it ; does He not deserve it !" "Then," he said, "won't you pray to Him !" "Yes ; I'll go to His mother." "But," said he, "suppose she cannot hear you." "Oh then," said she, "sure God will tell her what I prayed for." He then opened his Bible, and taught her to repeat the text, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

I cannot conclude without telling the story of one like "Saul of Tarsus."

On the day of the opening of the Mission-house, about four years ago, as some ladies were entering the house, they were followed by a crowd, headed by a large-made woman, armed with a great fish-head. A man standing at the door, ordered her not to throw it, upon which she set up a yell, in which she was joined by the crowd. As the meeting broke up, she and her followers were there again, yelling and hooting in the same manner. From this time she set herself against the Mission-house and all connected with it, with a determined opposition ; she lived in the same street, and each morning as the young men were going out to visit, she would constantly besmear them with mud and filth ; often she would gather the street boys, and lead them on to throw stones against the door. One morning she fell upon two young readers, and threw one of them down. For this she was taken up by a policeman, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment ; she came out worse than ever ; her language was awful, and before long she had committed such gross outrage, that she was taken up and sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour. When she heard this sentence, she looked wildly round, exclaiming, "My child, what will become of my child ?" The reader whom she had most persecuted was in court, and said, "I will take care of her ;" she seemed softened. When she came out of prison, finding her little girl had been well cared for, she gave up her violent conduct. The reader never lost an opportunity of speaking seriously to her ; at length,

one dark night, she was found inside the church porch listening to the sermon; time after time, Nicodemus-like, she came, till at last she ventured to the school, but she would not bring her child; she was trying the new religion before she would risk her child's soul; but now child and mother attend regularly. The mother has a Testament, and she who once did all she could to keep people from Christ, now acts as missionary, trying to induce them to go and hear. But the *persecutor* is now the *persecuted*; as soon as her change became known, her employment, as charwoman, was all taken from her, and she was on the brink of starvation, when a friend lent her 10s. to set up a fruit and vegetable stall. For a fortnight all went on well, and she repaid 2s. out of the 10s.; on the third week, she had just purchased a basket of eggs, for which she had given 3s. 6d., and a few vegetables, when one of her old gang came up, "Ah, is it there you are, you old swaddler!" said she, seizing her basket, upsetting her eggs, trampling them in the street. It was the work of a moment. A woman came out from a neighbouring house to remonstrate; turning upon her, she drove her back, breaking her windows; for these, *our* poor woman paid, and her little all was gone, poor thing! In relating the story, she said, weeping, "It's only what I deserve, —it's what I many a time did myself, God help me!" The change in the temper and behaviour of this woman has already produced a great effect in the neighbourhood; many are watching, and wondering what can be the secret power which has thus turned the lion into a lamb. May that same secret power work in the hearts of many more; we *may* expect it in answer to prayer.

LIGHT FOUND.

When the Coombe Ragged School was held in the old Weavers Hall, a young woman found her way to it. She was a Roman Catholic; still she liked the instruction, and was very regular in her attendance. Seeing her deep interest, *some one* there lent her a Bible, which she read with great *delight*. Soon after this she went to service. Her master

took an interest in her spiritual condition, and presented her with a neat little gilt-edged Bible. She looked upon this as a great treasure. On leaving this service, she went on a visit to her friends in the country. They were Roman Catholics, so was she ; but on Sunday evening she stole out to find a quiet spot to read her pretty Bible. She was discovered, and followed ; and in spite of her cries and entreaties, her Bible was taken from her, and in her presence thrown behind the fire. A fierce persecution followed. She returned to Dublin, and took a lodging until she could find another situation. Her mind was at that time considerably enlightened ; but she had not come to the belief that faith in Christ was enough for her salvation. She strove after good works. While thus struggling after the light, she was led to attend a Protestant church. That day the beautiful hymn beginning "Rock of Ages, cleft for me" was sung ; it caught her attention—

" Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

That was just what she wanted. She repeated the words over and over again to herself—she made their sentiment her own. She came simply to Jesus, and found peace with God.

CHILDREN'S DEATHS.

"And the Father's fold, it is warm and bright,
O'erflowing with love, and the door
Is open to all of the little ones
For ever and ever more."

THE LITTLE ONES THAT DIED.

(Written for the Children.)

THERE is not much that is remarkable in children dying. Many, *many* little ones "have gone to heaven to live;" and they tune their harps so sweetly, and sing so joyously, that I am quite sure not one of them would wish to come back again, even for a moment, to this world. And yet it's a *solemn* thing when a little child, full of health and happiness, is called to lie upon a bed of pain, and then to leave all it loves here below, to go where it has *never* been. And then the thought of the dark lonely grave is sad and gloomy. Ah! little children, hundreds of you will read this story; would *you* fear if the call came to you? can you say—

"Jesus is my Shepherd, wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom, what have I to fear?
When I tread death's valley, dark with fear and gloom,
I will fear no evil, victor o'er the tomb?"

If Jesus is with you, indeed, there will be light shining on your dying pillow, you will know what it is to have a friend who will "*never* leave nor forsake you."

Little Pat was a dear child of about six years; he had rosy cheeks, and light curling hair; and, though he was a little

ragged boy, his mother was very proud of him, and she kept him and his little sister as clean as water could make them ; and when they came hand in hand to the Mission Infant School they were quite a pleasant picture to the eye of the teacher. If you were to see many of the poor little ones who came to that school, how poor, and dirty, and miserable they are, you would understand how refreshing it must be to see clean faces, clean hands, and clean clothing, however scanty it may be.

Little Pat was very fond of coming to school, and he delighted in learning the sweet hymns, and the nice texts the Mission children all love, and he used to sing the hymns in the evening for his father and mother, and they learned many a pleasant lesson from the lips of their little boy.

One Sunday, not very long ago, little Pat's place in his Sunday school class was empty, but it was not long before the cause was known. An elder brother came in, his poor little face red with weeping. "My brother's dead," was all he could say, and then he rushed sobbing away. The news was indeed quite true ; only the Sunday before poor little Pat had been in school, and had learned his text with the other children ; and now as *they* again sat around their teacher on earth, *he* had entered upon the eternal Sabbath ; he had got his first sight of his Saviour Jesus ; *he* was safely gathered into the heavenly fold, and the good Shepherd was leading him beside "the river of the water of life."

The messenger sent to call little Pat home was the small-pox. He was taken ill on Monday, and till Saturday lay on his little bed. And his poor mother watched over him with anxious love, just as your mothers would, although she was so poor ; she could not bear to think of parting with him ; but he got worse and worse. On Saturday he tried to sing "Come to Jesus," but he was so weak he could not do it. His little sister said, "Me'll sing it for you," and she sang it all through. Then the dear little fellow sang in a faltering voice,

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

But just as he ended the line, his voice fell to a whisper, and he closed his eyes to wake up in glory.

Ah ! little children, would you like to die like little Pat ? Then you must " come to Jesus just now ; " " He will save you , " " only trust Him . " Then you can joyfully sing

" I do believe, I *will* believe
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
That I might happy be . "

Just at the time this dear boy was taken ill, several little ones from the Grand Canal Street Infant School were called away. Amongst them was little Ellie ; she was a sweet child, with dancing blue eyes, a smiling face, and a voice like a little bird's ever ready to sing its song of praise.

When she had just learned to talk, her mother brought her to Grand Canal Street Mission School, and she was set upon the lowest seat in the gallery, amongst the babies. By degrees she got higher, and before long she was on the third row. We used to say she was the " leader of the babies . " She could sing all the little hymns quite perfectly,—" I want to be an angel , " " Gentle Jesus , " and a great many more. And when we asked the babies to sing, little Ellie would lead it all through ; and when questions were asked, little Ellie's was always the brightest answer.

I don't know exactly how it was, but every one loved little Ellie. Why do we love violets ? Why do we love daisies ? Why do we love little robin red-breasts ? Why do we love the little twinkling stars ? I don't know ; but we loved little Ellie in just the same kind of way.

I don't mean to say that little Ellie never did wrong, for there never was a child born into this world who had not a naughty heart ; but when Jesus takes a poor sinful child and washes it in His own precious blood, and gives it His Holy Spirit, the naughty tempers are conquered one by one, and the fruits of the Spirit shine out, so that there is something of heaven about such a little child.

Sometimes Jesus makes His dear children ready for glory

very quickly. So he did with little Ellie. He had a place for her amidst the band of little children round the throne. Her voice was wanted in that glorious choir, and so she was called away to dwell in heaven.

Little Ellie was taken ill. The brightness faded from her eye, and the bloom from her cheek. Her mother watched over her, and prayed God to spare her; but she *felt* she would die, for she had watched already four little girls dying of the same disease, and little Ellie was the last. It was very hard to give her up; and yet that broken-hearted mother felt sure that Jesus knew best, and that her little darling would be much better off in heaven. Sometimes little Ellie suffered a great deal of pain; at other times she was easier. One evening she was sitting on her father's knee; he was talking to her about getting well. She looked up into his face, and said, "Dadda, I'm going to 'the promised land.'" "What land is that, my dear?" he said. "Oh," said little Ellie, "don't you know? it's heaven. I have a Father in the promised land." Her poor father burst into tears; he could not bear to think what his home would be without little Ellie.

Little Ellie could repeat a great many texts of Scripture; and whenever she felt able, it was her greatest delight to repeat these to her mother. Her favourites were those about the forgiveness of sins,—“The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;” “God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” She never seemed to have any doubt that her sins were forgiven—that she belonged to Jesus. One day, when suffering very much, she was asked, “Who loves you, Ellie?” She immediately said, “Jesus.”

When little Ellie was well, she always used to say her prayers before going to bed; and when ill and lying in bed, she would every night clasp her small, wasted hands together, and say, “O God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit.” The night before she died she could only say, “O God!” she was so very weak. But now she can sing the new song, which

none but redeemed ones can sing,—“Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.”

The children at Grand Canal Street School all felt very much about little Ellie's illness and death. They had all loved her, and they love her still ; but it is with a new kind of love. When they sing, “Beautiful home in heaven afar,” they say, “That is little Ellie's home now.” And I am sure there is not one amongst them who does not earnestly wish to follow those baby footsteps to the promised land, where Jesus is King, and where even the little ones shall all always look upon His face, and dwell in the light of their Father's countenance and love.

COME, JESUS, COME.

Some time ago one of the missionaries entered a room in one of the back streets of Dublin. It was a small room, and poorly furnished, yet it was neat and clean ; one corner was occupied by a bed, on which lay a little girl—her cheek was pale and wan, and her face wore an expression of suffering ; yes, she had lain there *long*, and the hurried breathing and frequent cough plainly told that she must go. Near the bed sat the sorrowing mother engaged at her needle-work ; the missionary sat down and began to speak to the mother of eternal things. After a while the little one raised herself on her elbow and said, earnestly, “When you have done talking would you just read for me the eighth chapter of Romans ?” He read it, and then asked her whether she was afraid to die. “No !” she said ; “the Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.” She sweetly repeated the whole psalm, and said, in that lay her hope. From this time she was frequently visited by one of the Sunday school teachers, and many were the interesting conversations they held together. Her spirit seemed ripening for glory ; her eye was constantly fixed on Jesus, and not a cloud marred the brightness of the vision. On one occasion, speaking of the dark valley, she said—

“And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.”

But this I can find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not be in glory, and leave *me* behind."

Once she was asked what she had been thinking most about since the last visit ? Her answer was contained in *one* word—"Jesus !" And could she have said more, when *all* fulness dwells in Him ? The evening on which she died she called her eldest brother to her, and throwing her poor weak arms round his neck, earnestly entreated him to seek the Lord. "Promise me," she said, "that you will meet me in heaven ; oh ! *will* you ?" She spoke in the same affectionate way to the others, and *then* her heart and flesh failed ; but ere the spirit fled, the words, "Come, Jesus, come," escaped her trembling lips, and then all was over ; calmly and peacefully the last cord which bound her to earth was severed, and attendant angels bore the emancipated spirit to its mansion in glory. And could we hear the first song of that redeemed one, as its notes mingled harmoniously with the chorus of heaven, would it not be one which she had learned on earth, "Unto Him that loved me, and washed me from my sins in His own blood."

TRUSTING IN JESUS.

It was a very common coffin, and a very shabby hearse, and the mourners who made up the small funeral train were few in number ; but there was real sorrow amongst them, for they were taking to the grave one who had made himself loved by all around him—one who had borne witness for Christ in the midst of opposition, and who had died rejoicing in his Saviour. He was but a little fellow, only eleven years of age ; but he was not too young to be an "epistle of Christ, known and read of all men," and the Roman Catholic neighbours were astonished at his peaceful death ; and when his body was laid in the grave, one of them was heard to say, "God grant that I may die like that poor little fellow, trusting in the Lord Jesus !" But this little boy's father and mother were Roman Catholics, and how had he learned to die without fear . How was it that the thought of purgatory had passed away,

and he asked not for the priest, with his anointing oil, to prepare him for another world? He had learned in the Mission school that these things are fables; that the true purgatory is "the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin;" that the true anointing oil is the Holy Spirit, given by the great High Priest to even little children who only ask for it. Day by day, summer and winter, this little boy walked a distance of nearly two miles to the Townsend Street Mission School; and, as he grew in stature, "he grew in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ." He followed the footsteps of the Saviour, and his path was as a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day. When we write the histories of little children who have died, some people say, "That cannot be true; all children are not like that." No, indeed, they are not. All children are born with an evil nature, and they show it in a great many ways. But Jesus gives to some of them a new nature; and when He intends that a child's journey through this world shall be short, He makes the new nature grow very quickly, and the child "runs, and is not weary," and the heavenly light shines so brightly that the "earthen vessel cannot hide it." So it was with this little Tommy; and, a few months ago, he was laid low with gastric fever. He thought he should never get better, and he begged his father to go and tell Mr M'G——, and ask him to come and see him. He went. As he approached the door, he heard the sound of singing. He stopped to listen. It was a child's voice.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth a royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

He opened the door. The child lay on a little bit of straw in the corner; his mother sat beside him. When he saw his friend his eyes sparkled with joy. "I am glad to see you," he said, "for I shall soon be singing with Jesus in heaven." Oh, how delighted was Mr M'G—— to find him so happy! *and what a pleasant talk they had!* A few days after he

went again to visit the sick child. He was lying in the same place ; and beside him sat two Roman Catholic women, with whom he was pleading most earnestly. "Don't be trusting in the priest," said he ; "don't be trusting in any one but Jesus. He shed His blood for sinners ; and won't He be *willing to receive you ?*" Then he turned to his father, and made him promise to take them both to Townsend Street on Sunday. He was satisfied, as the father said he would ; and then he asked his friend about the schoolmaster and the boys ; and, clasping his hands together, he prayed, in a low, earnest voice, that God would bless the boys ; that they might love Jesus ; and for the master, that he might never be tired teaching them about the Saviour.

Thus were his last days on earth spent for others, and his earnest longings were for the increase of the kingdom of Christ. When the clergyman of the parish visited, he pleaded most earnestly for the Roman Catholics. "They will listen to you, sir," he said, "if you will teach them about Jesus." Yet once again Mr M'G—— went to see little Tommy. He was very low—almost speechless ; but he put his arms round his friend's neck, drew him down, and kissed him many times ; then he whispered, "Sing, 'Come to Jesus.'" He sang it ; then asked, "What shall I read ?" The child whispered, "John xiv., about the many mansions." It was a beautiful passage ; and very soon was the promise to be fulfilled, "I will come and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Then they prayed ; the little boy, with clasped hands, and eyes raised to heaven, joining. His communion with saints on earth was well-nigh over. Two hours afterwards,

"He was dwelling with Jesus in light,
Where sickness and death are unknown ;
Faith and hope were at last changed to sight,
And the cross was laid down for a crown."

And, oh ! may we not all say with the poor woman at his grave, "God grant that I may die like that poor little fellow, *trusting in the Lord Jesus.*"

WILLY AND MARY.

A good while ago, a little starved, dark-eyed boy found his way to the Sunday Ragged School. He was very much interested in what he learned, and he came again. After a while he brought his sister with him ; and she was very much delighted to find herself in a class of little girls, just her own size, and all learning the same text. When she got home, she found that her brother had learned the same ; and they sat round the fire that evening and talked over it, and their father and mother were quite interested in their talk, and they thought they would like to go to school too. Thus the whole family became Sunday scholars ; but Willy and Mary did more than learn with the mind : the truth about Jesus sunk down deep in their hearts, and they became Christian children. It was wonderful how little Mary grew in grace ; she became so loving and kind and gentle, and she was so anxious about the other people in the house. She learned a great many hymns, and as she had a very sweet voice, the neighbours loved to listen to her singing. She is singing in heaven now ; Jesus wanted her there, and so He made her very quickly ready. When Mary was gone, Willy devoted himself to the service of Christ. His anxiety about his father was very great ; he got him to be a teetotaler, and got him constantly to church and school. He visited an uncle and read for him, and at length persuaded him to let the readers come. But Willy's working day was short ; he was soon laid upon a bed of sickness, from which it was very evident he would never rise ; but he was quite happy. When his mother was weeping, he would begin to sing,

“There is a happy land, far, far away.”

“You must not cry, mamma dear. I'll meet you in the happy land. You love Jesus ; we'll be happy together.” When he was suffering pain, he would ask those about him to *sing*. One night, as they sang, he whispered, “It's like *heaven*.”

Willy did not suffer long ; soon he joined the other happy children who, "from time to time,"

"Scaping the storms of this weary life,
Scaping the dust and the heat,
Fly up through the great golden archway to God,
And nestle for aye at His feet."

LITTLE JEMMY.

(Written for the Little Ones.)

Once upon a time, there was a little boy, about six years of age, whose father was very sick, and whose mother was nearly broken down with poverty and suffering.

They lived together in a very miserable top garret. There was but little furniture in that top garret : a little heap of straw covered with some rags served for a bed ; an old band-box, with a bit of a board across the top, was the table ; and for seats, there were two pieces of wood—just such pieces as would, in your happy homes, make a nice fire ; on the hob there was a tin can, in which they used to boil the water or cook anything they might get ; and on a shelf on the wall there was a broken pitcher, one tea-cup, two saucers, one plate, and a piece of a dish. Do you think there was much food in the room ? Indeed there was not ; and very often the little boy had to go out to beg in the streets before he could get any breakfast. One Sunday morning poor Jemmy went out to try and find a little food ; he wandered about the whole long morning, but he could get nothing. He felt very hungry, and towards afternoon he sat down upon some doorsteps, and cried bitterly. Poor little fellow ! he did not know that he might ask God to send him food ; he never thought that the great God would look down upon him, and yet that great God heard his bitter cry, and sent him help. Who was his messenger ? A girl a little bigger than Jemmy. She was trotting merrily along, but when she saw the little weeping boy she stopped. "What is the matter, little boy ?" she said. Poor Jemmy looked up : "I am hungry," said he, "and my mother has no food at home."

"Then come along with me," she said; "I am going to school, and after school we shall all get a good piece of bread."

Little Jemmy dried his tears, and taking hold of the kind girl's hand, ran with her. Soon they came to the school; there were a great many people waiting to be let in—men and boys, women with babies in their arms, and little girls. Soon the door was opened, and the kind girl took the little boy up to the superintendent, and asked him to put him into a proper class.

Jemmy was soon settled in a class of little boys just about his own age, and a nice, kind lady came to teach them. The text for the day was, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." That day little Jemmy heard many things that he never dreamed of before—about Jesus, the little children in glory, and the way to join them. After school he ran home, carrying his piece of bread, and told his mother and his sick father all he had heard. They were very glad that their little boy had found food, and still more glad that he had been made so happy. The next Sunday Jemmy went again, and then he heard there was a daily school for such little children as he; so he asked his mother's leave to go. She said he might, and from that day Jemmy was a happy little boy. He used to teach his poor mother a great deal of what he learned, and she could repeat the school hymns almost as well as he could. Then he tried to persuade her to go to the Sunday school with him; but she said, "No, the priests say it is a bad place, and all who go there go to hell when they die." "Ah, no!" said Jemmy; "that can't be true; we learn all about heaven there, and about Jesus, who loves the little children,—and the big people too, mother! Won't you come?" The mother did not like to say "No" again, so she said she would go with him as far as the door; and the next Sunday she did so, but when they reached the doorsteps, little Jemmy had got fast hold of his mother's gown, and would

not let her go. "Mother," said he, "do come in ; it is so nice inside." "No ; I'm afraid," said she.

"But, mother, ye need not be afraid ; nothing bad has come to me, mother;" then he hid his little face in her gown and cried.

Jemmy was his mother's only little boy ; all the other six were dead, and she could not bear to see him cry ; so she went in, and she sat down in a class of women, and she learned the text, and she listened while all the people answered questions at the end. There was a great deal about the Lord Jesus, but nothing about the Virgin Mary.

She thought all was very nice, and so she went again and again, and she got into her mind and heart a great many texts.

But there came a Sunday when little Jemmy's place in the class was empty ; another Sunday came, and no Jemmy ; and another and another, still Jemmy came not. Then his teacher got anxious, and sent a good old man to find out where he lived, and see about him. The good man went, found the room, and went in. "I am come," he said, "to look after your little boy." The tears stood in the poor woman's eyes, and she said, "You'd be welcome, sir ; but the Lord has been to look after him, and has taken him to Himself." Then she told how the little fellow had suffered, and how he talked about Jesus, and about the happy heaven he was going to ; and how one night he said, "Mother, it's dark, and the way will be dark ; I'm afraid to go alone, mother." But she said, "No, Jemmy, ye'll not be alone ; don't ye know the six little brothers that died babies ?—sure, they'll all come to meet ye." Then he smiled, and said it would be good company. "Oh, but he was the blessed child," she said, "I never would have known the way to heaven but for him."

Don't *you* think Jemmy was a blessed child ? You see he brought his mother to Jesus, and then he went to glory. And do you think the mother brought any one ? Indeed she did. There came a poor old deaf woman to the same house. She *was very ignorant*, but she was persuaded to go to the Sun-

day-school ; and by sitting close to the teacher she managed to hear something of what was said ; and the little boy's mother brought home the handbill every Sunday, and made her know the text perfectly,—and this poor deaf woman now knows Jesus. How glad Jemmy will be when this poor creature reaches heaven ! But this is not all. Little Jemmy's father goes to school now, and he is learning ; and this one little boy's influence, perhaps, will never cease as long as the world lasts.

THE CITY WHERE ALL ARE HAPPY.

(From a Journal.)

In the course of my visiting the Roman Catholics of this district, I called on a woman who had for a few Sundays previously attended the Sunday school. As I read, a little girl of about six years old sat listening most earnestly. At first I ascribed her manner to the idle staring of a child ; but when I spoke to her, I found that she was able to tell me some things that I had said, and was in reality a very interesting child. I visited them several times afterwards ; they all received me kindly, but in no countenance did I see such eagerness as in the poor little sickly face of Charlotte. She was sure to listen with an attention that surprised me, and sometimes would ask questions. One day she said, "Since the Lord Jesus loved us so much, why would not every one be trying to go to Him ?" She begged of her mother to bring her to the Sunday school. This she did ; but as the little one was so delicate, the mother kept her on her own knee. The texts for the day were Acts xvii. 9-11. The child sat quietly listening, not a word seemed to escape her ; and after she went home, she said, "Mother, do you think are we any of the people the Lord has in the city ?" She then requested that her grandmother and little brother should accompany them to school on the following Sunday ; but poor little Charlotte was destined, ere that, to be in the enjoyment of an eternal Sabbath. Towards midnight she awakened her mother, complaining of pain, to which she had been subject. Her decline

was every moment increasing. In the morning they sent for a doctor, but little Charlotte said, "It's no use; I shall soon be where there will be no more pain—in the city where God's people are all happy." She begged of her mother and grandmother to attend school, and to let the little baby be baptized a Protestant. As her end drew nigh, she was heard repeating many of the words she had heard the day before, and it was truly affecting to hear her turning the verses into prayer. She breathed her last in perfect peace.

LIGHTED TO SHINE.

The story I have now to tell you is of a little girl, one of God's candles, lighted in a dark place, and "lighted to shine." Not a candle now, but one of the lights of the heavenly home, shining as the stars for ever and ever. Her name was Alicia. Her parents were poor hard-working people, and once thought themselves pretty well off. They were Roman Catholics; but the Scripture reader visited them, and talked to them, and read the Bible for them, and prayed with them; and, by degrees, they found out they were not on the road to heaven; and so they left off going to confession to the priest, and they went straight to Jesus. And then came persecution, and the man lost his work, and then they had to sell their things one after another. And so it came to pass, that the day I went first to see them, there was not a chair for me to sit down upon, nor a table in the wretched room they had been driven to; but the floor was clean, and the window was bright, and the poor woman, whom I found at home, was not cast down. She said she knew God would help her in His own good time; for He had promised that "all things shall work together for good." As I talked to the poor woman, I noticed in the corner a hamper, in which was some straw. As I looked, it seemed to move. The woman saw me looking, and she said, "That's baby. It's the only cradle I have for her now." Yes; that was poor Alicia's first taste of life—a bare room, a coarse bed, scanty food, but a loving mother, quite determined to bring *her baby up in the ways of the Lord.*

Not very long after this, through the kindness of a lady, the poor man got a situation, by which he was to earn seven shillings a week. They removed to a room in the neighbourhood of the Mission church, and, by great economy, were able to get the necessaries of life for their increasing family.

As soon as Alicia was able to walk and talk, she regularly attended the Mission infant school. She was a very pretty child, with rosy cheeks and pleasant blue eyes, and her curly hair was always so nicely brushed; but these things would only attract you for a moment. There was something about her which made us *love* her. It was, that she was so evidently one of Jesus' lambs. She was always saying, by her conduct—

“One of Jesus' lambs am I;
Near His side to keep I try.”

This it was that made us love her.

As time passed on, and Alicia grew older, she brought with her to school, first a little brother, and then a little sister; and when she was eight years old, the infant school was examined, and she was found quite clever enough to go into the school upstairs for girls. All this time the father and mother were steadily walking in the right way, setting an example to all around them. When the children came home from school, and the father from his work, they would all gather in a circle round the fire, and sing the hymns learned at school; and the people who lived in other rooms would listen, and they would say, “This must be the right religion which makes a family so happy.”

Alicia soon learned to sew, and she did a great deal to help her mother; she would wash and dress the children in the morning, and be so anxious that they should be all in time for school. She would often bring the baby with her, that her mother might have time to wash. She never stayed at home herself if she could possibly help it. On Sunday afternoons, after school, she used to get the little ones all together and *teach them* texts; and then, when they were put to bed, she *would persuade* her brother to go with her to evening church.

Early in last winter, Alicia took a cold, which fell upon her chest. Her mother could not persuade her to stay at home and be taken care of, and she got worse, and was obliged to go into an hospital. When she was there I went to see her. She was up in the children's ward, sitting in a little chair near the fire. There were three other little girls with her. When she saw me she burst into tears. She had been used to see me at the school, and she was so unhappy at the thought of not being there. I talked to her about Jesus, and reminded her how He sends affliction, and perhaps He had sent her there to teach the other little girls about Him. At this she brightened up, and said, "Oh, yes! and I *have* been teaching them about Him. I have taught them to say, 'Gentle Jesus' all through; and I am going to teach them more. They won't learn texts, though." I then told her to pray that God would open their hearts to love Him.

The following week Alicia was again at school, though very weak. There was soon to be an examination, about which she was very anxious. Her illness had thrown her back a fortnight, and she was very anxious to make it up. For this purpose she set out an hour before school-time every morning, and went to the house of her mistress that she might walk along with her, and be taught the things she had missed. But when the examination-day came, Alicia had waked up in the Saviour's likeness, and she knew more than all the learned of this world could ever teach her.

Since her discharge from the hospital, she had seemed very weakly, and could not eat the coarse food her father's scanty earnings could supply to the family, and her mother longed for something better for her; but she did not ask us, because she feared to be troublesome, and it was not a dangerous illness.

One Sunday the child complained of intense headache. Her mother undressed her, and put her to bed; she was very hot and feverish. In the evening the children began to sing as usual. The mother told them to stop, because of their poor *sister's head*. "No, mother," said Alicia; "do let them sing."

it comforts me. Ask them to sing, 'We're going home.'
They sang—

"We go the way that leads to God—
The way that saints have ever trod;
So let us leave this sinful shore,
For realms where we shall die no more.
We're going home, we're going home;
We're going home, to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more;
We're going home, to die no more."

As they sung, Alicia joined them. It was her last hymn on this side Jordan. She was *indeed* "going home, to die no more." During the night, fever attacked her brain; but through her ravings her talk was all of Jesus. "I'm going you! I'm going to you!" "There is a fountain filled with blood." "Come to Jesus, just now." During the days that followed, there were some seasons of calm, at one of which her mother, anxious for a certainty of her safety, said, "Alicia, you that know, tell me, is your soul safe?" "It is safe—in Jesus. He died for me," whispered the child.

It was during this week of trial her brother came to her that I would go to see her. It was the first I had heard of her serious illness, and I went immediately. I was not prepared to find my favourite so far gone. She lay on a little bed, apparently stiff in death; her head was shaved, and her eyes sunk. She had eaten nothing for several days. I put a little jelly into her mouth, which she seemed to like. She opened her eyes and looked at me. I said, "Do you know me?" "Yes." "Do you know Jesus?" "Yes." "Are you afraid to die?" "No, no." Then I read the 7th of Revelation—more for the sake of the weeping mother than the dying child—those nice verses, beginning, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?" The dying child evidently heard them. There was an expression of calm and peace on her face. Then we knelt to pray, and thank God for the mercy He had shown to Alicia, and asked for strength and support for the tried ones she was leaving behind. Alicia was conscious enough to wish

good-bye. I saw her several times afterwards, but the stupor of death was upon her. She sunk lower and lower, and then—one last breath. She was gone! ay, gone from this world of sin and sorrow; gone to join the great company who have “washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

AN EARLY CALL.

One of the readers related the following history of a Romanist family he visited. On entering the room the first time he came, he says:—“I was civilly received by a respectable but distressed-looking woman. In a bed in the opposite side of the room lay a little sick child, so worn that I never saw a human figure reduced to such a skeleton. Her parents became greatly interested on hearing me tell the little one of the love of the Lord Jesus. Their attention increased as they saw little Lizzy's interest in hearing what I told her; and her own mind seemed to receive great comfort. She soon began to gain bodily strength, and after a time recovered, and went to the Mission school. Her chief delight from that time was in learning verses from the Holy Scriptures, and teaching them to her mother and baby brother, both of whom she brought, after a while, to attend the Sunday school. About two months ago, little Lizzie again fell sick. Her mind was by this time well stored with the knowledge of the Lord, and her heart filled with love to her Redeemer. Her sickness continued only a short time. One day, while her mother was out at the dispensary, the neighbours brought in a priest, who asked what he could do for her. ‘There is one Priest, sir,’ said she, ‘who has done all for me, and I am going to Him.’ At this moment I was entering the room, and the priest hastily

said to the child, 'Oh, I see, you are none of *our* flock; I have nothing to do with you,' and immediately he turned from the room, jostling against me as he went out. I spoke to Lizzy, and read to her from the Bible she loved so much. 'I am going to the Lord,' said she, 'to be with Him for ever; and mamma promised me that she will go every Sunday and take little brother with her to the school.' This was Lizzy's last day on earth. At four o'clock she went to that beautiful Zion, of which she had so often talked and sung to her mother."

Another early death occurred in July. It was that of a little girl whose example led her father to Christ. The story is from the pen of Mr H——, the resident missionary, who is unwearied in his labours for the good of the people around:—"In the month of March, 1857, I visited a family at about half a mile distant from the school. There were in the family the father, four daughters, and one son. When I went in they were fighting, the daughters cursing; one of them flung a stool at her father; the elder children vowed they would leave him; the younger ones declared they would do nothing he bade them. After some time peace was restored, and the father listened while I pointed out to him the necessity of giving children a scriptural education. He promised to send his to our school; and, accordingly, on the following morning the young ones came. With a good deal of difficulty they were kept in attendance. I visited their house almost every week, and the priest was in it nearly as often. They were very eager to learn from the Scriptures, and soon became reconciled and affectionate amongst themselves. The children who attended school became very interesting, but the father often told me that none of them spoke so endearingly to him of his soul, as little Ellen, the youngest. One morning in July he came to me, requesting me to go and see her, as she was very ill. 'And I fear,' said he, 'that she is near her death; for she made a kind of little will last night, distributing her Bible and little hymn-books amongst us all; she begged of us never to go to mass again.' Her sickness increased, and for the few days she

lingered, her talk was all about the Lord. She made them all promise that they would live in peace, and attend to the Bible teaching. She died early in July. A few days since, the old man showed me her small Bible. 'I valued it at first,' said he, 'as a keepsake from my child; but I trust I have since learned to love it as the precious gift of God.'

SUNSET BRIGHTNESS.

"Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, *free* reward—
A golden harp for me.

"'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine."

So sang a little girl in an hospital, as she lay calmly waiting for the summons which should call her home.

Her short life had been one of poverty and sorrow; but she had learned to know Jesus, and now He was taking her to the land where there is no sorrow or sighing, but where all tears are wiped away.

This little girl's name was Julia M——. When she was very young her father died, and her mother was left very poor, indeed. She did not know what to do for food for her children.

One day some one told her of the Ragged School in Luke

Street, where poor children get a nice warm breakfast every morning; so she sent her two little girls there.

Julia was the youngest, and she was put into the infant school—her sister went amongst the big girls.

They were both very much delighted to get their breakfast every day, and they soon began to love the nice lessons and hymns they learned at school.

But the mother was a Roman Catholic; and after a while, when she went to confession, she had to tell the priest where her little children were. He was very angry with her, and told her she must go at once to the school, and take them away, or their souls would surely be lost.

She did not know before the ragged school was such a *dangerous place*, and she did not *quite* believe it now; but she was so frightened by what, the priest said, that she went in haste to the school, and ordered the children home. They cried very much, and said they did not want to go; but she said they *must*, and she dragged the elder one out; then she went back for Julia, but the poor little thing was crying so much, that her heart was touched, and she thought such a baby could not learn much harm; and so she left her there.

And thus it came to pass that Julia remained in the outward fold of the Good Shepherd, and daily learned more of Jesus. And God put His Holy Spirit in her baby-heart, and she became His own little child. And she began to follow that dear Jesus, who left an example to all His followers, even children. You may ask how such a *little one* could follow Jesus. I will tell you. In the gentleness of her own behaviour, and in trying to teach others about the Saviour.

Julia had a brother who was blind, and he was such a devoted Roman Catholic, that he would not allow any one to read the Bible for him; but when gentle little Julia came and put her tiny arms round his neck, and repeated her hymns and texts, he could not find in his heart to send her away. And so he learned many texts; they were seed sown, at some future time to spring up and bear fruit.

When Julia was about eight years old, she was sent to the

Orphan Home at Spiddal ; and, while there, was beloved by the teachers and all the children, she was so gentle and kind ; and she grew in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus.

But a time of trial came—dear little Julia was seized with fever. For many days she lay at the point of death, but she feared no evil. Jesus was with her in the dark valley, and His presence made it as bright as day.

Sometimes when the master, Mr H——, prayed beside her, she would herself begin to pray so loudly as to drown his voice. She was asked if she was afraid to die ? “ Oh, no,” she said ; “ Jesus is waiting for me, and calling me ; and why should I be afraid of Jesus ? The devil would like I’d go with him ; but oh, no, I’ll go with Jesus.”

“ There is a fountain fill’d with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

“ The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there HAVE I, though vile as he,
Wash’d all my sins away.”

One day, in the ravings of fever, she screamed and said there was a black man near her, who wanted to take her. Mr H—— said, “ Jesus can help and save you.” In a few moments her face beamed with delight, and she said, “ Yes, yes ; don’t you see Him ? He has two crowns ; and one is for *me*, a poor little sinner.”

Mr H—— thought she was dying, and he called the children to bid her farewell. She spoke earnestly to them, and entreated them all to meet her in heaven. They were all in tears, but Julia was rejoicing, as she told them what a joyful thing it is to depart and be with Jesus.

Mr H—— said, “ Is it because you have been a good girl that you expect to go to Jesus ?” She looked earnestly at him, and said in a strong voice, “ No, no ; ‘ If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us ; but if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to

forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And then as they were speaking of Jesus, all at once she appeared as if joining with the redeemed saints in heaven; her eyes were closed, and an expression of rapturous joy beamed upon her face. All thought she was dying; but no, her work on earth was not finished, and so she woke up again.

Mr H—— said, "Do you wish to live?" "For one thing I do," she said; "I have been asking Jesus to let me see my mother." And Jesus granted that request. That mother was yet to be brought by that little child to the Saviour's feet.

The fever left her; but it was soon very evident that a rapid decline would shortly carry her off. In order to get medical attendance and care, she was removed to the Adelaide Hospital in Dublin, and her own mother was permitted to be her nurse.

Here Julia spent the last three months of her life. It was to her the land Beulah at the end of her short pilgrimage, where she waited, as Pilgrim did, and listened to hear the call of her beloved Saviour. Her lamp was trimmed, and her light burning so brightly, that many wondered at its brightness, and thanked God that out of the mouth of such a babe He had perfected praise.

Early in the morning she would wake up and sing in a sweet voice her hymns; and through the day, as she lay in her little bed, she would repeat texts of Scripture, commenting upon them in her own simple way, thus—"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, those sweet waters. He wants no money. He'll take no price. Come and drink. Oh, why won't you all come? He wants you all."

One day a lady asked her if she was afraid to die? She looked up, in her solemn, earnest way, and said, "AFRAID! why should I be afraid? Didn't they nail Him to the tree? didn't they spit upon Him? didn't they crown Him with thorns? didn't they pierce His side?—and all for me, a poor little sinner. No, no; I'm not afraid. I shall sit beside Him on His throne."

Sometimes, when I visited her, I had most interesting con-

versations with her. Once I asked her if she was happy? She said, "Yes, very happy. I'm going to the country where there is no more death, nor sorrowing, nor crying."

Then she began to repeat one of the school-hymns, adapting it to herself—

"Here's a message of love
Come down from above,
To invite a poor sinner like me to heaven.
In God's blessed book
I may look,
And see how my sins are forgiven.

"And then when I die,
He'll take me on high,
To be with Him in heaven above;
For so kind is His heart,
That He never will part
From a poor little child like me that has tasted His love.

"And oh! what delight
In heaven so bright,
To see the dear Saviour's face.
On His beauty to gaze,
And sing to His praise,
For ever and ever in that sweet, sweet HOME."

I asked her who taught her that hymn. "Jesus," she said. "No," I said; "you learned it at Spiddal." "No," she said; "I learned it at Luke Street Infant School in my *head*, but *Jesus* put it in my *heart*." "What is the difference," I said, "between learning with the head and the heart?" "I don't know," she said; "but there is a *great* difference."

I asked how she learned to know Jesus. She said, "The Holy Spirit taught me about Him." "And how did you get the Holy Spirit?" "By asking. Don't you know it says, 'Ask, and it shall be given you: seek, and ye shall find?'"

Julia was very anxious about the souls of others; and one whole day and night she kept praying that God would enable her to be useful to some person before she died.

Not very long afterwards a poor woman came into the *hospital*, in *great* distress of mind, and this dear child was per-

mitted to tell her of Jesus. Her prayers were also answered for her mother, but she did not live to see it.

Not long before she died she sent for her brother, and, throwing her arms round his neck, entreated him to care for his soul, and to go to the Mission-building, where he would hear of Jesus. He said he would, and he kept his word.

When she was very weak, she asked her mother what time Jesus died. When she was told, she said she would like to die at the same time. Her wish was granted. A few minutes past three the next day her spirit departed to be with the Saviour; and joyfully we

“Trust her with Jesus, clothed in spotless white,
In the pure radiance of seraphic light,
And safe from sin.
She lives with angels culling golden flowers
Of love divine throughout the eternal hours,
Beloved by Him.”

She is gone; but the memory of her life and death remains, inspiring with fresh zeal those who labour to bring the poor and needy amongst the little ones to Jesus, and encouraging those who are drawing near to the close of their pilgrimage to say with her, “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.”

THE END.

ARRANGEMENT OF WORK.

IN this great Dublin Mission there are many departments of work, each supported by separate collections. We will add a list of them, for the better understanding of the whole :—

1st, The Dublin Visiting Mission, which, as we have before explained, maintains a band of the best Scripture readers, to go in and out amongst the people, inviting them to schools, classes, and services, which being the connecting link between the teachers and the taught, is perhaps the most important of all. Secretaries—Mrs J. Smyly, 8 Merrion Square, North ; Miss E. J. Whately, 23 South Frederick Street ; Mrs H. Tweedy, 16 Rutland Square, East, Dublin.

2d, The Townsend Street and Luke Street Schools and Girls' Home, supplying food, clothing, and temporal care to nearly 300 children daily. Secretary—Miss E. J. Whately, 23 South Frederick Street, assisted by Miss Poole.

3d, The Coombe Ragged School. Upwards of 230 children. Secretaries—Mrs Bourne, 16 Warrington Place ; and Miss Ellen Smyly, 8 Merrion Square, North.

4th, Grand Canal Street Mission School. Daily for girls and infants, and nightly for boys. About 240 children in all, most of whom require a daily meal. Secretary—Miss Harriet B. Smyly, 8 Merrion Square, North, Dublin.

5th, The Ragged Boys' Home. At present 70 boys, entirely maintained. Treasurer—Espine Batty, Esq., 59 Stephen's

Green, East, Dublin. Secretary—Brent Neville, Esq., 34 Haddington Road. Collectors—Miss E. J. Whately, 25 South Frederick Street, Dublin; Mrs J. Smyly, 8 Merrion Square, North, Dublin; Miss Bessie Lyster, 17 Waterloo Road.

6th, Fund for the Relief of Poor Couverts. Treasurer—Mrs J. Smyly, 8 Merrion Square, North, Dublin.

7th, The Bird's Nest, Kingstown, the home of 156 destitute children. Secretary—Miss Sarah Davies, 8 Merrion Square, North, Dublin.

8th, The Society for Irish Church Missions. Office—12 D'Olier Street, Dublin; and 11 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

Teachers and requisites for these schools are supplied by the Society for Irish Church Missions.

The separate collections are devoted to supplying the bodily wants and raising into a state of civilisation the poor wanderers. Without such means teaching and schools would be of little avail.



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